THE ACADEMY OF COMPLEMENTS.

Lucy Weld

WHEREIN

Ladies, Gentlewomen, Schollers, and Strangers, may accommodate their Courtly practice with gentile Ceremonies, Complemental, Amorous, high expressions, and Forms of Speaking, or writing of Letters most in fashion.

A work perused, exactly perfected, every where corrected and enlarged, and enriched by the Author, with Additions of many witty Poems, and pleasant Songs.

With an addition of a new School of Love, and a Present of excellent Similitudes, Comparisons, Fancies, and Devices.

The last Edition, with two Tables; the one expounding the most hard English words: the other resolving the most delightful Fictions of the Heathen Poets.

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LONDON, Printed by *Tho. Leach*, and *Tho. Child*, 1663.

THE ACADEMY OF COMPLEMENTS.

TO THE

Ladies and *Gentlewomen* OF ENGLAND.

IF *Custom did not force a Complement of Dedication, yet this Book would desire to insinuate into the affection of Ladies and Gentlewomen, since it can arrive at no greater perfection of happiness, than your favour, which is most earnestly desired. Let other works covet their Patrons and Mecenasses, to derive from them a golden sprinkling of their bounty, whilst this shall express an invenuity beyond such vulgar intents, and in a brave and free manner sacrifice its self to your acceptance and service, desiring only that you would grace it with the influence of your propitious smiles, which carry in them a secret power, not only to cherish and advance the object where-*

n they reflect, but also to endear it unto others pinions, and make it precious in their estimations. In requital of this your favour, it shall be alwayes ready to furnish you with the best Expressions of Choice and Complemental language; for though by nature and custom, you can deliver your minds in a smooth and graceful manner, yet from hence, without study or premeditation, you may command necessary Ceremonies. Besides, your Ladyships Chamber-maids and waiting-Gentlewomen are to be pitied, who, having by their good carriage compassed Suitors, are often constrained to blush in ignorance for want of Complement, wherewith to answer them. Let therefore this one instance, instead of more which might be inserted, perswade your intelligible, generous dispositions, to receive this Book now exactly perfected, as your devoted servant, and to honour it with your favour, which I shall esteem as an exaltation to the supreamest sublunary felicity, and the rightest terestial happiness.

THE

THERE is no question but Eloquence is a principal part in a well-qualified man; for to see a subtle and quick wit foyled in this which is the only quality that is eminent, and adorns a man as useful in all occasions, it were to be just like *Prometheus* Statue, fair in appearance, but without motion, wanting true Coelestial fire; It is Eloquence which adorns our discourse, gives a grace and life to our actions, opens us the gates and doors to the best company, and puts us in such esteem as well-born spirits ought to arrive to; without this we resemble walking Rocks, all our actions being dull and heavy, our words without affect, our conceits without fruit, and our lives disgusted with those, with whom we ordinarily associate our selves: To this purpose, in this little volume, feast thy fancy with variety of most eloquent expressions and forms of delivering thy mind to all, from the King to persons of

the moſt inferiour rank and quality; for in this laſt Edition let me tell thee, that thou haſt a Cabinet wherein the richeſt jewels of our language are lock'd up. Firſt, thou haſt choice and ſelect Complements ſet thee down in a form, which upon any occaſion offered, thou mayeſt imitate, or with a little alteration make uſe of: or thou haſt in the next place variety of ſubjects, with expreſſion to the heighth of Eloquence, penn'd to quicken thy mind upon the like Objects, preſented to view or fancy; thou haſt witty diſputes, amorous diſcourſes, with an addition of moſt excellent Love Poems, Songs, complemental and moſt ſweetly harmonious, with a new School of Love, and other fancies fitted to the taſtes of *Cupids* Gueſts; Thou haſt exquiſite Letters, ſuch as contain the Quinteſſence of that ſweetneſs our Engliſh tongue affords at this day, as it is now refined; Then thou haſt Dedications, Superſcriptions fitted to thy own deſires, for thy uſe upon any ſudden occaſion; Laſtly, thou haſt a

Table

Table of the hardest English words, with the derivations of the hardest words most requisite, with a Key to the Poetical Fictions: In sum, both Eloquence and Love, with their secrets and mysteries are made naked, and manifestly revealed to the weakest judgements; All these benefits are heaped upon thee by one, who is zealous for the honour of our Language; by one who bewails those weak Essays that have been made by others to this purpose, and with grief viewed the former hasty and surreptitious Editions of this Book, which now is purged and perfected to the Book-sellers own content: Read it therefore with discretion and deliberative consideration, and endeavour to attain to the quality of such worth, that thou mayest learn from it to cure thy dumbness, to discourse confidently with thy friends, and assuredly to render thy wit and service, to those thou shalt have occasion to acknowledge, especially in the Court, where nearness and curiosities of all sorts, and principally

of speech, is to a syllable exactly studied: I will resolve thee (good Reader) but a doubt or two, and detain thee no longer from thy pleasure; First, thou seest not the name of the Author; if thou knewest the gravity of his person, thou mightst well have him excused. Next for my County objection; That downright dealing is best: I answer, thou mayest sometimes be too plain in the way of thy preferment: if thou nameſt the word Dissimulation, thou erreſt the whole heaven: This work relishes in respect of the subject, more of curtesie, unless it be abused by craft: Accept it then as beneficial to thee, and take my wish with thee, that thou mayest enjoy as much pleasure in the perusing of it, as I had to pen, perfect, and finish the structure of this beautiful, and rarely built *Academy*. *Adieu*,

Thine,

PHILOMUSUS.

Curteous

The Authors EPISTLE To this New Edition.

Courteous Reader,

HAving added so much, and altered so many notions in this small Volume, (now so well filled) it cannot seem strange to to thee, for to view another Epistle before such a Labyrinth of new matter; wherein, at the first sight, without such a Clew of Thread to direct thee by, I might very well suppose thou shouldst not only be amazed but transported, (if not lost) with wonder, so unexpectedly in these angry times to meet with such Novellaes from the Academy, or the

the Court. But recollect thy mind, and then ſmile upon my charity, which hath endeavoured the more to enlighten thy Genius, and ſhew my ſelf to thee in conſideration of our late loſſes, which theſe ſullen diſtaurating times have occaſioned, by bereaving us of ſo many excellent Poets; our Sands, Davenant, *his* Suckling, Carew, *and our late* Quarles: *Leſt the Garland of the Muſes ſhould altogether wither, I could not but preſent thee again with this ſprig, or rather more aptly compoſed Iliad of choiceſt Recreations, to employ thy wit and behaviour in: Receive it with waſhed hands, and without a prejudicate opinion; for whatſoever thy cenſure was of it before, it was then well approved of, as this twelfth Edition declares, which now carries ſo much ſtate with it, as not to ſtoop to thy cenſure, except it be for ſome incident Errata's, my occaſions having made me a ſtranger to the City all the time it was Printing; but if thou wilt ſtill be Critical, be withall ſo ſerious, as to conſider of the evil fate of thoſe that have ſleighted this piece, which (when moſt imperfect) deſerved better from their judgements: they have given themſelves up to traditions, or to deal more plainly with thee, have been but the Apes of* Balzac; *of whoſe letters, one in a Manuſcript* de Morbo Gallico, *writes, That they are not to be touch'd for fear of infection, no not with a pair of white Gloves.*

The o her Idol of theſe Gemlemen, which hath

ſo

so transformed and made them strangers to themselves, is one de la Serie, *the Secratary now out of fashion; a contemner of our tongue and English method, one that hath writ little to the purpose: his Translator grew so arrogant, and was so swelled with such a Lullian expectation, that he thought surely that he could give his Reader the Philosophers Stone; for he talks of an* Ars manna mo & ultima; *Yet must take notice, that it is but only of inditing Letters. But to pass by these Pictures in the Gallery, to draw a Curtain between them and their superstitious Adorers, we have other Tracts and Pamphlets more alienate even in our English Common-wealth, to all Eloquence and Rhetorick, viz. our other Secratary of Tropes and Figures; a Packet that hath as much wit as the Poast:* Cupid *with his blinder Messenger, and many other simplicities of our own tongue, strangely humorous and phantastical, so that we need not to travel for any.*

But to be brief in my discovery, generous Reader, besides these collateral opposers of my endeavours, I have met with other down-right Delinquents; the first of them is bashful, he is ashamed forsooth to step into the quaint edifice of our Academy; he will not buy it himself, but sends another to procure it for him, and playes least in sight, like a Wench that spreads her fingers wide before her face, that she may see, if it were possible, the

object

object more modestly, which otherwise she must flee from. So this new eclips'd Gentleman, that sees and will not seem to see, reads this Volume in his Study more privately than his Prayer-book, and perhaps with more devotion, though he will not let the world know so much, for fear his Phrases should grow common: It is his Diary, he looks oftner in it than on his Watch; In a word, accounts of it as the Jewel of his practice, and the sum of his most refined conversation; This, Reader, is my publick Enemy, but my secret Friend.

A second, but of another form, that will be displeased, is a pretender to Wit and Language, but that's all can be said of him; To him the fancies seem flat, the lines are not sublime enough, the work throughout not well disposed; He would have Chimeraes in the expressions, Rodomantadoes in the style, Tragical plots in the discourses, and such lofty things as he speaks when he frights Children. But, Reader, this man will not understand what he saies himself, much less suffer others to speak or write to be understood. Away with this Gregory Nousense to the Colledge of fools.

My third and last opposer is one that take very unkindly at my hands, that I should rob him of his Common-prayer-book; he hangs down

down his head, and bites his lip for indignation; and to write seriously, 'tis a plain case, this Gallant is utterly undone, and sequestred of all, he pursued his Mistress with such Language, writ thus, sung the same songs, used the same fancies, and was so happy as to win admiration from such set forms. Alas poor Gentleman! so Bates first learn'd his Majesties Hocus pocus tricks, and after Printed them, and the man of Feats never appearing in his Calling again, there the Commonwealth lost a good Subject.

So be it known to thee, intelligent Reader, those of this silken Tribe must now of necessity be silent: For if any of their Marmalet Mistresses should catch them at their repetitions again, they may now take this book, and turn them to the very page and leaf. For my part, I took this task in hand, not only to benefit the Lay people, that never met with these Collections, but as my revenge ever look'd a squint upon those engrossers of wit, that would cringe, talk, and sing for the whole company a week together without any digested method, yet ever still in their old Bias, troublesom and impertinent: whereas now there may be good use made of what they cast away upon every sleight occasion: Howsoever, let them now look quickly to it

for

for they are to begin the world again, and in these times Wit is a rare commodity; If I had not conceived these Gallants to be more than angry, desperate too, I had set my name, and fixed my Picture to this new Edition of Additions, it being so near finish'd, that it wanted little more than rolling off from thee Press: but I conceived they would dwell with my shaddow: 'Tis honour enough for me to hold their Book in defiance of such undeservers. And, Gentle Reader, since through the pikes of all those oppositions, I have got into a clear field, where I have found thee, give me leave to court thee to a studious perusal; more variety, Fancy never dwelt upon, or Art ever spread before thee. Open the leaves therefore, so as to cast a serious eye upon them, and then deliberate of what thou readest in thy mind; for I tell thee, thou mayest else soon surfeit with delight. Be advised. Farewell.

Yours,

Philomusus.

THE
Academy of Complements,
OR
Pearls of Eloquence.

SIR, Your conceptions are so strong, that they transcend my ordinary imaginations.

Sir, You honour me, as if you did erect me a thousand Statues.

Sir, You are above Fortune, which must stoop to your honours.

Sir, Your deserts draw admiration from your very enemies.

Sir, I shall ever as really, as at this hour, remain your creature.

You honour me so far, that I imagine my self to be some other thing, than I have been, which can be nothing else, but your servant.

I do repute my self happy, to be valued by a person who is able to give a true estimate of me.

Sir, Your judgement doth amaze vulgar wits, since in you alone all those perfections are found, which can be sought for on earth.

Lady, Your form doth so ravish beholders, that you seem a heavenly Creature, such divine gems sparkle about you.

Sir,

Sir, If you proceed to be so profuse of your treasures, mines of Gold will not maintain your prodigal expences.

Good Sir, give me leave to fear lest some sinister storms of fortune, nipp the earthly bloomings of my felicities.

Sir, The toyish conceits of your youth are unfit for the testy cogitations of my age.

Sir, There is a confused Chaos of contrary conceits that whirls in my brains; and I am lost in such an endless Labyrinth, that neither choice, nor chance can draw me out of it.

Give me leave Sir, to gain that from your experience, that otherwise all the treasures of the earth cannot purchase.

Sir, Should you continue to be thus excessive in your actions, the whole world would take notice of you as the mirrour of an immoderate life.

Be not so inconstant in your affections, lest in the conclusion you prove like the Mary-gold, to open at the Sun-shine of prosperity, and to shut at the least appearance of the clouds of adversity.

Leave me Sir, whilst I learn to despise such *Gnatbees*, and beat off such flattering Cums with the whip of my defiance.

Theseus, Fair one, did never more triumph at his deliverance from the perilous Labyrinth, than I from the pernicious bondage of such cruel beauty.

Fortune and Fate place thee in the Palaces of their earthly felicities.

So rarely accomplisht, that it was hard to know, whether vertue or beauty held supremacy in so rare a structure.

Sir, Being incensed by your singular commendations, I am perswaded, to her only to commit the chiefest treasures of my life and fortunes.

Pardon my rudeness, fair creature, since neither love nor fortune delighteth, nor careth for them that are dastards. Madam,

Madam, You are the Saint, to whose shrine I daily offer up my scalding sighs.

For your beauty, Mistress, I may name you *Venus*; for your comliness, *Pallas*, for your port and honour, *Juno*.

If I want an Apology, fair Creature, let love and necessity plead for me, since they are tyed within no bounds.

Madam, You are an object beautified with the richest gifts of nature, polish'd with more than terrene perfections.

'Tis you alone, fair one, that have made a breach into the Bulwark of my breast, where, like a gorgeous Goddess, you command all my powers.

Fear not, Sir, Love and Fortune favour those that are bold.

Sir, To grant you this one position, is to admit of innumerable absurdities.

Madam, It is the perfection of your exquisite person, Majestick features, and rare beauty, that kindles my desires.

Mistress, Deceive me not, lest while I think to embrace you for *Juno*, I catch a cloud.

Madam; Take heed of using *Cupid* so crabbedly; for though he forgive and forget, *Venus* is a woman, and will seek revenge.

Sir, It is impossible that her heavenly beauty should be eclipsed with such cruelty.

Madam, Though I have fought never so valiantly under the flag of affections, yet, except you crown my endeavours with a voluntary yielding, I can never prevail.

Mistress, If you take me for frantick, blame love, which as it comes from you as the cause, so it consumes without reason.

Who can degenerate, fairest of women, or dare to entertain base thoughts, when he views so glorious an object.

Sir, I am desirous to be suspitious of those felicities, I fear I shall no longer enjoy.

I am out of love with my self, that I may admire your vertues.

The charms of Magicians are frivolous to me, in respect of the power of your presence.

I cannot look upon your face, but I am perswaded to resign my self up to you, as a wrearh of victory.

That which blacks the *Moor*, and burns *Lybia*, hath not so powerful a lustre as the beams of your beauty, which gives a brightness to desire, and raises flames of love, pure and chaste.

Half the Court is engaged to your expressions; and those whom you besiege with your Language, must needs acknowledge you for victorious, and yield up the Fort.

Mistress, Your breath is as sweet, as if you fed only on Pinks and Perfumes.

Sir, I cannot degenerate so far from mine own happiness, as to forget you, to whose desire alone the event of all things are suitable.

Let me beg of you to take notice of those advantages are bestowed upon you above the rest of men, which entitle you to that you so much seem to honour.

Sir, If in your imagination I am worthy to be esteemed of, it must be your wisdom only which can set a value upon my defects.

Sir, Your favour is the foundation of all my fortunes, on which I hope to rear a building shall magnifie the founders bounty.

Sir, It is your presence can only dissipate the cloud of my blackest melancholly.

Sir, In the midst of all my felicities I shall have nee

of you to make me happy, for without you, I shall ever esteem my self absolutely miserable.

Sir, I will rather put my reputation to the adventure, than refuse to act any thing you shall command me.

Sir, I have ever reflected on you: as an extraordinary person, and have ever passionately remain'd yours.

Sir, I am so taken with you, that I am even sick at the relation of your indisposition.

Sir, I shall not be backwards in the expression of your merits, since they do so exact an acknowledgement of all.

Sir, You shall never be able to accuse this Tenent as erroneous, since I have never falsifyed my self to you; but have ever thought my self perfectly happy to be reputed yours.

Be careful, fair one, lest being led captive by security, your mind float in the surging Seas of idle conceits, whilst the gales of voluptuous pleasures, or the stiffning storms of unbridled fancy, with raging blasts, make a shipwrack of your beauty.

Sir, I will endeavour hereafter to encounter your graces and courtesies with an unwearied constancy in the wayes of vertue.

Sir, I will endeavour to countervail such pains with princely liberty.

Sir, The trumpet of your royal fame hath moved us, who are but subjects of your generous liberality, with all humility to entertain such noble and heroick favours cast upon us, poor creatures, most unworthy of the least of such benefits.

Madam, There is no object can so allure my waving eyes, as your Heavenlike beauty.

Madam, The force of your beauty hath overpowered the weakness of my fancy, since the exquisite perfection of your vertues are charactered in my breast.

Madam,

Madam, Were you as wise as *Minerva*, or as gorgeous as *Juno*, yet the accounts of your beauty being cast up, the gains of his affection might be put in the eyes of your lover.

Coy one, What happiness ensued the chastity of *Penelope*? nay rather what miseries pursued not the vertues of a *Lucretia*? how wretched are they then that deal with *Venus* or *Diana*, that can so easily transform men into beasts?

Blame me not, fair one, though my fixed fancies, once abused, turn into a fury.

By those smiles of your beauty, your creature that before was plunged into perplexity, is now placed in the heighth of earthly felicities.

Mistress, Pardon my rudeness, for troubling thus rashly your musing meditations.

Certainly, Madam, if the Gods, as Poets say, made beauty, they skipp'd beyond their skill, since they framed it of greater force than they themselves are able to resist.

Fair one Let the showers of your mercy mitigate the fires of my fancy.

Cruel one, If love be only remedied by love, if fancy by mutual affection, give me leave at least to appeal to your grace and favour, and at the bar of your beauty, suffer your servant to lift up his hands in an expectation of mercy, though his life by your rigour be sentenced to death.

Fairest, It is impossible to persuade me to break the league I made with my fancies.

Sir, I am a mortal foe to affection, and now to vow my service to *Venus*, is impossible, since I have already addicted my self to *Diana*.

Sir, Whosoever reads in the records of the faithless protestations of men, their perjured promises, and feigned loves, cannot but view a poor *Ariadne* abused, a

Medea

Medea mock'd, and a *Dido* deceived.

Fair one, Your vertue and beauty by a stronger power than that of fate or fortune, is deeply shrined in my heart.

Be pleased at last, fair Beauty, to accept me for your slave and servant; and to admit me into your favour, and that I may freely enjoy the sight of your sweet face, and feed my fancy in the contemplation of your perfections.

Fairest, If my dead desire merit no more from you, then I have no other choice but to dye desperately, or live miserably.

Madam, There is a civil assault within me, by which I feel a certain restraint of my own liberty and affections.

It is impossible, fairest of women, for any one to view your features, and not be fettered with the power of your vertuous qualities.

Mistress, I feel such an alienation of my senses, such a metamorphosis of my mind, that it is impossible for me to become any other, than a servile slave to fancy.

How can I fear to enter into a parley with *Cupids* fairest creature, since there is such hopes left of victory, by the happy presage of your auspicious smiles, at the beginning of our loves conflict?

Sir, If I may continue to share in your favours, there shall not any under the Canopy of Heaven be more proud of their fortunes than my self, who really am your most affectionate servant.

Sir, It is for the good of the world that you enjoy your vigorous health, since you are ordained for the service of Kings, and conduct of People.

Sir, I will reserve to speak of vertue, till your great works come to light.

Sir, That which others call vertue, is the natural habitude of your worthy person.

Sup-

Suppose not I use the Court language, when I assure you I am more than any man living, Sir, your most humble servant.

Sir, When I forget to confess my self yours, you may justly suppose I suffer a perpetual silence, since whilst I have a tongue, I promise my self to be your affectionate servant.

Sir, I will make use of all occasions, to testifie how passionately I am yours.

Sir, There is no other thing remaining for me, but only the glory of humility and obedience.

I should shew my self insensible of rarities, were I not amazed with the curiosity of your beauty.

Sir, Your Heroical qualities shine forth in you, as bright as day.

Madam, They that do undervalue the comliness of your person, dare rob Nature, and bereave Lillies of their beauty, as the Chrystal of his clearness.

Sir, The vertues of our fore-fathers are to be esteemed as vices in comparison of yours.

Extremities are in other things deplorable, in this laudable, since they force me to confess my self yours.

Sir, You are never so excellent a Poet, as when you speak of me, since you have Art to invent new fables.

Sir, Those fine words, and quaint discourses, with which your Ladies are delighted, issue from their mouthes, as a pure and innocent breath perfumed with kisses.

Sir, You go through all employments with as good fortune, as noble resolutions; neither can there be any thing above your spirit, since all things stoop to do you honour.

Who can distil sleep in the eyes of Lovers, whose cares break forth with the morning light.

Love, Are thou but a vain name, and no essential thing, that hast thus left thy professed servant when he hath

hath moſt need of thy reviving preſence: what is Muſick to me, but a doleful voice, accompanied with the various diſcord of my ſighs?

O Love, Wilt thou now at laſt, offer me Phyſick, which are my only poyſon? wilt thou do me ſervice; which long ſince haſt brought me into eternal ſlavery?

How long ſhall my languiſhing ſickneſſe wait upon the triumphs of my paſſions.

At laſt, O fair one, caſt the eyes of thy reſplendent preſence on thy abject creature, that, by the brightneſs of thoſe raies, his baſeneſſe may be turned into a moſt high, and, through thy perfections, a moſt happy preferment; for being thus diſconſolate, by the frownes of thy rigour, how ſoon maiſt thou raze down that Temple, which at firſt was built by the refulgent ſmiles of thy beauty.

From whence can theſe neceſſities proceed, that love hath laid upon me, moſt incomparable *Lady*? are they by your commandment? or is it by a power from your excellency, that *Cupid* hath ſuch a command over mortals? of a certain it is from you, whoſe fair aſpect, accompanied with ſo imperious a Majeſty, vanquiſhed me, by him, ſo far to reſign the happineſs of my former liberty, as that I muſt now confeſſe my ſelf to be your ſlave, if you think me unworthy of the name of your priſoner.

Cruel one, how long can *I* make an oſtentation of my felicity, when the concluſion even the laſt Scene of my Tragedy, with horror preſents it ſelf to thine eyes? Can death and diſſimuliation meet at the inſtant when I leave the world, and my dying proteſtations with thee; that for thee alone I forſook this earth to be more kindly uſed there, where I ſhall certainly be eaſed of theſe ſorrows? if there be a *Leander*, a *Piramus*, or a ſociety of abuſed Lovers.

If thou art fair, is it to present thee too cruel? if thou canst command affections, wilt thou therefore captivate them? To be beautiful and yet terrible, are things incompatible, things that imply contradiction; yet even against the Laws of Nature thou destroyest Nature; and where thou maist raise the structures to thy perpetual honours, thou ruin'st them.

Most certain it is, fair Creature, thy love may make me sacrifice my life at thy feet, and I may punish that body which hath so unjustly wounded my once free and serene mind. But alas, wherein canst thou glory? Not in thy beautie, for that will vail it self at so black an act; Not in my ruines, for they will pursue thee with some direful revenge. Blush then, thou fair one, since to be coy, is to be cruel; to be cruel, is to alter the propertie of what thou art, beautiful.

Fairest, be no longer so great an enemy to my desires, as to imprison them in silence.

I cannot express the least disobedience to your commands, but rather hope my past displeasures may deserve pity, if not my future services a reward.

Ponder my merits in the balance of your mercy, that the unworthinesse of my deserts, by the fair sufferance of your goodnesse, may procure your gracious respects in my behalf.

It is a sin to suspect such virtue which glories to arm it self against all deceits.

Fair one, you have a wit which delights not to judge it self, and a beauty that glories to condemn others: reconcile your beauty to your wit, that the use of the one, may restrain the abuse of the other, whilst we your servants live to admire your perfections, and you your self survive to perfect your vertues.

Fair one, what unremoveable suiter eclipses your affection, from shining on your devoted, and most constant servant?

Per-

Perfection of my desires, with one determinate answer, blesse mee with happinesse; or silence my so long continued suit.

That my desires to enjoy you, are more than to live proceeds from the effects of my affection, the efficient cause being your excessive beauty.

Madam, The eyes of a ravished Lover, cannot but have vertues aid so ready in himself as always to bewail the losse of a vertuous constancy in others, since such a loss by his own affections, is ever placed in the very face of his memory.

By the memory of our fore-past affections, by the oaths of our yet continued love, by whatsoever is vertuous, credit me.

Can you Sir, wear a *Mars*'s heart in a *Cupid's* body, since the eyes of all spectators, judg you fittest for the pleasures of the Court, than the tents of War?

In him, it seem's Nature was not mistaken, since whatsoevet was in mankind, was in him to the uttermost.

Sir, it is a degree above humanity, and therefore requires the admiration of your friends, that your wit should so far out-goe your age.

It is not strange, O thou cruellest of women, that those eyes of thine should strike him with terror, who stands unmoved with the sight of the most horrible countenance of death

Sir, I am most infinitely bound to you, for this so rare and noble a courtesie.

It is you, and none but you, which *I* am bound to love: and therefore, though I am presented with a likenesse of your beauty, yet likeneſse of another cannot make the same essence of your person: much lesse can dissolve your commendations of my service.

The very image of your countenance, and outward expressions of your behaviour, are sutable to the ver-

tuous resolutions of your mind.

Faire st, Grant mee this happinesse, to have my poor affections raised to the honour of waiting upon your commands.

Violence of love leades me into this discourse, in which I am not so unfortunate as full of desires to be more happy.

Armies of objections rise up against my excepted opinion.

Sir, Though I were to passe through all the splendors of the world, and frame them all to blazon forth your worth, my pen could never reach you.

Sir, Nature in you hath laid deep foundations, in respect of your qualities, both of mind and body, in both which she hath made no promise of any mediocricy; by the distribution of which rare perfections, shee hath rendred you lovely to the world, and fit for the service of the greatest Monarch.

Sir, your imagination, which you speak in such high terms, cannot but move me to believe great improbabilities.

Sir, How happy should I account my self, were the Characters of your vertues imprinted in my breast, by a more continued acquaintance.

Sir, No imaginary jealousies shall deliver me from mine inclination to that goodnesse, to which I have alwaies had an extraordinary propension, by your royal example.

Sir, I have an interest in your prosperity, so far that I will not complain of Fortune, so you have an occasion to commend her.

Worthy Sir, You know your self too well, to suspect me of flattery.

Vertue and Eloquence are bestowed upon you, to make you be amongst men as immortal.

Sir, I could not have the ambition to suppose that there

there could be no room left for you to entertain a man of so many imperfections as my self.

The contemplation of your vertues amazeth me.

Sir, I find in you whatsoever may give reputation to the Courts of Princes.

Sir, I am reserved for your sake, that nothing might be wanting to your glory.

Sir, you are the man whom the necessities of the State require.

Opportunities would wax old, should I neglect this present to serve you.

All spirits will prove favourable unto you, since you have convinced them by your merit.

Your generous disposition hath permitted me a longer audience than your affairs could well permit.

Worthy Sir, Reflect upon your creature with the bright beames of your generous disposition.

I cannot allot more moderate limits to my ambition, or to wish my self a greater happinesse, than to do you service.

Your heroick acts succeeding *Historians* shall Crown with Lawrels.

Sir, For your sake I will undergoe the infelicities of cruel fortune.

Sir, there is no happinesse on earth, but is included in your self, or in what concernes you.

Sir, your goodnesse doth bereave me of a voice to expresse your vertues.

You cannot blame me though I hate Ingratitude, since even beasts are capable of acknowledgment.

Sir, If you withdraw from me your presence, you overthrow all the honour you have hitherto acquired for mee.

Sir, I shall fall sick, for want of a capacity to digest your favours.

Sir, whatsoever you undertake, permit nothing to

your ſpirit which may wound your reputation.

Sir, Of all men I dare free you from this crime, of violating the chaſtitie of language.

Sir, I owe too much honour, to the memorie of our fore-paſt acquaintance, to diſpleaſe you:

Sir, For your ſake, at the ſame time, I both enjoy pleaſure, and endure pain.

Sir, I muſt beg of you hereafter, to have a greater care of my modeſtie, ſince you inforce me, either to loſe it, or not to beleeve you.

Sir, The whole Court is ſenſible of ſuffering your name to fall to the ground.

Sir, I am ſo far from hiding my own defects, that I acknowledge there is none ſo imperfect as my ſelf: neither can any man arrive to perfection, except he be adorned with thoſe abilities, whereof I am utterly ignorant.

Sir, I have neither power nor abilitie left me, but onely to expreſs, I am yours.

Sir, You have anticipated me of all Rhetorick, either of being complemental, or returning you commendation for your worthie favours.

Sir, Inſtead of requital of thoſe vowes you offer me, I am put to ſtand what to anſwer you.

Miſtreſs, I deſire to paſs my life in the pleaſing dreams of your perfections.

Your Courtly voice is like an Oracle, either to approve or condemn me.

Sir, I am none of thoſe, who ſlight the benefits are ſhowred upon them.

Sir, I cannot light upon that accent, wherewith I might authorize my own follies.

All my thoughts are your real inſpirations.

I have no ſervile dependencie, but upon your conceptions: I move by your directions.

In matters of Eloquence you ſeek out ſingularities, hitherto unknown to any.

From

From the first minute of my acquaintance, I made haſt, as I ſhall ever, to acknowledg my ſelf your moſt humble ſervant.

Sir, I entertain theſe paſſions, to the end that you may appeaſe them.

Madam, If you ſtill perſevere to dote thus on your beautie, the time will come when your face will ſcare you more than a Judge doth a Felon.

Sir, I have quitted all complacencie, and there is no means ſhall make me ſilent.

Faireſt, There is no part of the World ſo remote, whither my curioſitie in your ſearch ſhall not carry me.

Lady, The moral of my affection is to inſtruct you, to make uſe of your youth, and to gather Noſe-gaies before the Roſes wither; For, be confident, when you have no further attractions than an eloquent tongue, no man will ſeek for them in the furrows of your face; and you ſhall only be left to bewail the ruines of your beautie.

Sir, Suffer your ſelf to be convinced by reaſon, ſince you cannot reſiſt the ſame, but to your diſadvantage.

Sir, You muſt excuſe me, ſince I know not in what manner to ſuffer ſo wounding a diſpleaſure.

Sir, All the water in the Sea can never purifie me from this offence.

Lady, You have no more beauty than will ſerve to excuſe you from being extreame ugly.

Sir, If you grant me this favour, you ſhall elevate me to a more ſovereign Fortune than the ſtate of Kings.

Sir, It were as great a crime to be ignorant of the diverſions that attend you, as not to be acquainted with the great affluence of Noble company daily repairing to viſit you.

Miſtriſs, In my ſolitary walkes it ſhall be my

ambition to presume only to revolve you in my most secret cogitations.

Sir, In you alone I must commend the commencements of all vertue.

In all shapes, and under the most dreadful aspects that can appear, I am yours.

To return you complements for such excellent favours, were to under value their worth, since my language is to poor, and unable to lend me wherewith to pay you.

I fear I shall be indebted to you all my life, for the favours I have received of you.

It is the height of my desires to be passionately, as I am, your most faithful servant.

My passions cannot so far transport me, but that I shall remain as I have ever been, yours.

Sir, I intend not to commence any real War against you, for I acknowledge my choler to be artificial, which I am ready to lay down at your pleasure.

Fair Creature, Painters and Stage-players are not guilty of those murthers which the darts of your eyes do most cruelly commit.

I am not so curious as to condemn the whole multitude, which have lost themselves in the admiration of your vertues.

I will dilate my self no further in my expressions, lest I dishonour your goodnesse, with my undervaluing praises.

Sir, Mine eloquence will come too late, since there is no precept in all humane wisdom, which hath presented it self to your view.

Sir, The consolation I have, next to the assurance I have of my innocency, is, the liberty I enjoy to professe my self yours.

The principal object of my intentions, hath ever been the glory of your name.

Sir,

Sir, I do profeſſe my ſelf yours, with all thoſe proteſtations, which are able to make the truth appear inviolable.

Sir, I proſtrate all my preſumption at your feet, and ſhall deſpair of being happy, if not reputed yours.

Sir, I can no longer conceal my thoughts, ſince you have an intereſt both in mee and them.

I never gave you viſit which cured me not of ſome paſſion.

How often with your golden eloquency, have you taken mee out of my ſelf.

You alone conduct me to the higheſt pitch of accidental perfection.

The beams of your eminent vertues have diſcovered to me mine own imperfections.

Inſtead of all thoſe high expreſſions you have beſtowed upon mee, I muſt only anſwer you.

That I am your humble ſervant.

Sir, There can be no acknowledgement that I can make, can be anſwerable to the obligations I owe to your honour.

Sir, You miſtake my diſpoſition, if you ſuppoſe I affect praiſes, with the like intemperance, as I do perfumes.

Sir, Should I forfeit ſuch occaſions, my friendſhip would never appear, but remain as a Recluſe.

Sir, The world wou'd end, and Nature prove imperfect, if there were no ſuch men to maintain her honours.

Continue to expreſſe your ſelf what you are, that your vertue may be its own recorder.

Faireſt, My thoughts are not ſo often here, as where you are.

Time, which preſcribes limits to all things, pre-

ſerve your beauty to the world's end.

The Phyſitians have not ſo far exhauſted me, but that there are ſome drops of blood left, to beſtow in part of your honours ſervice.

Madam, Put on thoſe rayes of your beauty, that it may bud again with the next Roſes.

I confeſs I was never more aſtoniſhed, than to find ſuch an equipage of ſorrow about you.

Sir, You are adorned with all the excellent qualities that Art and Nature can beſtow, for the commanding of men.

Sir, There is not one part of your body, whereof another is not Maſter.

Sir, It is not in my power to diſpoſe of one ſingle hair, ſince I am all yours.

Madam, You draw the eyes of all to admire you, ſince you are as a fair proſpect, adorned with all pleaſures, to allure the beholders.

You are the Cabinet, in which nature hath lock't all her miracles.

Though I receive injuries from you, it ſhall be my humility not to take notice of them.

Sir, I would viſit thoſe parts of the World which avarice it ſelf hath not yet found out, rather than loſe your ſociety.

Sir, It is impoſſible for me to conceal my ſenſibilities.

Sir, What violence ſoever I offer to my anger, I can no longer contain it.

Sir, You do ſo heap your favours on me, that you will not ſo much as ſuffer me to ſee me miſerable.

Sir, Your innocent actions carry their warrant with them.

Sir, You do not ſo much expreſſe your wit, as your Tyranny, in inflicting ſuch torments on me.

Sir, Be not confident, leſt he whom you have ſo often

ten injured, do at last grow weary of his sufferings.

You are the man, with whom alone I desire to passe the most pleasant hours of my life.

Sir, If you pretend excuses for so poor a trifle; know, I am no longer your affectionate servant.

Sir, I shall hold my eloquence as pernicious as the perfections of a Curtezan, should it prove any cause of your quarrels.

You usurp a more absolute authority over wits, than is lawful or reasonable.

You smell too much of your Musk and Amber, to expresse your self serious it the weight of affairs.

Sir, My conceptions are popular, and to be intelligible among women.

Your conceits are too far fetch'd, and they transcend the Subject on which you bestow them.

Fairest, let me ravish a kisse from your hand.

Sir, My affections spring not from the diseases and distempers of my Soul; since my inclinations to serve you, have their original from immortal reason.

Mistresse, You have a power to infuse love and fidelity into the hearts of Barbarians.

You cannot bestow favours amisse on him, who hath searcht the secrets of nature and the depth of Philosophy, that he might not appear to be ungrateful.

Sir, You must give mee leave to admire your judgement, which appears to be far more excellent than your Fortunes.

Sir, Let me not seem to incurr a crime, since I am forced to extoll your generous liberality.

Sir, You vary your shape, and change your perfumes, according to the diversity of the seasons.

Let it please you out of your nobleness, to afford me to be your Grace's most obedient and faithful servant.

Sir,

Sir, You have all those excellent qualities that are neceſſary in a Prince.

Sir, I meaſure the neceſſities and fatalities of this world by your contentments or diſcomforts.

Sir, In this exigence of my fortunes I am forc'd to admire your Vertues? ſince you ſtill ſet ſo high a value in your creature, who is loſt to all men but your ſelf.

Sir, your goodneſſe is as unlimitable, as the deſire I have to ſerve you.

Sir, in you are comprehended all the riches that Nature beſtowes on her moſt glorious creatures.

Sir, I ſpeak this ſeriouſly with my beſt ſenſe; you may reduce me to any form.

All, who have either eyes or ſpirits, muſt place them on ſo deſerving an object.

Faireſt, Caſt one glance of pity on me; leſt you deprive me of all conceits of mercy, with the terrible aſpect of your eyes; which are to mee the Ambaſſadors of life or death.

Sir, you are the emblems of terror, and your furious looks are able to conſume a woman.

Lift mee not ſo high with your favours, leſt you do but fit mee for a precipice, and I behold my deſcent with a greater terror.

Faireſt, let not your heavenly beauty, ſeated in its royal Majeſty, draw forth the ſword of diſdain to the ruine of your creature.

Faireſt Creature, Since I am the pattern of all ill fortunes by the force of your affection, free mee from all the miſeries that oppreſſe me.

You hit my inclinations, ſince to recompence ſuch vertues, were a work moſt worthy of all generous mirits.

Sir, Your refuſal to the title of Eloquent, proves your modeſty to be moſt unjuſt; ſince your tongue

long

long since did bereave you of all excuses.

Sir, I dare not enter the list with you, in respect of your elegancies of speech, for when I would become most perswasive in my language, I appear most barbarous in my expressions.

All your Rhetorical arguments are but like blue flowers amongst the Corn, which though they may seem pleasant to the eye, prove most unwholesome to the body.

Sir, I shall alwayes acknowledge the artificial language to be like a Gentlewoman adorned with Rubies and Diamonds, which glister upon her garments, whilst shee her self wants the eyes of her body, and of her mind.

Fair one, can I prevent the powers of the Planets or resist the force of the starrs? you may then conclude, I can then repell these affections.

I am yours, Sir, and I will be yours in the despight of Fates and Fortunes.

Madam, Your excellent qualities, and exquisite vertues have so assaulted the Fort of my fancie, that I must of necessity resign my self up to you, as a trophy of your victories.

Mistris, since *Cupid* doth so fitly favour the cause of his Clients, let us not slip so happy an opportunity.

Madam, if the wishes of a poor mortal may be heard above, I question not but heaven with felicities will crown your royal deserts.

Madam, though I have not hitherto by dutiful services made manifest the loyaltie of my heart, yet since I first framed in my fancie, as in a mirrour, the shape of your surpassing beauty, withall humility I have cast my self and fortunes at your Royal feet.

Fairest.

Fairest, there is none upon earth doth with a more loving duty, reverence your person and vertues, than I do.

Madam, In consideration of my poor Fortunes let my affection appear so much the more excusable since I so farre esteem of your divine beauty, and exquisite vertue, as I would think my self most unworthy, though I were Prince of the World, to possesse you heavenly perfection, in respect of any of my own native honours.

Sir, I have learnt to know, that it is the Religion of Lovers, to swear and forswear.

Madam, The parching heat of Summer makes the cool shades more pleasant; and the frowns of Lovers make their smiles more delightful and cheerful.

Mistresse, I must never hope so intirely to love, as with my affections to requite your loyalty.

Sir, She which builds her fancy upon fading subjects, ties her honour to the unconstant wheel of Fortune.

Fairest, as a pledge of my protestations, you shall have both my heart and hand to be yours in dust and ashes.

Sir, You have a heart as large as the Sea, which contains in it a capacity of all the Ornaments that use to dignifie Princes.

Strive not, *Sir*, to bereave me of the reputation of my honour, lest those that shall succeed me hearafter read in my inf my upon my tomb.

Madam, The beams of your Sun like beauty, with their lively lustre, and sparkling flames, dazle the eyes of your amazed Lovers.

Madam, In the shady darkness of this Arbour, you see like a Heaven, enameled with an infinite number of Stars.

Having disposed so many affections to do you ser-

vice

vice, fear it not, faireſt, your ſervant muſt of neceſſity viſit you.

Fair one, whilſt mortals enjoy your heavenly beauty, the luſtre of your reſplendent eyes, ſhall as the day light ſerve them for the diſpatch of their affaires.

Sir, I cannot be inſenſible of your miſeries, ſince the web of your deſtinies hath paſſed us both through the like misfortunes.

Sir, I am reall, and uſe not to entertain my friends with dreams and illuſions.

Sir, this your inhumane uſage of your creature, ſhall never ſeem ſtrange to me, ſince the moſt fervent affections of the world, oftentimes degenerate into the vehementeſt enmities.

Sir, We equally ſhare of one anothers diſcontents and diſſolve our hearts together, as one would melt one peece of wax into another.

Faireſt, thoſe eminent qualities, which nature, as a dowry, hath beſtowed upon you, like flowers ſpread themſelves forth by the rayes of your bright beauty, cauſing thoſe courtſhips, ſervices, and admirations which ſo ſweetly adorn you.

Miſtreſſe, Ladies of honour to expreſſe the ſincerity of their affections, have breathed forth their lives on the Tombs of their deceaſed Lovers.

Madam, *If I* am conſumed by the fires of *Cupid*, blame me not, ſince your eyes enkindled the flames of my affections

Madam, Exerciſe not the extremity of your rigour upon him that ſuffers ſuch miſeries, under the falſe title and quality of on offender.

Know fair creature, that ſuch a bright day may at laſt enlighten my innocence, when revengeful lovers ſhall ſearch into my aſhes, to find out truth there buried.

Sir,

Sir, these glorious progressions of your vertue will at last mount you to the highest pitch of admiration.

Madam, shut not up these eyes from the light of your beauty, lest they be perpetually open'd to tears.

Madam, It is impossible you should ever draw to you a reputation of honour, signed with the effusion of my blood.

Madam, there are those will deplore my ashes and strew some silly flowers on the place impressed with the prints of your punishments.

Fair one, When my soul shall be seperated from my body, it shall every where wait on your purified spirit, as the shadow of it.

Madam, If you should please to condemn mee to darkness, by the eclipsing of the divine light of your beauty, yet I dispair not; but that at last from the sphere of your splendours due to my merits, you will vouchsafe the rayes of your clemency, to inlighten the duskie nights of my miseries and misfortunes.

Fair one, though death may seperate our lives, yet love shall unite our ashes, and wee shall preserve the immortality of our affections, by the immortality of our souls.

Madam, Seated thus on your fair Pavilion, you appeared like resplendant day, in the attires of a Majesty, absolutely royal.

Madam, Your goodly nature, well proportioned body, the bright colour of your face, the lively port and grave carriage of your person, all these speak you to be a real branch, spruug from some royal stemme.

Fair one, your hair negligently dishevel'd, and careless attire grace forth your beauty, which shines in the midst of so many obstacles, as the Sunne in a winters day.

Fairest creature, Cast not those eyes down, neither colour

colour your face with those modest blushes, since I would appear most admirable, that your vertues should find fetters in a place where they expect Crownes.

Sir, I desire to end my dayes on the Theater of Kings in their glorious services.

Madam, Heaven hath created me such a one, as you see full of good will, though of slender fortunes and meanes.

Sir, Wee have continually lived together as one soul divided in two bodies, and since our amities have taken root in a mutual temperance, and correspondency of humours, we have maintained in us a continual familiarity, which neither death nor hell can ever have power to seperate.

Fairest, Our breasts shall be ever interchangeably transparent.

Fair one, Dissimuliation or contradiction cannot approach the sincerity of our loves.

Fairest, let me embrace you with the openesse of my heart, and the profusion of my love, that our souls may evaporate themselves into one another.

Sir, your favours create me again, and give me a new being.

Sir, I shall never pretend any right to any honour in the world, but only to obey your commands.

Mistris the grace of speech dwelleth on your fair lips.

Sir, hereafter ages shall take Palmes and Lawrels to crown the reliques of your honour'd ashes.

Fairest, these eyes of mine, are but emblems of tears mixt with love.

Madam, Spread not that Cypress vail o're your face, lest you benight your beauty, and darken the bright raies of that which makes our day.

Madam, your beauty is a divinity left on earth, to be known and beloved of mortals.

Deſcription of Beauty.

BEauty is Natures Ivy buſh.

It is her beauty only creates her Queen; tis that which adds a commanding power to every ſyllable.

Glory not too much in the prerogative of Nature; ſeeing ſhee hath made thee a man, make not thy ſelf a woman.

Your beauty is a Tyrant of a ſhort reign, you cannot call it your own; for you can neither give it, nor preſerve it long.

Beauty is the conquereſs of man, never to be ſatisfied with the rayes of her cryſtal-painted eyes.

A Feature that excels all mortal ſenſe.

Such a one, that when ſhe lay naked, his eyes did carve him out a Feaſt of love.

Her body doth repreſent thoſe Fields of peace that Poets ſing of in *Elizium*.

She lay like eclipſed *Cynthia*, ſweetly canopied with darkneſſe, till he drew the curtains of Love.

Had *Paris* ſeen her naked, he had ſlighted his *Nell* of *Greece* for her.

Trimming her beauty forth with bluſhing bravery, with the wonders of her Beauty, mortal eyes are never to be ſatisfied, as if ſhe were made only for admiration, to be adored of men, or win grace from Heaven.

A complexion as clear as the Sky.

Beauty is the Image of the Creator, and the Rhetorick of Heaven.

THE Academy of Complements.

Choice and fair Flowers, selected out of the Garden of Eloquence, to adorn out Language with variety of expressions, upon several occasions.

Upon his absence.

I Shall no longer esteem my self absent from you, whilst I hold any room in your heart and memorie.

Let those dull clods of earth, not yet enformed with true Promethean fire, measure affections by their Miles of Acres; we, whose soules are cast in a more pure mould, by a most subtle penetration and transfusion of hearts, enjoy a secure freedom in one anothers wishes; and in the greatest distance, are cherished with a virtual contiguity.

It is the brutish love, and wants the quickning fire of reason, that can by circumstances be intermitted; the more extracted flames of our affections shall, like more glorious Pyramides burn bright and clear, and light our souls, though thus seemingly dis-joynted, to our daily mutual imbracements.

Let not my remoteneſſe change your purposes, more than it shakes the resolution I have made, to live yours.

Protestations of Love.

IT is as impossible for me not to love you, as it is for the Sun to forget his ordinary course.

So am I ravished with your beauty, that it will prove harder for me to forget you, than it would

prove

prove difficult to reſolve for death: and know for a certain, that I ſhall ſtill be rather content and diſpoſed to conſent to the hatred of my ſelf, than to the love of any other obſect, but you.

Your ſight may be forbidden me, and you may hinder mee from ſpeaking to you, but not to have the effigies of your divine beauty imprinted in my heart, and not to love and ſerve you, it is a thing not only out of your power, but mine alſo: for I am to you as an accident, ſo inſeperable, that you cannot be without me.

Upon her Beauty.

I Should have thought I had too much failed in ſo much duty, had I not directed it to ſo fair a mark; but the favour of your affections, is that to which I ſacrifice my beſt endeavours.

Vanquiſhed by your beauty, I have yielded up the armes of my liberty and freedome, under your obedience.

Nothing ſhall take from my heart, but death it ſelf, the fair image of your divine beauty.

Death it ſelf ſhall here ſtand vaſſal, and homage pay, to your more powerful darts; when every quickning glance from you, ſhall adde new life, as he deſtroyes the old.

In admiration of her goodneſſe.

IT is your goodneſſe that hath ſupplied my ſmall merit; which could not have dared to promiſe mee the favours you can afford me.

The goodneſſe of your ſoul is ſo clear and bright that ſinne dares not approach too near, for fear of diſcovering its own deformity.

You need not ſeek for your inheritance, when the rich evidence of your vertue intitles you to heaven.

I wonder not to ſee ſo many bankrupts in goodneſs, when I find the ſtock of vertue reſts alone in you.

Theſe

Theſe noble favours may quicken my endeavours; but never create a deſeit in me; they are ſo much beyond my All.

On her leaving him.

LOvers in deſpite of abſence, looſe not the remembrance of their lovers: they are as the Flowers; which, though trod on: do reſume their luſtre at the Suns approach.

Although thou goeſt away, yet we cannot part.

Here in my heart thou ſtill remaineſt, yet I muſt ſhed ſome teers, which like the morning dew, or as April ſhowers, ſhall make the ſpring tide of our love, (though by this winter cover'd) grow freſh and green again.

To forſake me, when your company is deareſt to me, is no ſign of true friendſhip, which parts not at death it ſelf, ſince love remains for ever.

Take pity on all thoſe bloody ſorrows, which the apprehenſion of your abſence makes mee already ſo miſerably to feel.

To accuſe in a letter.

IT is bet er to love with ſeverity, than to deceive with ſvveetneſſe

I expected a Cordial, but I received a Corroſive; your bitter-ſweet vvas unequally tempered; and in your pils, though ſugar'd over, I found an unvvelcome operation. I received thy letter, but I muſt chide thee (ſweet,) another cloſe from thy fair hand, vvill make mee ſurfeit, you frovvn'd vvhen laſt vvee parted, and by that cloud you bid me expect a ſtorm; it is a double bliſs, thus ſvveetly to be deceived: you frovvn in deed, but a thouſand *Cupids* lodge themſelves in every vvrincle of your brovv.

I vvould forbear to vvrite to you in this manner vvere it not that the affection I bear to you, doth force, and by its authority, dravv all thoſe vvords from my heart and mouth. Miſtris,

Miſtriſs, The Bees are not hated for their ſtings, no more ſhould you hate mee for the ſharpneſſe of my circumſtances.

We muſt not praiſe our ſelves for being better than the worſt, but rather blame our ſelves for being worſe than the beſt; ſince then *I* fail in my merits, give mee leave to mourn for my imperfections.

A Farewel.

I Muſt depart from you, yet ſhall not your ſervice bee deprived of mine obedience.

Adieu, fair Sun of my life, I leave you for this preſent but be always aſſured, that my mind, and my deſires ſhall never depart from you.

Dear love, *I* know not which way to begin to bid you farewel, nor to finiſh this diſcourſe; which once ended our diſconſolate departure follows.

Woe is me, muſt *I* needs wander away from all my felicities at once, loſing with the happineſſe of your ſight, the moſt perfect object of beatitude?

Farewel, *Madam*, be always fortunate, whilſt *I* ſhall languiſh unhappy, though moſt conſtant.

Expreſſions of Affections.

YOu can never do ſo much for me, but that the affection wherewith *I* adore you, and the faith *I* have repoſed in you, will prove far greater.

Miſtriſs, You are the Firſt, to whom my affectionate heart hath been offered; and ſhall (if you pleaſe) be the laſt that ſhall have the poſſeſſion of it.

Do but let me once diſcover my affections to you, and then command me to perpetual ſilence, if you pleaſe.

You are the eye of mine eyes, and thought of my thoughts, the perfecter of my defaults, the life of my love; the ſcope and end of all my deſires and hopes.

Bear well in mind mine affection, that though I be removed from your fair eyes, I may not be ſo far from your favours.

The

The Lovers expressions of Constancy.

I Shall in loving you, manifest such an affectionate stabilitie and stedfastnesse, that my loyaltie and my love shall inseperably wait upon you.

My constancie may easily shew you, that I have as good an heart to die for you, as I have a mind and desire to live and love you.

I shall make it appear to after times, that I am the man, who for your sake hath made my self an invincible rock of stedfastnes: for I shall still hug my constancie, and never let it stir from me, till my last gasp.

Upon her affibility and Courtesie.

IT is your courtesie that lends me the favour which Heaven and Nature hath denied me.

Your courtesie will force the most rigid *Cato* to turn your Proselite, and make the *Cynick* leave his Tub; enamoured with your urbanitie.

Each part above you shines with a peculiar grace, but in your mild behaviour they all concenterate.

Upon your brow, Beautie and Honour sit enthron'd, whence in your stately carriage they dispence their powerful Laws.

It it out of your generous disposition you wish me well, as it is of dutie that I honour you.

Upon a Lovers fear.

LOvers live alwaies in more fear than hope, and will sooner conceive of their sorrows, than credit their joies.

Lady, I have just cause to fear, lest by placing my love upon an object either too violent, or too much distant, my sense may be deceived; you far transcend my deserts, but my desires lie captive at your feet: one beam from your bright eye will kindle them anew, and adde a new vigour to me your languishing prostrate

The fear *I* have, lest my slender merit should take away

away your good mind to wish me well, doth in a sort make all those joyes imperfect, which my sweetest thoughts made mee judge so full and entire.

On her desire.

FAirest, Be but as desirous of my content, as I am of your service.

My desires make mee as careful to please you, as I am bound by duty, and compelled by inclination to serve you.

I wish Heaven that gave mee the boldnesse of desire, had likewise graced mee with desert

To give or present.

THis I dedicate, consecrate, and offer up unto you with the same heart, wherewith I vowed you my service.

Your bounty hath furnished me with power, and your example with will; accept therefore this smal present, gleaned from your plenteous Harvest, which shall ever testifie to the ungrateful world, how much I glory, to proclaim aloud my wealths chief founder. I should be ignorant and ungrateful too, should I presume to think it worthy your acceptance; when every Jewel receives its Character of value from your esteem.

The mass of all my wealth made up together, disclaimes the name of merit, and therefore here I freely give it all, and in the strong Indentures of loyalty I bind my self your Prentice.

I had rather present you with some small thing, and so be reputed ignorant, than ungrateful.

Regard more the affection, than the merit of the gift; and so accept it, not as a thing of desert, but as a testimony of my good will.

On the effects of their love.

YOu ſhall know one day in effect, what you now have but in imagination.

The conſtancy of my affection hath been ſuch that it hath overcome the worſt of difficulties: and the expectation of the harbour hath made the danger eaſie.

When amidſt the waves of your diſdain my half-ſhipwrack'd veſſel began to ſink; each ſigh I fetch'd (I ſee at length) found a courteous gale, to bring me home to you my bleſſed harbour.

One day you will come to know the concluſion of the irreproachable teſtimonies of my true and faithful promiſes.

Upon her Eloquence.

YOur Eloquence is able to ſteal the ſoul out of ones heart, and carry it whither it would not goe.

O ſpeak again, 'twill make the Sphears lay by their warbling Lutes, and liſten to your tongue.

Each articulated ſyllable doth lay a powerful charm upon my ſoul, and captivates my ſenſes.

One day is no more able to overcome you with good words, than with good actions.

The Eloquence of your moſt ſweet words cloſes my lips, and binds them to a perpetual ſilence.

Excuſes.

IN excuſing your unjuſt fear, you ſeem to accuſe my boldneſs.

It is a mercy that you yet afford me, to let me plead mine own excuſe.

I preſume upon your pardon for my former ſuſpitious fears; and the rather, becauſe the goodneſs of your nature ſtiles them, The individual concomitants of love.

I pray you hear my reaſons patiently, and judge without paſſion of my Juſtification.

It is for great minds to excuſe great faults; upon the acknowledgement therefore of my late tranſgreſſion, you cannot find a fitter Subject for your mercy.

Experience of a Lover, and of a Friend.

I Have ſo much experience of your good will, that it only remains that you make trial of my deſire of acknowledgement.

I have had ſuch trial of your friendſhip and fidelity, that I hope you will not fail me in time of need.

Each meſſenger affords freſh Characters of your friendſhip, and every day I ſee the ſpring of your love breaking through new channels.

Upon her Face.

THe wonders of your Face made me their captive as ſoon as I ſaw them; and that rare grace of yours, which makes you excel all others, retained me your priſoner.

As ſhe appears, ſo day breaks, and with her beames diſperſes all my clouds and miſts of diſcontent.

The Epitome of Nature is compriſed in her face, where ſhe hath freely given a taſte of all her pride and glory.

Upon her Favours.

IF you judge or deem me worthy to favour you, I hold that your merits are much more than my deſerts.

I am ignorant what ſervice might ſatisfie for the favours

favours I have received of you: if you please to increase my knowledge, by telling me how I may serve you again, I shall be doubly obliged.

I want opportunity dutifully to acknowledge this favourable proof of your condition and honesty.

Upon his Fortunes.

FOrtune strives now, to make me pay the interest of those pleasures, she formerly lent me.

Dame Fortune is too covetous and usurious, in taking from me the interests of my prosperity.

I appear to you just like an empty vessel that wants his lading, with full blown sailes of love: Indeed 'tis true, I am bound for the *Indies*, and if my compasse fail me not, my Genius tells me, I shall soon arrive.

O! Withdraw not those two Stars: by their blest light I steer my crazy Bark, and hope, to enjoy the wished for shore of happiness.

Upon her hatred.

I Do not think (though I should give you occasion to hate me) that your good nature can wish me an injury, since you are not compos'd of any thing but love.

Courtesie dwelt on your forehead, but malice resided in your soul, and lay concealed in your mind.

On her Inconstancy.

YOu use your friends as one doth flowers, which please only when they are fresh and new.

I perceive that ardent affection, which was wont to keep me so alive in your thoughts, doth now no more raign in you.

In praiſe of her.

I Could not, without making my ſelf guilty of irreverence, ſpeak otherwiſe to you, than in a way of praiſe.

I value love in all, but, Madam, moſt in you, when I find it richly ſitting on the neck of honour.

Such is the galled condition of the age, that ſhould my feeble Encomiums preſume to touch a little at what your beauty in the largeſt manner merits, the faireſt title I ſhould gain for my true meaning would be *Paraſite.*

Madam, let others daub and flatter, I'le not give over to draw true lines; but mauger all their painting, will proclaim you aloud, *Vertuous and Fair.*

Madam, to live with you, is to live with all the Graces; For Nature hath made you the example of her liberalities.

For her retention of him in memory.

DO not that wrong to your true love, to let him ſlide out of your memory, the only monument where his felicity deſires to be inſhrined.

Keep me alive in your thoughts, as I hold you in the moſt ſenſible parts of my ſoul.

Of his merits.

I Could never do ſo great a thing, but would be too ſmall for your merits, and my deſires.

Your merits drive me to love you, my humour permits it, and my content will needs have me imploy my endeavours to ſerve you.

The praiſes you attribute unto me, proceed from your will, and not from any merit of mine.

The neceſſity of his Affections.

THe neceſſity of love is moſt mighty in the world: for it overcomes all.

O how happy a thing is that neceſſity, that inforceth us to imbrace ſuch a deſired bleſſing as your ſelf.

I was all frozen, until the Sun-ſhine of your favour thawed my benumed ſpirits: but when you darted your quickning beams, the ſpring of my affections, budded forth in the moſt pleaſant blooms of love.

The Magnetick ſtone ſtarts not with ſuch natural activity to the North ſtars ſummons, as I when you command.

Proteſtations of obedience.

I Shall not, all the days of my life, have a will which ſhall not obey yours.

You know the power you have over me, and that I am ſo much yours, as you can wiſh me.

To offer, and preſent ſervice.

ALL the honour and ambition I aſpire at, is, to ſee my ſelf employed in your ſervice.

Let all men judge whether your beauty alone is not ſufficient to command the affections I bear you.

All that is mine, is no leſs yours, than are your thoughts and words.

The moſt favourable gift you can offer me, is, your friendſhip, a Jewel I prefer before all other treaſures.

Wiſhes.

HEaven, which hears the vowes of the faithful, bleſs and content your deſires.

I need not wiſh you more, but a continuance of thoſe graces you moſt eminently poſſeſs already.

May you meet with ſuch a Paramour, as may equal (for ſure out-goe he cannot) your holier flames; may

the ſame ſhaft, with an undivided haſt, pierce both your hearts together; may both your loves bear the ſame date. And when we have made our ſelves unworthy of enjoying any longer ſuch a worthy pattern, and rich example of pure affection; after you have ſeen a ſecond Generation, may death gently tranſport you to that place of bliſs, where he himſelf can never come.

God make you the happieſt woman that lives; even as he hath made you the faireſt, and moſt accompliſhed.

Heaven grant, that you may be as faithful, as you are dear to me.

Bewailing of a Lover.

I Do ſo bewail our ſeperation, that nothing can ever touch my ſoul, like the grief I endure by it.

The greateſt grief I carry along with me when I part from this place, is, to ſee how I am for ever deprived of your fair preſence.

To give thanks.

IF I have done you any acceptable ſervice, think it was but the ſhadow of what I deſire to ſhew you, by real effects.

To tickle your ears with the breath of Complement or the air of ſome preſently contradicted news, would be to imitate the, *What lack you?* To give you good words, and make your better deeds pay too dear for them.

I take this benefit from you, but as borrowed, I will pay you rent for it.

Though the ſervice I have done you, be but ſmall; yet, the deſire I had to acknowledge the honours I have received from you are exceeding great.

On the deceits of Love.

YOur fair eyes, have too much Majeſty, to ſerve for baits, or allurements, of a diſſembling love.

Do

Do not deceive him that will out-brave Death it ſelf to inſure your life; and withſtand the frowns of Fortune to protect your honour.

On his Life.

MY Life is a Comedy, and therefore no matter how long it be, ſo that it be well acted: Sweeteſt! if the laſt *Scene* be Tragick, your cruelty muſt be the *Nemeſis.*

Our life without ſome pleaſantneſs, is like a long journey without an Inne; or like a *Bed* of Roſes, where flowers are mixed with prickles. Lady, if you pleaſe, from your hoſpitable bounty, to refreſh my over-wearied and ſolitary progreſs; I ſhall conclude my time richly ſpent, having attained the end at which always I aim'd, but you have hitherto clos'd up your fragrant ſweet, and amidſt the ſtearneſt bryers of diſcontent, have left me miſerably intangled.

On the luſtre of her eyes.

YOur eyes flaſh ſo much lightning, that, like the *Sun*, they dazel the ſight of all ſuch as dare behold them.

Your ſouls bright luſtre ſparkles in your eye, and, like the Perſian, that only Sun I adore.

You have ſo eſtabliſhed your *Soveraignty* over my ſoul, that the leaſt twinkle of your eyes, diſpoſſeſſe me of the ſtate of my life.

Amorous expreſſions.

THis kiſs and thy white hand.

Her ſpring of beauty raiſed in him noble deſires, which ſoon broke forth in liberal ſtreams.

Let me rule, Lady, like a Plant, in the Orb of your favour.

You have a moſt imperious beauty, I muſt obey it.

Delight ſhall ſtream into your boſom.

A faint lovers wiſhes cannot recal the hours.

I will embrace thee as all wealth or honour.

Though ſhe were divided from me by armies, I would make way through death to gain her.

O let me dwell an age upon thoſe lips.

She is a ſparkling delightful piece of Nature.

She is the Queen and Goddeſs of Beauty.

She is a Mine of pleaſing joyes and ſweetneſs.

The great Commandreſs of all hearts.

I cannot ſpeak to thee, go thy wayes.

We'll ſtrive to make the Example of Love an eaſie Law.

As white as Truth, as innocent as Vertue.

Take all your vowes again, you are as free as the Air.

The Cyprian Queen compared to thee, was but a Negro.

Whoſe love is the Exchequer of wealth.

A Spring of love iſſues from thy ſoul.

I muſt walk in the dark, and be benighted to all the world but thee.

Madam, I am a poor flye, burnt in the candle of your beauty.

A woman worthy of ſo compoſed a Man.

Crown your ſervant, Miſtriſs, with this favour.

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A Miſcellaneous Preſent of Similitudes, Compariſons, and Examples, ſelected for the Reader's diſcreeter application.

LIke to *Diana* in her Summer weed, girt with a Crimſon Robe of brighteſt Dye.

The rivolets of tears hang on her cheeks like drops of pearled dew upon the riches of *Flora*. Her

Her Trefles are like the coloured Hyacinth of *Arcadia.*

Her brows are like the mountain Snows, that lye on the Hills.

Her eyes are like gliſtrings of *Titans* gorgeous mantle.

Her Alablaſter neck like the purer whiteneſs of the flocks, and her face a border of Lillies, interwoven with Roſes.

Her bluſhing cheeks look like the ruddy gates of the morning.

Like fair *Aurora*, in the morning gray, deckt with the ruddy gliſter of her love.

Like *Thetis* in a calm day, when as her brightneſſe *Neptune*'s fancy moves.

Like herbs in *Syria*, that flouriſh in the morning, and fade before night.

As the Sea doth draw ebbes and tides from the Moon.

She ſits like *Juno*, when ſhe firſt watcht the fair Heifer on the Lincean downs.

Like *Narciſſus*, wrap not your face in a cloud of diſdain.

Her form like the Sphear, whence ſome bright *Venus* vaunts her ſilver ſhrine.

As bright as ſilver *Phœbe*, mounted on the top of the ruddy Element, painting the amourous affections of the Sun to his Hyacinth, and the relation of love between him and the Marrigold.

Like one of *Æſop*'s Apes, that finding a Gloworm, took it for the fire.

Her eyes are thoſe that did reform the Chao's.

Her breath is like the ſteam of Apple-pyes, her teeth like the tusks of fatteſt Swine, her ſpeech is like the thunder of the air.

And the fineſt Gold hath its droſſe, pureſt Wine

its lees; the fineſt Roſe, its prickles; each ſweet, its ſower.

He that will hear ſuch *Syrens* ſing, muſt with *Uliſſes* tye himſelf to the Maſt of the Ship.

Who means to be a Suiter to *Circes*, muſt take a preſervative unleſs he mean to be enchanted.

Like the moiſtned Torpedoes, that do not only charm the hand, but the heart.

As the ſweeteſt Musk is ſower to be taſted, guilded Pills moſt bitter to be chewed.

As the fineſt flower ſeldom hath the beſt ſmell; as the glittering ſtone hath oftentimes the leaſt vertue.

As the Marigold, which, as long as the Sun ſhines, opens its leaves, but with the leaſt cloud, begins to cloſe.

Like certain Trees in the Deſarts of *Africa*, that flouriſh but whilſt the South wind blows.

As the Elephant delights at the ſight of a Roſe.

As the *Cockatrice* dieth, with beholding the *Chriſolite*.

Tarquin, and all his poſterity, were robbed of their regal dignity, for the Rape of *Lucretia*.

As he that is hurt by the Scorpion, ſeeks a ſalve from him that gave him the ſore.

As it is impoſſible for Iron to reſiſt the power of the Adamant, or the ſtraw the vertue of the ſucking Jeat.

Johnſon was never ſo trothleſs, as *Troilus* truſty; *Paris* was never ſo fickle, as *Pyramus* fruitful, *Æneas* was never ſo light to *Dido*, as *Leander* was true to *Hero*.

As a Hound, which at the firſt default, giveth off the Chaſe, is called but a Cur.

As firm as the betrothed faith of *Eraſta*, to his *Perfida*. As is madneſs to hop againſt a Hill, or ſtrive againſt a ſtream.

Like the greedy Kite, that leaveth the ſweet Fleſh, to prey upon the ſtinking Carrion.

As

As it is impoſſible for a man to ſleep by the Viper, and not be undaunted; to gaze on the Cockatrice, and not to be infected; to view *Meduſa*'s head, and not to be transformed.

As the Baſilisk loſeth his ſenſes at the ſight of a naked man.

As the Porcupine ſtaring againſt the glimmering light, is taken by the Dogs.

Whilſt the Deer gazeth at the bow, he is ſtricken with the Bolt.

Whilſt the Leopard looking on the Panthers painted skin, he is taken for a prey.

As the moſt precious ſtone is choſen by the glittering hue, and perfect colour; the beſt fruits by the braveſt leaves.

He that is ſtricken by a Scorpion, if his wounds take wind can never be healed.

To ſtop the ſtream, is to make the Ford flow more fiercely; to repreſs the fire, to make it flame the more furiouſly.

If the proud Centaur *Ixion* be bidden to the feaſt of the Gods, no leſs then *Juno* will ſerve his turn.

The love of a Woman is like the oyl of a flint, which being once congealed, will never be diſſolved again.

Will the ſilly Dove lay her Eggs in the Faulcons Neſt, or the Mouſe march under the Enſign of the Cat?

As it is impoſſible to hatch a Swan in an Eagles Neſt, or temper Oyl and pitch together in one veſſel, to mix the blood of a Lyon, and of a Wolf together in one bowl.

The Dutcheſs of *Malfy* choſe for her Husband her ſervant, but you are ſo addicted to the opinion of *Diana*, that unleſs you turn *Jupiter* into your lap, with a golden ſhower, he ſhall have the repulſe.

As

As the Bull by browſing on the back of a Juniper Tree falls aſleep.

With *Venus* you let *Vulcan* enjoy the tree, and poſſeſs the fruit.

The Eagle is ſo careful of her young. that if by her fault any of them periſh, ſhe woundeth her ſelf with her beak.

The Lyon ſo loveth her Whelps, that She never taſteth of the prey, till they are fully ſatisfied.

Like the Apples of *Arabia* which begin to rot before they are half ripe.

As the wounds of the body by often rubbing, are ſometimes made incurable.

As the favour of the Panther ſeemeth ſweet to none but bruit beaſts.

As continued rain moiſtneth the earth, ſo that it cannot be tilled to bring forth fruit.

As a ſhip in the ſea without a guide, leaning now on one ſide, then on another, is often in great danger.

As Bees, when they ſtrive together, are ſtirred up by ſome violent motion, with ſtrowing of duſt are brought into order and appeaſed.

As Apothecaries do cover their pills with ſome ſweet ſubſtance, to make them go down the pleaſanter.

As the ſucking of a Child brings milk into the Mothers breaſts.

As there is no ſhelter, where there is no Sun.

As a Gardner mingleth divers Seeds together and caſts them into the ground, yet will they not be confounded together one with another, but every ſeed will have its proper herb.

As Swallows, and Flies are dead in the winter, but by vertue of the Sun, revive again in Summer.

As the Goldſmith by his art, can ſever divers Metals one from another, and ſome men out of one Metal can draw another.

As

As the Sun and the Moon being of one ſubſtance, differ in dignity and excellency.

As *Prometheus* did make miraculous images, ſuch as none ever could make but himſelf.

As continual drops of water hallow the hard ſtone.

As thoſe men that live by the River *Nilus*, are made deaf by the continual noiſe of the waters.

As the diſeaſe of a canker alwaies inſects the next part that is nigh it.

As the Sea when it rageth, the waters thereof caſt up dirt and mire.

As in fining, the droſs is ſeparate from the metals.

As there is a certain weakneſs in the ſight, which cauſeth a party to think he ſees ſtraws, whereas he ſees men.

As a thunderbolt caſt out of the clouds, ſpareth the matter that ſubmitteth it ſelf to the force thereof, but breaketh to powder whatſoever reſiſteth.

As the morning Dew, ſoon after the riſing of the Sun languiſheth away.

As the Medicinal plaiſter cannot heal a wound, if there be any Iron ſticking in it.

As the Roſe, the moſt pleaſant of all Flowers, is gathered upon rough bryers.

Like the Ape, which with imbracings, doth well nigh kill her young one.

As the Moon hath ſo much the leſs light, by how much the nearer it is to the Sun.

As the firſt ſtep to health, is to know the diſeaſe.

As by great ſhowers and ſtorms of rain, the air is cleanſed.

As in a Garland the beauty of the flowers, except they be orderly compoſed, are not half ſo glorious.

As the Moon is not eclipſed, nor loſeth her light till ſhe is at the full.

As

As they that dwell in low vallies are ſeldom hurt with lightning.

As the pure Coral will not alter the colour.

Like as the Silk-worm keepeth her body ſpare and empty, uſing to faſt two or three dayes together, that ſhe may ſtretch out her ſelf, and ſpin her thread the finer.

As a little ſpark many times ſetteth a whole houſe on fire.

As Owls and Night-crows ſee better in the night than in the day.

Like as out of a River or Fountain troubled, there can be no water drawn but what is muddy.

As a ſtrong Corroſive laid to a ſore, eats out all the dead fleſh.

Like as when the body is diſtempered, and ſome members putrified, it is then beſt for the Patient to have his blood taken away from him.

As fire is never ſufficed with wood, and earth with water.

As they that are ſick of the Dropſie increaſe their thirſt by drinking.

As children are like to their natural parents in favour, ſpeech, and laughter.

As the Libard, with a ſtrange kind of policy, to kill the Apes, lies down as if he were ſtark dead; which the Apes ſeeing, come altogether, and in delight skip upon him: That the Libard bears patiently, until he thinks they have all wearied themſelves with ſporting; then ſuddenly he leapeth up, and catcheth one of them in his mouth.

As the Lamb is the more nimble and lively for ſhearing.

Like as the Pelican, which having brought forth her young ones dead, being ſtunk or killed by Ser-

Serpents, ſhe picketh out her heart blood to revive them.

Like the undiſtinct ſound of Muſick, which delighteth not.

As the rain maketh the new mowen graſs freſhly to ſpring again, and comforts the earth, that it yields forth fruit.

As the Eſtridge hath wings, yet flyeth not.

As ſweet ſents and perfumes comfort the brain and heart.

As the Sun in Winter, when it is ſartheſt off from the Pole, is neareſt the Earth.

As lightning blaſts all it meets with, but the Lawrel Tree.

As the Chirurgion cuts and ſearches before he heals the wound.

As in Muſick, if the harmony of ſtrings be not conſonant, the ſound is not ſweet, nor acceptable to the tunable ears.

As no man can behold the Sun, unleſs it be covered with a little Cloud.

As the head gives ſenſe and motion to the members.

As from the Stock, ſap is derived to the Graft, that it may live and grow.

As a glaſs filled with an extream ſtrong liquour, cannot but burſt in ſunder, not becauſe of any antiparhy that is between them, but becauſe the glaſs is not of ſufficient ſtrength to contain the liquor.

As a Whore hath no more to do with her Husband, nor any thing of his, becauſe of her breach of Wedlock.

As they that come out of the clear Sun into the ſhadow, have their ſight darkened.

Like as when one looks on any thing in the air, they appear in their proper forms and Colours,

as

as they are, but if they be looked upon through a green glaſs, they all appear green.

As the ſoul doth ſo quicken the body, that notwithſtanding the members of the ſame in themſelves are but weak, yet they fall not quite to decay, as long as they have any participation with the ſoul.

As the light of the Sun yields him no pleaſure that is in a dark Dungeon.

As a Woman brings forth Children in ſorrow.

As the Ocean, which is, but one, is divided into parts according to Regions and Countries, againſt which it lyeth.

As the ſuperfluous humors in the veins, are no parts of the body.

As the Moon is not alwayes viſible, being in her change.

As the hand, cut from the body, dyeth, and wanteth life.

As the Vine or Garden decayeth, with overmuch heat or drought, except after the planting thereof, it be watered with ſhowers.

As men diſcern the Weather by the Wind.

As *Apelles* the Painter much lamented, if he miſt one day without ſome Line or Picture.

As Vines, without lopping, grow wild and fruitleſſe.

As a Tree bringeth forth, firſt Leaves, then Bloſſoms, then Fruit.

As Water moderateth Wine.

As Fire is an inſtrument of Medicinal Arts.

As the Body without the Soul enjoyeth no life.

As Roſes and Lillies grow among Thornes.

As a Phyſician cures a man, by taking away his blood and ill humours, by cutting and ſearching the fleſh.

As

As the fire is known two wayes, by the heat, and the flame.

As the ſoul of man united to the body, mounteth upwards becauſe it is a Spirit.

As the Sun and the light are conjoyned together, that they cannot be dis-joyned.

As the Clock muſt ſtill run, ſo long as the pieces or plummets hang thereat.

As a looking-glaſs, though it be moſt clear and bright, by the foul breath of thoſe that look therein, is obſcured and made dim.

As Corn, though never ſo clean winnowed from Chaffe, when it is ſown, the ſame ſeed will be full of Chaffe again.

As the plant thrives beſt in the ſoyle where it firſt grew.

As the little Bee gathers Honey out of the moſt bitter blooms and flowers.

Venus is painted in ſilk, not rags; and *Cupid* treadeth on diſdain, when he reacheth at Crowns.

Precious Diamonds are cut with the File, when deſpiſed pebles lye faſe in the ſand.

Cedars are cruſhed with tempeſts, whereas low ſhrubs are not touched with the wind.

Will Eagles catch at flyes, or Cedars bow at Brambles?

As *Nilus* flowing more than twelve cubits, procureth a dearth.

Cupid is a child, and *Venus* though old, is painted with freſh colours.

Stars are to be look'd at with the eye, not reach'd at with the hand.

So the Eagle, the neerer he ſoareth to the Sun, the further he hovereth from his prey.

As the Salamander is moſt warm, when he lieth furtheſt from the fire.

So

So Birds ſing early when there hath been ſweet dew, and their morning Anthems ſhew their nights content.

So the ſtrongeſt Oak hath his Sap, and his Worms; and Ravens will breed in the faireſt Aſh.

As the Adamant is made ſoft with the fire.

Womens tongues are like cries of Lapwings, furtheſt from their thoughts.

Rhodope ſeemed coy to *Phaonias*, elſe had a Concubine never conquered a King.

Juno never frowned when *Jupiter* made his eſcape in a cloud, private pleaſures have never any pennances enjoyned them.

Like *Janus* bearing two Faces under one hood, wearing a Lawrel in her hand as deſirous of peace, and a ſword in her heart as wiſhing revenge.

As Poets uſed to decipher *Pallas* with a Helmet on her head, and a book in her hand, & drew her ſphears alwayes wreathed with Lawrel, ſignifying by that embleme, that *Mars* and *Mercury* are of one brood.

As the wild Boar not chaſed, thou mayeſt chaſten him with a wand, but being once endammaged by Dogs, he is diſmal.

A Gentlewoman is no longer than her honour; but that loſt, ſhe is like a Diamond with a cloud, which is caſt into the Goldſmiths duſt.

As the Phœnix never ſpreads her wings, but when the Sun-beams ſhines on her Neſt.

Her colour, though pale, could be compared to no worſe than the glittering of the moon in a ſilent night.

As he that playes with a Bee, may ſooner feel her ſting, then taſte of her honey.

For what, but for the love of *Admetus* did *Alceſte* die? *Portia* eat hot burning coals for the love of *Brutus*.

As Hemlock, whereſoever it be planted, will prove peſtilent.

As

As the Serpent, with the brighteſt Scales, ſhrouds the moſt fatal venom.

As the Ruby, whatſoever foil it hath, it will ſhew red.

Leſs is the Margarite accompted of the Weſtern world, than the ſeed Pearl in a ſtrange Country.

The Ancients have drawn Vertue, figuring her bare counterfeit, placed by equal proportions, betwixt two vices, expreſſing thereby, that a mean is to be kept.

The feet of Princes have *Ceres* and *Bacchus* for their foot-ſtool, ſo that it cannot be, but *Venus* muſt play the wanton in their Palaces.

Like the Sugred Honey-comb, which whilſt a man touches, he is ſtung with a Bee.

With Satyrs kiſs the fire, though they burn themſelves; or with *Pigmaleon*, not view a Picture without being paſſionate.

To fancy ones foe, is with the Cockatrice, to kick againſt the ſteel.

Not ſo fond, as with *Xerxes*, to bind the Ocean with fetters.

Reſembling *Timantus* the Painter, who ſhrouded the worſt Pictures with the beſt Colours.

Andromache would never truſt the fair promiſes of *Pyrrhus*; and *Dido* laught, when ſhe ſaw *Hiarbus* ſmile.

'Tis as if *Venus* ſhould wear the Target, and *Mars* the Diſtaffe; that *Omphale* ſhould handle the Club, and *Hercules* the ſhovel; that *Alexander* ſhould couch, and *Compeſne* be coy.

The pureſt Emrauld ſhineth brighteſt when it is without Oyl.

As the Load-ſtone, what wind ſoever doth blow, driveth alwayes to the North.

As the Panther, having firſt aſtoniſht one with his fair ſight, then ſeeks to devour.

Like *Ariſtotles* Quadratus, which, howſoever turned, alwayes ſtands ſtedfaſt.

As

As the pureſt Diamond is to be cut before it be worn, and frankincenſe to be burnt before it be ſmelt.

Thy eyes are like Salamander ſtones, that fire at every flame.

So the Eagle ſoars not ſo high in the air, but that he can eſpie a Fiſh in the Sea.

As the fire is hot in the coldeſt part of the Earth, as well as in the Southern paralliel.

Women ſet our their faces, as Fowlers do their daring Glaſſes, that the Larks that ſoare higheſt, may be caught ſooneſt.

Some have as many Lovers, as their hearts have entrances, for Love, like a Pumice-ſtone, is light and full of holes.

No ſooner hatcht with the Lapwing, but they run away with the ſhell on their heads.

Soon pricks the tree that will prove a thorn.

Her eyes like Diamonds ſo pointed, that they pierce to the quick.

As the Cedar is fair, but unfruitful.

Like the Shrubs of *India*, parched with every ſtorm.

As the moſt glorious ſhells have not the pureſt margarites; the pureſt flowers have not the perfecteſt ſavours.

Having their hearts like Salt-peeter, that fireth at the firſt, but proveth but a flaſh.

As when the Tyger hunts for his prey, he then hides his claws.

Their looks are like *Circes* apparitions, that can preſent them in all forms.

As *Chremes* in *Terence*, ſome meaſure the flames of youth by their own dead cinders.

As buſie as Bees, and as true as Turtles.

As the Chryſolite is proved by the Fire, and the Diamond by the Anvile.

He

He ſtarted up, as when Love-ſick *Mars* ſaw *Venus* enter his Pavillion in triumph.

Trembling as *Acteon* did, that he had doted too far in gazing on ſo gorgeous a Goddeſs.

As the brighteſt bloſſomes are peſtered with moſt Caterpillers.

His thoughts as high as Cedars; but as brittle as rods that break at every blaſt.

Her face like ſilver *Luna* in her ſhine.

As clear as Cryſtal: but, bruiſed, as infectious as a Diamond.

As the crooked Cyen may prove a ſtrait Tree.

Reſembling *Caliſto*, who hid her vanities with *Diana*'s veil.

Like Swallows, that think every Sun-ſhine a Summers day.

Her mind is like the Tapers in *Janus* Temple, which once ſet on fire; burn till they conſume themſelves.

Tenders of Service to ones Soveraign.

SIR, IT may appear great boldneſs in me altogether unknown unto your Majeſty, to hope that any beam of favour ſhould reflect on my unworthineſs, to cheriſh my cheerful willingneſs, though with hazzard of my life to do you any loyal ſervice, yet incouraged by your Royal goodneſs, that can let fall unequal yet ſufficient bleſſings on all: I beſeech you to permit me, out of the valley of humility, to look up unto the ſacred Hill of your Highneſſes Majeſty, and at the foot thereof kneeling, to offer up my devotions, and my moſt humble ſervice; which if you graciouſly deign to accept, as I do humbly proſtrate them, I ſhall account your favour the ſweeteſt felicity, whereof I can be capable in this World; and I bleſs the hour that gave me opportunity to preſent my ſelf and ſervice to your

your imployment; than which, ambition can have no higher object.

Another.

THat which hath been imagined of a golden age, as an *Idea* of all perfect happineſs, was but a propheſie of your gracious raign, ſhowring down felicity in ſuch a plenteous manner, that all your ſubjects are thereby invited, to offer up unto you ſacrifices of thanks and obedience; while I ſhall accompt it the chiefeſt honour that my birth and ſtars could bequeath me, if I may approve my loyalty, in expoſing my life to any danger in your ſervice.

Another.

Sir, THough I cannot worthily deſire, nor deſerve your gracious favour; yet, it will ſhew you neareſt Heaven, and that you reſemble the King of Kings, in accepting my weak and humble devotion, with the tender of my loyal ſervice. Let not the poorneſs of my merit, or the obligation, make them contemptible in your ſight; for, I have long had an earneſt zeal, to expreſs with what integrity I adore the vertues wherewith you are repleniſhed, far above all flattery; ſo that your gracious raign is but the *Galaxia*, or milk white path, through which you travel in your happy Government, and by examples lead your Subjects to Heaven.

Another.

Sir, If vertue and loyalty, were not to be found in ſome of ordinary quality, I ſhould bluſh and tremble at my own forward deſires, to do you ſervice. But ſince it is a ſign of ſome eminent worth, not to carry poor and narrow thoughts, but ſuch as may be high as Heaven, whereunto the ſoul is allyed, which dedicate its ſervice only to God and the King: I therefore ever accounted it a nobleneſs of mind, to raiſe and advance my thoughts, to deſire, that I might ſhew my willingneſſe

neſſe to do you ſervice in ſome imployment, whereby I might expreſs and approve my ſelf, your faithful, humble ſervant.

A tender of ſervice to the Queen.

MAdam, the ſame ſervice and obedience which I offered unto the King, I do now with as great ſtrength of paſſion and affection, tender unto your Majeſty; and as I am his loyal Subject, ſo, to be your faithful ſervant, ſhall be the heigth of my glory.

Madam, my Allegiance and ſervice is ſo divided between the King and your Majeſty, that I ſhall eſteem it my higheſt contentment, and chiefeſt advancement, to be counted your humble ſervant; a Title, which will ſatisfie all my deſires, and re-inforce all my endeavours.

Another.

Madam, there are no words ſignificant enough to expreſs how much I honour your Royal perfections, which render you beloved and reſpected of all the world; while I make it the chief imployment of my life, to attend upon your Commands; which to obey, is perfect happine s.

An humble addreſs to a great Lord.

MY Lord, in regard of thoſe many favours which your honour hath heaped on me, I am bound, not only to acknowledge my happineſs therein, but alſo to deſire, that you would alwayes reckon me in the number of your moſt obliged ſervants.

Otherwiſe.

My Lord, As it is a great happineſs for me, to come into your preſence, and to offer my devotions to your excellency, from the Alter of an humble heart; ſo it will be an addition unto my felicity, if I may improve this preſent opportunity, to make tender of my ſervice.

Otherwiſe.

Otherwiſe.

My Lord, it will beeome me, amongſt others to acknowledge your many excellent vertues: amongſt which your noble Clemency and Humility are the chiefeſt, whereof, as others have had experience, ſo I doubt not but you will favourably accept the obligation and preſentment of my humble ſervice.

Another to ſome great Lord.

MOſt noble Lord, as I hold it for a principal favour, in admitting me to ki s your honours hand, ſo ſhall I eſteem my ſelf moſt happy for ever in that your honour will be pleaſed to accept me henceforth, as ranked in the number and Catalogue, of your moſt humble and obſequious ſervants.

Another.

My Lord, the rank you hold with great and ſingular ornaments of vertues in you, do oblige me to offer unto your Lordſhip all that little is in me, and to tender unto you upon all occaſions, my ſervice in obſequious humility.

Another.

Moſt honoured Lord, may your excellencies will be pleaſed to permit me to exerciſe any ſmall endeavours of tendring my duty to your Honour, in expectation that Heaven will favour me ſo far, as to grant me opportunities, whereby I may make appear in effect, the deſires I have to preſent you with my beſt ſervice and endeavours.

To tender ones ſervice.

Cleodus.

Sir, I Muſt intreat you to pardon my boldneſs, in that I, who am a ſtranger, have preſumed to come to viſit you, being invited thereunto by the fame and report of your noble vertues, which have made me ſo ambitious of your acquaintance, and earneſtly deſirous

desirous, that you would impose on me some command, whereby I may expresse my self, your humble Servant.

Beumont.

Sir, *You have much honoured me by your comming, and by your words. As through a Prospective, I clearly discern the power of your affections, which brought you hither, where your welcome cannot be equal to my desire, or your deserts.*

Cleodus.

Sir. The occasion of my comming was for no other respects, but those due unto your merit; and by an humble addresse of service, to bring my self acquainted with you, whom I honour, and am ready to serve.

Beumont.

Sir, *You owe me no service: but I am ready to embrace your friendship; evidently discovered by your kind visit; which is a favour far above my desert; but let not your affections break off for want of any mutuall respects, wherein I may strive to equal you, and ever remain in all tyes of love, your most constant friend.*

Cleodus.

Then I shall acknowledge my self most happy in this render of my service: for to gain your amity is to me the chiefest felicity, not only in regard of your naturall worth flowing from your birth and education, but also your sweet company and conversation, with which I hope you will hereafter be pleased to honour me.

Beumont.

Sir, *I dare not acknowledge that which you ascribe unto me: your praises are but the effects of your love; but if my company or friendship, may be any wayes pleasing unto you, command them both, for I will be ready to wait upon you: and therefore be assured of me as of one that hath devoted*

himself wholly to your imployment: for your love and kind visits have gained me to be your true and constant friend.

To thank a friend for a courtesie.

Cleodus.

SIR, I cannot give you thanks enough for your great love, expreſt in that kindneſſe you did me late; but I hope, though I expect a while, yet at laſt I ſhall ſnatch an opportunity to make a requital, and ſhew you how much I abhor the vice of ingratitude; eſpecially to you, unto whom I am ſo much obliged.

Beumont.

Sir, What I did, was even wrung from me by the extraordinary quality of your merit, engaging me to ſhew my utmoſt power and moſt chearfull willingneſſe, to undergo any ſervice that might concern you.

Cleodus.

Sir, It is your worthineſs, that you will not acknowledge your own noble and vertuous actions.

Beumont.

Sir, Theſe words would better become me in acknowledgement of your worth, wherein you far-exceed me; yet in reſpect of Amity, I will not yield, but ever maintain a conſtant affection towards you.

Cleodus.

Sir, I will alwayes retain in memory your good deſerts in my behalf, and you ſhall know, that you have not ſowed your benefits upon a barren ground, that will yield you nothing; for your love ſhall alwayes reap the firſt fruits of my ſervice.

Beumont.

Thereby you will oblige me, for I muſt acknowledge, the number of your benefits do bind me to ſerve you; but I never did you any kindneſſe deſerving your acceptance, much leſſe meriting to be remembred by you; yet hereafter I will extend my power to the uttermoſt, to ſhew a mind free from ingratitude.

Cleodus.

Cleodus.

Sir, That you have done already; and I doubt not but you will persevere in your affection: my care is only how I may requite your former courtesies.

Beaumont.

It is I that am troubled, to imagine how I may acquit my self for your former courtesies: for if you still proceed to be your self in such noble actions towards me, I must acknowledge my self overcome in the contention of love.

Cleodus.

You shall not need to contend, since the former courtesies you have done, do require that I should yield my self to be your more humble servant.

To entertain a Gentlewoman at your Chamber.

Aym. *I Have brought you to a rude Chamber, but I am much beholding to you, for taking pains to grace me and my lodging, and am only sorry that I shall not give you such entertainment as you deserve: let me bid you welcome with a kind Salutation.*

Gent. Indeed Sir, you have a handsom Chamber, fit to entertain one of greater credit than my self; I hope you will pardon my boldnesse for accompanying you thus far: if I did not know you, I should be suspitious of bad dealing, and some jealous brains would not stick to censure me of too much familiarity.

Aym. *I hope you are confident in me, that my intents are fair and noble: for I will not offend you with moving any thing that may tend to your disgrace, since my chiefest desire is to enjoy your company, and to discourse a while with you: here we have place and opportunity.*

Gent. But although there are enemies to our Sexe, yet I hope, you will be right and square in all your actions.

Aym. *May I never prosper, if I seek any thing but your*

own contentment: for, if I should make any base motion, you may with a frown command me to silence, and your displeasure would be to me above all torments.

Gent. I do not suspect your honest intent; but these wanton pictures are emblems of your roving affection; yet one of them I like very well, and would request it of you, if modesty would permit.

Aym. Alas! these are but shadows wherein the Painter hath exprest some skill; but if you please to make choice of the best in my Chamber, they shall be at your command.

Gent. I dare not presume so much, and though I should embrace your offer, it would grieve me, that I could not make you some requital in part; it does not become me to be too much beholding, by trespassing on your free bounty.

Aym. Alas! what is it that I can deny you? Pray esteem all I have at your command; and you shall favour me, if you make that picture worthy of your acceptance.

Gent. I return you thanks; it may be I will be so bold to send for it. Now it remains, that I must thank you for your kind entertainment and banquet, and so leave you, desiring pardon for my boldnesse.

Aym. Since you will not be detained, I will wait upon you to your Coach, and acknowledge my self infinitely obliged for your favour, in vouchsafing this kind visit.

To present a Ring to a Gentlewoman.

Aym. PArdon me, if I (moved thereunto by the zealous affection which I bear you) do here expresse it in the dumb language of a small present, unworthy your acceptance; yet, I pray you, wear it for my sake, it may draw down your eyes to think on me, who am now wounded by the powerfull beams of your beauty.

Gent. Sir, Though it would shew a scornfull mind in me, not to accept your love, tendred unto me in such a civile manner;

manner; yet I am sorry you should be at so great and needlesse charges, for wherein can I serve you to make requital?

Aym. It is you that make this unworthy present precious; for if you please to let it circle your white finger, it being a Diamond Ring, will sparkle most in the dark, shewing, that love, like a clouded star, shines lightest in the night of misfortune.

Gent. *Well sir, I am obliged to your courtesie, to receive it; and since you please to confer so rich a gift on my unworthinesse, I will wear it for your sake.*

Aym. Then you honour me above my desert; for your acceptance of this sacrifice of my love, is to me above all rewards. The Ring is inscribed with *Amor circulus*, Love is a circle without end.

Gent. *I must acknowledge your bounty, and my self your servant, in bestowing on me so rich a gift.*

Aym. The sparkling lustre thereof, cannot compare with the light beams of your eyes; but honour me so much to wear it on your finger.

Gent. *I promise that; and more, I acknowledge my self infinitely beholding to you.*

Aym. You have said too much concerning so poor a present; yet, in your acceptance of this trifle, I shall ever blesse my own happinesse.

To woo a coy scornfull Maid

Aym. *LEt not my love be misconstrued for presumption, if I once again strive to warm your affection, by declaring unto you how much I honour your perfection; pray at last be mercifull, and do not still reward my love with cold disdain.*

Maid. Sir, I know that men have powerfull language; but I am none of those young ones, you are deceived, if you think, that fine musk words can sweeten me up, to betray my self: and for my beauty, I would not have you dote on that; it suffices me without commendation.

Aym. *Should I not commend what all admire, I were much to blame.*

Maid. Sir, Wise men admire nothing: for if I were beautiful, what is beauty but a fading flower, blasted often with too much breathing on, and cannot grow safely upon the stalk of Virginity, because every one will be reaching forth to gather it? Pray excuse me, if I prevent such a danger, for love and I are quite foreign.

Aym. *Let me reconcile you to a good opinion of a chast love, there is no greater happinesse then the sacred union of hearts, especially, when long and humble suits conquer disdain; and so I hope, perseverance will at last crown me with your love, and bring you to entertain my desire with a mutuall affection.*

Maid. Sir, If you would be more thrifty of your breath, you may spend it to better purpose, for you may intimate your desires, and make tedious discourses. But, in a word, I shall never love you.

Aym. *O say not so; you know not how much misery those few words will bring upon me: for hope, grounded on your gentle disposition, hath hitherto kept me alive, and made me walk like a faint shadow, whilst in my Chamber I am like a mourner with a Taper by me, watching my own funeral, and I will dwell there in a mist of sighs, and all this for your sake.*

Maid. Sir, I hope you will not accuse me of your death; pray shake off this love, and I will then acknowledge your kindnesse, in ceasing to trouble me with complaints. Learn wisedome; that will cure all distempers.

Aym. *Yet, while I live I will attend upon you, and when I am dead, I will visit you in a dream, and tell you, you were a cruell Maid. To conclude, let one parting kisse seal my transport to* Elizium, *and I am gone.*

Maid. Sir, Since you are so resolute, I will strive to give you a better answer at your next return.

Aym

Aym. *In confidence of that happineſſe, I will preſume viſit you again, and live to be your ſervant.*

A jeſting Diſcourſe with a Maid.

Aym. COme, why will you be an enemy to your ſelf, and let modeſty keep you ſtill in the ſtate of Virginity? I came to offer my ſervice, to help you out of this trouble.

Maid. *You are very kind; but I like my preſent eſtate: Maids are happy.*

Aym. Alas! poor ignorance, doſt thou talk of happineſſe! I tell thee untill thou be married, thou art but a Cypher of no account.

Maid. *O Sir, you are deceived: our hearts free from the paſſion of love, retain a world of happineſs, being exempted from any wanton knowledge: for Maids dying in their preſent condition, do all go to heaven.*

Aym. You are deceived, their puniſhment is to lead Apes in hell; and therefore to avoid this, be kind while you may, and accept of a friendly offer.

Maid. *What offer?*

Aym Leſt it ſhould raiſe a bluſh upon your cheek, I will whiſper it into your ear —— you underſtand.

Maid. *Take heed Sir, leſt while you counterfeit flame, you kindle a real fire, I hear too much, thy infectious words have betray'd a baſe ignoble mind.*

Aym. Why? I did but tell you a truth, I had thought you had been more intelligent, and would not have ſtarted at a bold word.

Maid. *Nay, farewell.*

Aym. Pardon me, all I have ſpoken was to try your temper, and having found you both wiſe and witty, I will deſire you in a fair manner to grant me your love which I only deſire; and though I did appear raſh and wanton, you ſhall find me worthy of your affections.

To Contract privately ones self, and tye the knot of Marriage.

Aym. *NOw our love hath arrived to a happy conclusion the storm raised by our disdain being blown over, the union of our affections making a soft and gentle harmony, which the soul can only discern; therefore that our new begun love may never expire. I do here in the sight of Heaven, and all good Angels, marry and contract my soul to yours, and give away my self wholly to be at your disposing, till the Ceremonies of the Church confirm my promise.*

Maid. With as true an affection, I do give my self over unto your possession, and freely bestow on you my love, which shall never know alteration, but remain ever firm and constant to you; it is therefore expedient that you obtain my friends good-will, according to your promise, and till then we must remain only contracted in our affections.

Aym. Heaven, I beseech thee bear witnesse to our private Agreement; and may I never know one day of comfort, when I break my promised vow: let me now embrace you with the armes of affection, and thus with a soft kisse, seal the obligation of our loves.

To salute a friend newly arrived from a Journey.

Alex. *SIR, When first the news of your return had arrived to my knowledge, I was heightend with an earnest desire to behold you and prevent others of your Friends, by the first tender of my service; that as my love towards you doth exceed theirs in true perfect sincerity, so it might in plate obtain priority, and shew how ambitious I am of your favour.*

Aym. Sir, You still continue your former nobleness, making it your chief aim, to exceed others in perfection of mind, otherwise I had an intention to visit you, but it is your desire and happiness, to overcome others in kindness, for which I can but return you thanks, and acknowledge you a worthy friend.

Alex. *Sir, You make too good an interpretation of my rash presumption;*

presumption; but it is held, that friends have but one soul in two bodies; therefore when I behold you, I enjoy the other half of my self; besides, after long absence, your company must needs be more pretious, so that I had both love and reason on my side to perswade me to come and visit you.

Aym. Sir, I want words to expresse my mind, or to argue a case in love; but, in my opinion, I ought to have visited you first in regard I am very much obliged unto you: But to proceed no further in ceremony, let us discourse of some other affairs; I will be bold to enquire how all our friends do?

Alex. *Sir, Some of them have undergone change of fortune, and therein declared an invincible strength of mind; but, Heaven be thanked, all that honour and respect you, are living and in health.*

Aym. Sir, I am wonderfull glad to hear of it, and I shall rejoyce exceedingly, when I meet any of my old acquaintance; I hope I am not altogether lost unto their remembrance, they will know me certainly.

Alex. *Sir, Travell hath not wrought much change in you; but I detain you too long. I fear, from your rest.*

Aym. Sir, were I tired with travell, as I am not, yet your company would very much refresh me.

Alex. *Sir, I will crave your pardon at this time, I know to tarry longer would be troublesome unto you, but to morrow I will wait on you again.*

To entertain a Friend, who is come to visit one.

Alex. SIR, I am most glad to see you, though I have no other entertainment for you, but a kind welcome.

Aym, *Sir, I expect no more, I come to give you a visit, and to be happy in your societie; for in the generall, I desire none but can suit my disposition so well as your self.*

Alex. Sir, say what you please of me, I am vowed to your service; and your loving visitation is an

addition to your many other kindnesses.

Aym. *Sir, all that I acknowledge is a will to do you service; but I have been slow in producing the effects, hereafter I will study to deserve.*

Alex. Sir, it is your ingenious goodnesse to decline the acknowledgement of your own vertue and deserts, far surpassing my merits; for 'tis I am bound to be your servant.

Aym *Sir, it is I that am obliged to you by many strong tyes of affection, from which the service of my life cannot disingage me. But I have trespassed against manners. Pray take the chair.*

Alex. Sir, will you please to sit first; for it is an honour to me to wait your pleasure.

Aym. *Sir, I am provided; but if it may not appear too much boldnesse, what was the adamant that drew you, or occasion that made you so kind to visit my lodging?*

Alex. Sir, I shall tell you, I came not to borrow money, or to force your good nature to any thing beyond civility; but only to keep our love and amity fresh, and in perfect strength, by a visit and some conference.

Aym. *Sir, you have chosen a bad opportunity; my affairs carry me away from my friends; besides the obligation of my word to a Lady, to attend upon her this day.*

Alex. Sir, I will chuse some other time to wait upon you.

Aym. *Sir, I will attend upon you, if I might know the place and hour where to meet you.*

Alex. Sir, I will not putt you to that trouble, it will become me rather to wait upon you.

Aym. *Pardon me Sir, I am much obliged to you.*

Alex. Sir, I am your servant.

Aym. *Sir, I am the servant of your servants: pray remember my respects to all my friends.*

Al. Sir I will be yours, in that, and all other services.

To woo a fair young Gentlewoman

Aym. PArdon me, Lady, if I presume to speak what I have hitherto with much affection concealed from your knowledge;

There is a Gentleman that hath beheld your heavenly beauty, and with his judgement clearly discerned your vertues, the ornaments of your mind; these have produced in him strange effects, so that in spite of his own reason or diswasion of friends, he is violently compell'd to speak truth.

Pen. Sir, call you this an affliction? 'tis a happiness to speak and hear truth.

Aym. Do you hold that opinion? Then I will convince you by your own expressions. For if it be a happiness to hear truth, then I hope you will pardon me, if I being compelled by the strength of my passion, do truly tell you, that I have placed my affection wholly upon you; or as they commonly say, I do love you.

Pen Sir, I am sorry that you have made me the object of your love; I know your birth and person may deserve one of a greater account; and therefore I am amazed at the unnexpected novelty of your motion, not imagining, but your bosome had been free from any flame; let your wisdome then suppresse it, lest your love become fruitlesse in the event.

Aym I will not be discouraged by your first answer, for neither are you beneath me in quality, who am your servant, neither can it appear to you so strange a matter, that I be taken with your beauty, which others admire, though it be my fortune only to be bolder than the rest, and I hope not unwelcome.

Pen. Sir, I would not have you cherish any uncertain hope, nor build any assurance, where you have but a sandy foundation; Love cannot be compelled, but must flow from the spring of a naturall desire; but I find in my self no inclination to entertain your affection, therefore you must pardon me, if I deny your

your suit which is not in my power to grant.

Aym. *Nothing is impossible to Love: for if you would believe, that I bear a noble and constant affection towards you, you would soon overcome this difficulty, and encline your mind to reward my affection with your favour.*

Pen. Sir, I am confident that your affection is right and perfect, not seeking under a fair and colourable pretence to betray me; I cannot force my self to consent to your motion, being utterly ignorant in love matters; therefore excuse me till time and consideration shall inforce me to answer your desire.

Aym. *I am comforted, that you have not utterly denyed my suit. I hope at my next visit, to receive more encouragement, till then I take my leave, and presume only to breath my heart upon your hand, or if you please, your lip, desiring you to remember me in your absence.*

When one meeteth a friend in the street.

Alex. GOd save you, Sir, you are most happily met, How fare you?

Clor. *Sir, I am the better to see you well and lusty: why will not you do me the honour to visit me at my chamber?*

Alex. Sir, I must confesse I have often broken promise therein, but my businesse would not permit me; otherwise I had long since waited on you.

Clor. *I should rather account my self obliged to wait on you, for I am bound unto you for many favours, especially for the last courtesie you did me, in matters which concerned me much. Will you now do me the kindnesse to present my respects to a Gentlewoman?*

Alex. Sir, if she be honest, I am ready to go on your errand; I hope you will not put me upon a disgracefal piece of service.

Clor. *I hope you have no such bad suspition of me, for she is both fair and a vertuous Gentlewoman, and hath a nimble wit: but I know you can deliver your minde in an excellent*

way. *Alex.*

Alex. Sir, It is you whom *Mercury*, the God of wit, hath adorned with a gentle amorous speech; but I will speak in your behalf in as good moving effectual terms, as I can remember.

Clor. *Sir, you shall do me a most perfect favour Tell her, I am her ready and willing servant, and that the power of love hath given her my heart, which I will come to fetch, in hope she shall give it me back, and till then keep it warm in her own bosom: But what need I instruct you, who are all love and courtship?*

Alex. Sir, I will perform your command though not in such words as you would desire, yet so as my sudden *Genius* shall prompt me; but I have heard it said, that

In the way of love and glory:
Lovers best tell their own story.

Clor. *Sir, Pardon me, I know whom I do entrust with this business; I am assured of your fidelity, and that you can deliver your mind in a powerfull manner, especially to Gentlewomen.*

Alex. Sir, it must be my love to you that will inspire me; for I promise you, I will strive to speak my best

Clor. *Sir, I am confident in you, and at your return from my Mistresse, I will prepare thanks for this great piece of service, and rest, yours obliged.*

Alex. Sir, it is but my duty; I am happy to be imployed in any service that concerns you. Suppose this done.

To Court a Gent'ewoman in the way of marriage.

Eugenius. MIstresse, I doubt not but that you will judge me as rash as bold; but I beseech you by your divine beauty, which glisteneth

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in your fair eyes to excuſe my audacity, and to pardon my temerity, which have emboldened me to come and preſent unto you, my moſt humble, and moſt affectionate ſervice.

Calia. *Sir I am very ſorry that I have not had the honour to know you: and I marvell that you will offer ſervice to me, that of all am moſt unworthy.*

Eugen. Miſtreſſe, it is the ſweetneſſe of your naturall goodneſſe, that cauſeth you to ſpeak ſo humbly of your ſelf.

Calia. *Pardon me Sir, I ſpeak nothing but what I know to be a moſt clear truth.*

Eugen. Lady, the ſingular modeſty which I have heard you expreſſe in your language, gives me a hope that you will entertain my intentions; not as harſh and diſconſonant, but agreeable and conſonant, and that in time I ſhall obtain your grace and favour.

Calia. *Sir, if there were any graces in me, they proceed from you; and with ſuch expreſſions you honour your ſelf.*

Eugen. Miſtreſſe, you are pleaſed thus to oblige me to a greater eſtimation of you, which makes you more amiable, and me more affectionate towards you: I therefore beſeech you to believe, that my intentions were never otherwiſe, than chaſte and vertuous, and that I had never any other end than honeſty. Did you think me to have framed ſome deſigne prejudicial to your honour? I had rather loſe my being, than entertain any ſuch thought; ſo firm is my reſolution for ever, to continue your faithfull and moſt obedient ſervant, as the effects ſhall make evident, whenſoever your commands ſhall call upon me.

Calia. *I humbly thank you, Sir, with my beſt affection, as alſo for the pains you have taken for one that no way merits ſuch favours, I being your very humble ſervant.*

Eugen. Lady, it is I that am ſo deeply engaged to

you

you, that I am disinabled to quit my self of the obligation; and therefore (most fair Mistresse) I beseech and conjure you, to make use of my service and mee, in whatsoever you shall judge me capable to serve you: And in the mean time, after a million of recommendations, I will be bold to take my leave of you, and will leave my heart with you, as an hostage and pledge of fidelity and constancy.

Calia. *Farewel sir, and I give you humble thanks for this your kving visit.*

Eug. I hope to see you again, and very speedily; whereas for the present I must leave you.

Calia. *Sir, so far as your intentions shall continue good, and your suits lawfull, you shall alwayes find the doores open; and also to Gentlemen like your self, who shall not want the best entertainment, according to my ability; and in that regard, you shall not ofner come, than be welcom.*

Eugen. Lady, I do assure you, that I now go to elongate my self from the bright day, and confine my self into an abyss of melancholick darknes: for I dare be bold to protest unto you, that without you, I enjoy not the light; and therefore all the time of this sad absence, will be so tedious to me, that moments will be hours, the hours dayes, and the dayes will be ages; unlesse it be so, that the experience of being in your favour be my sole consolation, which will arme me with a resolute patience.

Calia. *You speak strong lines, Sir, but it may be you are not so passionate as your words pretend. Farewell, sir, till our next meeting.*

Eugen. Mistresse, You do wrong to your beauty and to my love, which is faithfull and loyall; but I hope that time will make me appear to be more largely what I am; and seeing necessity constrains me to retire from you, I will never retreat from that affection which your fair eyes have darted into my soul. And

so

so Lady adieu, till my next review, which I assure you shall be as soon as possible I can.

To present something to a friend.

Alex. SIR, I have always had an earnest desire to make my service visible unto you; and therefore I am bold to present unto you this small testimony of my love, desiring you not to value the gift, but the affection of the giver, who doth sacrifice this unto you, from the Altar of an humble heart.

A. Sir, this is an addition to your other many favours; you are mindfull of me above my merit; how shall I make you requital?

A. Sir, Your Acceptance is the chief aim of my desires: but be pleased to conceive, that true love uses not by dumb signs and tokens to expresse it self.

A. Sir, believe me, so rich a gift as this is, hath a most powerfull language; if it had been meaner, it would have sufficed, and have been above my merit; I must rest beholding unto you, till I have opportunity to declare my self farther.

A. Sir, it is your worthinesse that makes it appear so worthy; but I knew no gift can be above your merit, nor sufficient to declare, in what ties of observance I am bound unto you; your acceptation gives it more lustre and richnesse, than the gift doth deserve, being but a mean token of my affection.

A. Sir, I beseech you do not extenuate your own goodnesse, nor this benefit.

A. Sir, This is but the emblem of my service, which since you are pleased to receive, I return you many thanks for your kind acceptance.

A. Sir, it is easie to perswade to the receipt of a thing of such a value; but I will embrace it, as the oblation of your love.

A. For

A. For that high eſtimate of yours, I muſt remain eternally your conſtant faithfull friend.

A. Sir, I am yours, in all reſpectfull ſervices to be commanded.

A. Sir, You oblige me too much both in words and deeds. I am all yours.

To intreat a courteſie of a friend.

A. SIR, as neceſſity hath no Law, ſo it hath no ſhame; for contrary to my diſpoſition, I muſt become an importunate ſuiter unto you.

A. Sir, Name it, it muſt be ſomething more than I know of, which I can deny you, who are alwayes modeſt in your requeſts.

A. Sir, I fear I ſhall give you occaſion to report the contrary; I will deſire you to lend me your Horſe, to carry away a little treaſure by Moon-ſhine.

A. I do not well underſtand you, pray interpret your ſelf, and diſguiſe not your meaning.

A. Sir, I would deſire you to diſpence with me, in a matter that concerns me near; I am to bear away the Uſurers Daughter, and carry her where ſhe ſhall remain private, till ſtorms be blown over: Pardon me that I have no ſooner made you acquainted with my purpoſe.

A. I will be ready to aſſiſt you: And ſince your fortune may receive addition from any ſervice of mine my Horſe, were he the Muſes Pegaſus, he ſhould be your ſervant: It is but to carry away a piece of live Veniſon, that's a mean treſpaſſe: Cupid *hath enough in his Park.*

A. Sir, I am glad you are ſo pleaſant, and do ſo well apprehend my intents. I was afraid leaſt my purpoſe being known, which was manifeſt in me to deliver, I ſhould have ſuffered repulſe, and have been blamed by you for my bold attempt.

A. *No Sir, I do account it in you, a bravery of mind that you dare aſpire to reach a fortune, and pluck the golden Apples of* Heſperides, *watch'd by the old Dragon, the uſurer: But I would not have you loſe time in talk; I will bid the Groom prepare my Horſe ready for your employment.*

A. Sir, The whole ſervice of my life cannot requite your kindneſſe; for ſince you have granted this requeſt ſo willingly, I ſhall owe my good fortune to your favourable aſſiſtance.

A. *Sir, I will pray that your attempt may be proſperous, for I ſhall rejoyce in your happineſſe, as much as in mine own: Therefore my beſt wiſhes ſhall be your good* Genius *to wait on you, while my prayers ſollicite Heaven for your happy ſucceſſe.*

A. Sir, you have expreſt your ſelf a noble friend; and when this buſineſſe is paſt: all the ſtudy of my life ſhall be, to ſhew my thankfulneſs to you.

A. *Sir, I wiſh nothing, but that you may obtain your deſires.*

A. Sir, Next my intended purpoſe, my chiefeſt glory and ambition is, to thrive in your favour.

Upon his abſence.

EUgenius, *I proteſt to you, my faireſt, that I could never have believed that the torments of true affection could have been ſo miſerable; for I dare ſwear to thee by thoſe fair eyes, the ſtarrs of my fortunes, that I dwelt with impatiency and ſorrows, till I ſaw you.*

C. It is impoſſible, Sir, I can hardly believe it.

Eugenius. *Miſtreſſe I beſeech you to believe it, if you pleaſe; for I aſſure you that I could no longer indure, nor ſupport the violence and troubleſom tedioufneſſe, which I endured in the time of your long abſence; the object of my good, and ſo content, being removed.*

C. Sir, it may very well be, for you ſeem very paſſionate in your expreſſions.

Eug.

Eugen. *I protest that it is impossible for me to take any complacency in the world, but in that only that flatters my affection, and in the aspect of your rare forme, and most excellent beauty.*

C. It pleaseth you to term it so; you are delighted in laughing at me, as you may at one that enjoyeth not the least glimpse of beauty in her self.

Eug. *Wherein, my dearest, should you conceive so of me? I do assure you with the better part of my soul, that I should be miserable, did I not really speak what my affections suggest as truth: Know Lady, that you see a man that is wholly yours, and desires not to live, but for you and to do you service: But that which troubleth me most, is, That I must absent my self from you, upon a very urgent occasion; but I beseech you to believe and conceive so of me, that whithersoever I go, I shall carry with me the lively delineaments of your perfections, and that I shall not live, but by the Idea of your beauty, with perfect resolution of obeying you; and therefore, my sweetest, adieu for a while, and for the present have me excused, that I cannot enjoy the felicity of your most desired company, but must take my leave abruptly.*

C. Sir, I infinitely thank you, and bid you also farewell, wishing you a safe return.

A merry, but civil Discourse, betwixt Rowland, *and* Susan, *sitting up late together.*

Row. IT is time, *Susan*, that I should now discover my mind unto you, we have long been servants together, and ever since my first comming, I have born you good will, which I would desire you to accept, and grant me your love.

Susan. *For that you must pardon me; for I do not intend to marry, and therefore let that serve for an excuse, since I would be loath to discourage you, and say I cannot love you.*

Row.

Row. I hope you will not; for since I first beheld you, I have admired your perfections.

Sus. You know affection cannot be compell'd; therefore, I thank you for the good will which you have hitherto borne; but as for your love, I cannot accept of it.

Row. Then I perceive you love some other.

Sus. I desire you to excuse me, I cannot frame my mind to fancy you, though I know you deserve my betters; but for me to settle affection where I cannot love, would be an endlesse misery: The Bryer and Honysuckle cannot well agree.

Row. Then you compare me to a Bryer; but I will with all humility put up your disdain, hoping that the continuance of my love shall soften your mind, to receive me into some degree of favour; for I protest, I love you entirely.

Sus. The utmost I can do for you in requital of your love, is, to give you thanks; and counsel, to suppresse your desire, and not to proceed any further in this suit, which at last will become fruitlesse.

Row. I shall be sorry then; by this kisse which I presume to take, none hath power over me, but your self; I love you all over, and if you would license my hand to stray bout, how happy shall I be?

Sus. Fay, then I perceive your love is but a rash and wanton desire; neither can I stay with you any longer, lest my absence out of my Mistresse Chamber, may breed some suspition.

Row. Stay, I will hold you in the prison of my arms, and if you will get your freedom, you shall yield me some of your sweetest kisses, which are but shadows of that substantial happinesse which you could afford me.

Sus. Nay, I pray be not rude, nor give me cause to suspect that your love is dishonest: I had formerly a better opinion of you, but now I am jealous of your good intent.

Row.

Row. Pardon me, if love hath made me to offend in some boysterous actions.

Sus. *Come, pray let me be gone, I shall be angry if you hinder me.*

Row. Sweet Rogue, I obey thy desires, but let me prevail farther with you at our next meeting.

An enterchange of Ceremonies at parting with a friend, taking a long journey.

SIR, I am very sorry that my affairs do compell me to take my leave of you, from whom I have received so many benefits, which have bound me in many ayes ever to serve you; neither have I any way left, to satisfie my self in requiting your former kindnesse, but to acknowledge them far above my requitall, and to desire you, that you would both receive the tender of my humble service, and command me in something, whereby I might expresse how much I honour your desert.

Sir, *I cannot chuse but grieve, that you must now be divided from us by a tedious journey; yet, since he loves himself better than his friend, that will not yield to any thing for his good; I am content in that respect, to lose your company a while, wishing you a prosperous journey, and that in your absence you would remember me, who will never cease in my daily prayers, solicite Heaven for your safe return, desiring to be excused for your poor entertainment, which perhaps makes you desirous to be gone.*

Sir, Pardon me, the entertainment I have found was far above my desert, for which I render you a million of thanks. There remains nothing now, but that you honour me with your commands.

Sir, *I intreat you make not so great haste to be gone.*

Sir, I could willingly defer my journey, to enjoy your company; but the Wind stands fair for France,

France, therefore let us conclude all Ceremonies.

Sir, Since you must dispence with your departure, do us the courtesie to revive our drooping minds, with the good tidings of your safe arrival in France.

Sir, be assur'd, I cannot be unmindfull of you, nor of my other friends, to whom I entreat you to commend me, since I cannot take my leave of them in particular.

Sir, I am glad you will do me that Favour, to give me any imployment in your absence, I will perform your desire.

Sir, I can but thank you for your love, in bringing me to my ship, which is a trouble that you would take upon you, though on my part undeserved.

Sir, I am happy to serve you in any thing, God send you a prosperous voyage.

Sir, I doubt not but I shall arrive in safety, trouble your self no farther, since I cannot remain with you to requite your kindness.

Sir, Since you will needs have it so, I will bid you farewel, with all the affection of a constant mind.

To invite one to dinner.

Alex. PRay let me prevail so far with you, to entreat your company to dinner.

Clorin. Sir, I humbly thank you for your courtesie, but my business will not permit me, therefore I desire to be excused.

Alex. Nay, good Sir, let me not be denied, I must confess indeed, your cheer will not be worthy of your stay, but you shall be heartily welcome.

Clorin. Sir, I should willingly obey your desire, but I fear to be too bold.

Alex. *Sir, you shall be most welcome, you shall command my house as your own.*

Clor. Your offer is so large and courteous, that I must yeild to wait on you, for you have overcome me

in

in ceremony but you will draw upon your self many inconveniences.

Alex. *Sir, You will find but course fare, but such as it is, pray esteem your self most heartily welcome to, in a reall manner without complement.*

Clorin. Sir, Here is much plenty, and you wrong your self to excuse your chear; whereof there is so great abundance, that, unless you would have provided all the variety that was in *Noah*'s Ark, I know not how it could be exceeded.

Alex. *It is your favour to commend and accept of any thing, but pray excuse me, once more I desire it: If I had bin certain of your honouring my house with your presence, I would have made better preparation for your entertainment.*

Clorin. Sir, I desire you rather to excuse my boldness, in putting you to so much trouble; you may perceive that I think my self welcome by my liberal feeding; I am no mincing Bride, whose thoughts of eating are took away with the conceit of the night following.

Alex. *I beseech you spare not; I am glad to see you so pleasant; and, to encrease your mirth, I will drink to you a health in Wine, in hopes you will pledge me.*

Clorin. Sir, they say there is truth in wine; and if there be truth in wine, I will find it out, let the health be never so deep.

Alex. *I thank you for doing me this piece of service: I pray see if you can make up a dinner, otherwise I know not how to be excused for inviting you.*

Cl. Sir, to decline ceremony, you have most worthily feasted me, and honoured me so much, that I must ever acknowledge your exceeding bounty and courtesie.

Ceremonies at sitting down at the Table.

Alex. Gentlemen, Pray ye take your places, I know not how to direct you. But first, let us wash.

Gent.

Gent. *Be pleased to begin, for it is fit that we should follow you.*

Alex. In this matter Ceremonies are needlesse; But you will do nothing without an example, and therefore I will begin.

Gent. *Then, in obedience to your desire, we will wash with you.*

Alex. I beseech you, Gentlemen, to save me a labour, and take your places.

Gent. *Sir, we expect your sitting down, and afterwards we will not contend much for priority of place.*

Alex. Come, Mr. *Getting*, you are my old acquaintance, you shall favour me to sit here by me.

Gent. *By no means, that is not my place, here's a Gentleman deserves to be seated there.*

Alex. Sir, I have designed you this place, pray let me rule you so far.

Gent. *Sir, I should be loath to be too troublesome, and yet I would not presume before my betters.*

Alex. Sir, You are too full of excuse, you may yield to take your due place, otherwise I should wrong you.

Gent. *Sir, I beseech you then to excuse me, and account it your fault, if I transgresse the bounds of manners, in assuming a place far above my desert, and which is of right belonging to these other Gentlemen.*

Alex. We might have spar'd this Ceremony, for the appetite loves good dainties better than Complements. Now gratify for your selves, you are kindly welcome.

Gent. *Sir, We will not put you to any trouble in helping us, we know that manners will allow us to make a dinner, we come to wellcome you.*

The Feasters excuse to his friend, after dinner.

Alex. SIR, I desire you to excuse your mean fare and slender entertainment, wherein to I have presumed

presumed much to invite you; but I hope our antient acquaintance, and your own good nature, will procure me a pardon, in that I have done this only to enjoy your company and society; for your good discourse is to me a feast far exceeding any dainties that I could provide for you.

Friend. *Your real kindness hath been such, and so unexpected, that I cannot give you sufficient thanks for your courtesie, and kind entertainment; all that I can retribute, is to promise, that I will watch an opportunity to express my gratitude.*

Alex. You have honoured me enough, in your acceptance of my good will. But it is not wholesome to stir suddenly after dinner, Let's discourse. You are conversant abroad; What news do you hear?

Fr. *Pardon me, Sir, the world runs round about me, whilst I stand unmov'd, never marking the motions hereof, and therefore I am altogether ignorant in novelties; it may be, you hear more.*

A. Indeed Sir, I have so many affairs, that I can enquire after none; I thought you could have given us some good intelligence.

Friend. *Sir, I desire you to excuse me, for I hold it fruitless employment; but to satisfie your request, if I knew any fresh news, that were not yet in print, I should be bold to acquaint you with it, since you desire me.*

A. I will not importune you any further, but desire your pardon, that I should impose on you the office of an intelligencer, excuse my intent therein, since what I desired, was to pass away the time, while we sit, but now, it you please, we will rise.

Friend. *Sir, Then I must really thank you, you have made me bold with you, I will accompany you a while to the fire, and then take my leave.*

To offer service to a young Maid.

AYM Seeing you are alone, I would willingly attend on you, if you please to accept of my service.

Maid. *It is more than I desire, or deserve, and it would appear boldness in me, to accept of a strangers company; For it is not for me, to entertain all shews and offers of kindness: I can but thank you for your good will, I am not far distant from mine own home.*

Aym. Pray let me bear you company, and by the way make me happy in some discourse: resolve me one question, Were you never in love?

Maid. *Though it be no manners to answer one question with demanding another; yet I will presume to ask, if you were never in love?*

Aym. Fair one, from thence springs my unhappiness. I am too forward in these desires. I have beheld many beauties, but you have prevailed more than the rest, to conquer my affection; and I must acknowledge, that in meeting you, I have met death or life.

Maid. *Pray speak in plain terms, I am ignorant of your meaning.*

Aym I desire you then, to know, and believe, that I am already far in love with you, and I hope you will not scorn my sudden motion, if I should desire you to reward my love with your favour; and by the way, let me intreat you, to think that Heaven hath appointed our strange accidental meeting, and gave me boldness to petition your favour and affection, which I hope you will grant.

Maid. *Sir, I know not in this case how to give an answer that may procure you content, but I desire you to importune me no farther; but grant me time to consider your motion, and this is my Fathers house, whither if you please to come hereafter, I will study to resolve you: howsoever you shall be welcome.*

Aym.

Aym. But before I loſe your preſence, which is my chiefeſt happineſs, let me tell you, that when you go in, you bear away my heart with you, and I ſhall only languiſh in ſorrow, till I viſit you again.

Maid. *Pray Sir, do not hold me longer in diſcourſe, there are many jealous eyes that do watch an occaſion to expoſe me to cenſures, for maintaining with you ſuch unuſual familiarity; let me intreat you, as you tender my credit, to leave me.*

Aym. I muſt obey you: honour me with an ordinary ſalutation, and I will vaniſh like a ſhaddow, and return again to wait on you, who are the ſubſtance of my life.

To confer with a Widow in an amorous wooing manner.

Aym. *I would intreat you (fair widow) not to diſcourage me in my firſt ſuit, ſince your modeſty and vertuous carriage in your husbands life time, hath made me bold to plead for affection, and to cheriſh a certain hope, that I ſhall obtain your good liking.*

VVid. Sir, I would not have you imagine, that my love to my former husband was written in a Table-book, the letters whereof may be ſoon wiped out again; no, it was engraven upon my heart, and there doth remain to inform me, that I ought not to wrong him with a ſecond marriage.

Aym. *Nay, widow, I muſt acknowledge you have a fair pretence to put me off, with the remembrance of your ſaid husband; but, will you always puniſh your ſelf, and faſt from the joyes of marriage?*

VVid. It is my full reſolved purpoſe, and therefore let not any wanton opinion concerning me, give you hope of obtaining my love. Alas! ſince his departure, I am dead unto the world, and do but only live to ſigh, when I remember that I had ſo good a husband.

Aym. *His goodneſs is gone with him, but for my part, I will be your loving and ſervant; Come, come, put off grief and falſe imaginations of honouring of the dead: for if his ſoul were capable of any knowledge concerning earthly matters, he would rejoyce to ſee you happily married; and as he gave you all contentment in his life, ſo he would deſire that you might be ſupplied in the ſame kind after his death.*

Wid. You ſpeak unhappily, but pray be ſatisfied, that I intend not to marry; yet I reſpect your good will, and in other matters will remain ready to requite your love.

Aym. *For other matters, I am ſatisfied, but your love is the mark whereat I aim: why would you thus ſtrive to become a virgin again, & forget the conceit of former pleaſures, which are yet freſh in your remembrance? fie, fie. you do not well to make your ſelf ſo dull of apprehenſion; I am come to offer ſervice in the right kind, and therefore you are very much to blame, to refuſe the tender of my reſpects.*

Wid. You ſpeak myſteries; but I deſire, if you love me, ſhew it in ceaſing to proſecute your ſuit; for I muſt tell you plainly, it will prove fruitleſs, and of none effect.

Aym. *I cannot believe, but that I ſhall be more fortunately happy to obtain your favour; words are not alwaies the enterpreters of the heart, and I am confident for all this that you love me.*

Wid. Perſwade your ſelf to it, but I ſhall never give you cauſe to think ſo; yet I will ever reſpect you, and be ready to do you any lawful courteſie.

Aym. *well, I thank you, that I have ſo far thrived in my ſuit, I hope hereafter to get deeper into your favour.*

Wid. Your hope is built upon a falſe foundation; and had I known your intent, I would not have held diſcourſe ſo long with you; I muſt leave your company.

Aym. *Let me rather take my leave, and ſeal a*

kiſſe

kiſs upon your lips until I viſit you again; for no mortal widow ſhall diſcourage me, but I will come again with the more reſolute affections.

To excuſe ſome offence done to a Gentlewoman.

Aymwell. I Muſt acknowledge, I was ſomewhat too bold to enforce a kiſs from you in the preſence of other friends; but I pray excuſe my paſſion, and let your mercy be ſhewed in pardoning, as my folly was in offending.

Penelope. *Sir, It was ſo great a treſpaſs, and ſo directly aimed againſt my white fame and reputation, that no repentance can ſatisfie for a fault of that nature.*

Aym. It cannot exceed the limits of forgiveneſs; or, if your wrath muſt not be otherwiſe ſatisfied, enjoyn me ſome pennance, as great as your anger; whereby I may recover your loſt favour, and make it appear, how ſorry I am for committing ſo raſh an offence.

Penelope. *Nay you may enjoy that kiſs violently took from me before ſo many witneſſes, but never any more.*

Aym. I muſt confeſs, it was my raſhneſs; but if you will, that I repay it back again, I will give you intereſt for that one, and vow unto you, never to offend your patience in the like kind.

Pen. *Well, ſince you are ſo willing to repent, and to ſhew ſuch unfained ſorrow, I muſt needs accept them for preſent ſatisfaction, deſiring you hereafter to be more careful of my credit, and never again to make ſo bold an offer.*

Aym. You have charmed me to obedience, ſince your words are a Law, which I dare not tranſgreſs; for I am in all things your obſequious ſervant.

The Lovers farewell.

Leonara. ALaſs, Sir! is this the hour that the ſevere rigour of your abſence muſt eclipſe my dayes of their bright beams! O how this ſad

news doth fire my ſpirits! and not without reaſon, ſince you, (to whom I had wholly conſecrated my ſelf) will not vouchſafe a mercifull eye on my ſufferings for your abſence.

Floreſtan. *Miſtreſſe, fear not, but reſt aſſured, that ſo long as life ſhall give leave to enjoy the Suns brightneſs, never ſhall any other have power over me: do me only this favour, that having given you theſe new aſſurances of my fidelity, you would be pleaſed to render me ſome real promiſes of yours. Beſides, I proteſt to you Lady, I will never acknowledge other light then yours, no more then the earth doth any other then the Sun and Moon.*

Leon. Sir, they are no falſe promiſes that I have made you, but true aſſurances drawn from my heart by the force of my paſſion. And know, that all things here beneath, ſhall ſooner change their natural inclinations, than in me ſhall be ſeen any alteration from the reſolution I have made to love you; heaven it ſelf be my witneſſe.

Floreſt. *If, Miſtris, you love me thus, let your mind be confident of an equal truth from me, and ſhould you doubt of my affections, I will give you my ſoul for a pledge and my heart for a ſacrifice, to ſhew you that my words are unfeigned; be pleaſed therefore to accept of this ſmall gift, not as a thing worthy of merit, but only as a ſufficient teſtimony of my good will, fidelity, and faithfull love towards you, it being a thing ſo ſmall and unworthy of you, it will therefore be the more commendable in you to accept of it.*

Leon. Sir, I give you infinite thanks, and withall, do beſeech you alſo to receive this in requital, for a remembrance of me, which is of a ſmaller value; be but pleaſed to take it in good part from her, who from henceforth ſhal not live but through your ſole remembrance.

Flor. *Thanks to you ſweeteſt; the gift truly is pleaſing*

sing to me, but the giver much more.

Leonora. But Sir, is there no means to stay you for a little time, that I might enjoy your presence, which stands me in stead of light and life; therefore your absence will involope me with darkneſſe, and bring upon me (poor soul that I am) a thousand grievous deaths.

Flor. *Mistris I hope not so for I am constrained through necessity of my businesse, to depart hence.*

Leon. Oh, I see now too well, that that constancy of yours, which I trusted to, for remedy of my troubled thoughts, is vanished, to give present rest to my plaints, which you shall receive with my sighs and tears, for true and burning testimonies of the sorrow I have, to see my self about to be forsaken by him by whom only I breath.

Flor. *Mistris, I sweare to you my heart is alike touch'd with such strokes, for this our parting, that I can hardly breath for grief of it, and do already see I have lost my self, in the losse of the sight of your star-like beauty. For I am sure, that once absent from your luminous aspect, each pleasure will be to me a subject of grief and sorrow. However; since it will not be otherwise, I shall so part with you, as that my life shall ever be at your service; and so farewell, dear Mistris, live still happy and content, whilst I languish unfortunate, though constant: let not then my remotenesse alter your mind, more then it shall shake the resolution I have long since made to live and die yours, as for mine own part, I shall not think my self absent from you, so long as I am lodged in your heart, and memory.*

Leon. Farewell, Sir, you possesse my soul; and I do even leave it in your power, conserve it for a more happy season than this of parting; and, in the mean space, have pitty of all the bloody griefs, which the mere apprehension of your absence make me already

feel so vehemently, for I think it very strange to leave you, whose company is dearer to me than my life. But to make an end of this discourse, I do beseech you, Sir, and let me conjure you by the sweetness of that love I have born you, and will all my life long devote to you, in respect of my cruel fears, to write often to me, during the unhappy time of your absence: for in reading of your Letters, I shall perswade my self that I am not wholly deprived of you, or lost to your memory.

Florestan. *I vow to you, Mistress, I will give you so many Letters for confirmation of my loyalty, and the love I bear you, that you shall have no cause to distrust: And so, I beseech Heaven to make you the happiest alive, even as the Divine Creator hath made you the fairest, and most accomplished: that he also make you so pittiful to retain me in your most desired favour, that I may be able continually to witness, how violent my affections are toward you.*

Lady. Heaven grant, you may be as faithful to me, as I am to you; and give you as much quiet and contentment, as you take from me. But what should I say more? I must cease to remember you of the force and heat of my affections, but not to intreat you to pitty my martyrdom; and that whersoever you are, to be mindful of me. And so once more I entreat the Deities, to grant you such prosperity, that your fortunes may parallel your perfection.

Flo. *Rest assured, sweet Mistress, to be beloved of me, though not equal to your merit; to which height that is impossible my affection should raise it self.*

A Discourse betwixt Mounsieur Device, and his humorous Lady, upon the Fancies of the Ribbonds he wore in his Hat.

Moun. LAdy, the pleasures of this sweet morning attend you.

Lady. As pleasant hours I wish to you: but why so like a fore-horse, Sir? what mean those Hieroglyphicks on your Beaver, those Ribbands of variety of colours?

M. They are several fancies; *Lady*, which I'le decypher to you: Here is an Azure, and a Peach; Azure is constant, the Peach is love, which signifies my constant love Yesterday I wore Folimot, Gredeline, and Isabella. Folimot is withered, Gredeline is absent, and Isabella is beauty; which put together, expresses, that I wither and languish for your absent beauty.

Lady. But is there any reason for these distinctions.

Moun. O yes: for example, your Folimot is a wither'd leaf, which doth moralize Decay, your yellow is ——

Lady. I will inform you, Sir, of that colour, by sad experience; 'tis jealous.

Moun. You are mistaken, Lady, it is your lemmon-colour that is jealous, a pale kind of yellow; your perfect yellow is joy, your white is death, your milk-white is innocence, your black is mourning, your orange is martial, a most orient colour in Heraldry; your flesh-colour is lascivious, your maidens-blush is envied, your red is d fiance, your gold is avaricious, your straw is plenty, your green is hope, your

Gentle-green is youth, your Sea-green is uncertainty, your Violet is religious, and your Willow forsaken.

Lady. Out upon the ignorance I have lived in! Mounsieur, you are so exquisitely phantastical, that you cannot but win admiration from the Court-beauties.

Moun. You are your self all wonder; these are but Ensigns of that beauty your servant fights under.

Lady. The Heavens smile upon you, farewell, and be victorious.

Moun. Your humble servant, and most constant Martyr.

The Gentleman Ushers Grammar.

First, he must be bold to defend the right of his Ladies honour, both for priviledge and place; for the hand, and for the wall.

Secondly, he must be most neat in his cloathes, from head to foot: neat in his office, in his garb, in his pace, in his coming off, in his coming on.

Thirdly, he must have a most artificial memory to relate how this Lady, and other Ladies do: how they slept, how their Physick wrought, how many visits they have had, with other circumstances of their Dogs, Monkeys, and Parachitoes.

Fourthly, he must be dextrous in his carriage, in his carving and marshalling of dishes, performances which require his most gracefull demeanours.

Fifthly, he must be vers'd in his several postures and congees: more particularly, he is to observe how to hand his Lady, to arm his Lady, to side his Lady, to draw out his Lady, to present his Lady, to shoulder his Lady, which is when she takes Coach: to foot his Lady, which is when she alights.

Lastly, he is to be furnished with Spanish shrugges, his French smiles and faces: all which he is most methodically to set off with his refined language and resplendent habit, thus prepared and instructed, through

his

his diligent and obedient attendance, he may quickly ſtart up to be a petty Adjunct, or Gentleman Uſher, for the temper, or ſtateliest carriage of any of the *Strand*, or *Covent Garden* Ladies, and by putting himſelf forwards, he may do ſomething, and dare much more; provided that he be not daſht out of any thing ſooner than diſcountenanced, untill his preferment ſtumble upon him.

The Love-ſick Picture-drawer:

OR,

The perfections of ever to be admired *Clarinda*, repreſented and limned forth by her ſervant, as with his youthfull eyes he admired, and ſharpeſt fancies delineated, her ſuper-excellent features.

On her face.

HER face is loves copy to read wonders on.

She cannot put her face in ſuch a form, but I muſt like it.

Her lively face diſdains all adulterous Arts.

A perpetual ſpring of beauty dwells in that face of hers.

Fairer than *Chloris* in all her pride.

Her face vail'd with a robe of darkneſſe, ſhines clearer through it, than the eye of the day.

The faireſt, ever nature made for wonder.

But to look upon her face, is to live.

Whoſe looks would force the warring Elements into order.

A tempting beauty, and full of wanton flames.

The behaviour of whoſe beauty, is like a ſingular Muſician to a ſweet inſtrument.

Cau-

Care-causing beauty, comprehended in the white Lillies, and blushing Roses of her cheek,

Her face refresheth my sight, like to the gloss of Emralds.

All the comfort that the Sun gives, is but a reflection of her fair and most radiant face.

Clarinda's face when it shines forth, expels the night more than a thousand Stars.

On her hair.

In those twining curls *Cupid* is taken prisoner.

Her hairs, those golden ensignes, those snares of love.

On her brow.

She hath a lofty brow, where Love doth sit in triumph.

Her brow is a smooth milky *Galaxia*.

On her fore-head.

Her fore-head full of majesty and stateliness.

The stately Fort, from whence the God of Love discharges his Artillery,

On her eyes.

Her eyes shedding a firmament of light.

By those fair eyes, from which this little world borrows the light it hath.

Her Dove-like eyes,

Her wounding eyes.

Eyes full of grace and quickness.

Her eyes, those surfeit of delight.

She cannot cloze her eyes, but the sad world's benighted.

Her eyes the spheares of Love, and load-stones of affection.

Liquorous rolling eyes.

On her smiles.

I am blessed with her immortal smiles.

Just so the Western-gales bring on the Spring.

In

In that sweet dimple, when she smiles, *Cupid* hath pitch'd his tents.

On her lips.

Life breathing lips.

Her lips like threds of Scarlet.

Her Cherry lips.

Such a lip the morning gathers blushes from.

A thousand *Cupids* call me to taste her lips.

Those lips would thaw a man into a spring though he were more frozen than the Alps.

To rise to her lips at first is too great an honour.

Cupid hanging down his wings, doth sit comparing Cherries with her lips.

Permit me to take an impression, or dimpled print, on my *Clarinda's* lips.

Her lip's *Adonis* garden, where he that gathers flowers, may gather still.

To suck her heart out at her lips.

Her lips are rubies of an infinite value.

For to taste those lips, none but would forsake Cassia, or Violets.

Her lips, Loves sweet Altar, where the heart is offered for a continual sacrifice.

On her kisses.

The unreproved kisses of chaste *Clarinda*.

Her kisses speak her Virgin; such a bashful heat at several tides doth ebbe, and flow, as if it were afraid to meet our wilder flames.

A kiss from her would warm the chillest blood.

By the Law of Armes, faires *Clarinda*, I may demand a kiss.

To take a wanton kiss on Loves fair lips.

On her cheeks.

Her cheeks shine like sparkling stones.

No sadness dwells upon her cheeks, to blast the tender Roses.

Her

Her Cheeks are like Punick Apples.

Her Cheeks are spread with Spices and Flowers.

Her Cheeks of pure Carnation, inameled with white.

Her Cheeks kindle my blown appetite, never to expire.

The blood in her Cheeks looks like the blushing *Sabin* Maids surprized.

On her breath.

Her breath doth scent of Amber.

Her Mother fed on Roses when she bred her: her breath is all perfumes.

Her breath dissolves one; and he that tastes it, is pleased as with sweet Violets.

Her breath is like to the Western wind, when it glads *Arabia*, and breaths Gums and Spices.

On her Voice.

Her voice is adorned with gracefull accents.

Her voice above the airs of chirping birds.

The well tuned harmony of her pleasant voice.

Of her Language and Discourse.

She knows no Barbarism in her Expressions.

Her beauty set forth with such sweet language, cannot want an advocate.

Of a most discreet Discourse, rich in language.

Powerfull of speech and behaviour.

On her neck.

Her neck is polisht Ivory, whiter as the silver Dove.

On her breasts.

Her breasts are a pair of Maiden-unconquered Worlds.

Her breasts are the soft Pillows of love:

Her breasts are twins where Lillies grow,

Living springs flow from her breasts.

Her breasts, two Ivory balls of lasting pleasure.

Betwixt the amorous beds of her two swelling breasts,

breasts, Love summs his pleasures.

Her breasts are soft and tender as the Pelican's.

Her breasts are *Leda*'s twins, interchangeably embracing one another.

Upon her hands and fingers.

A small spider finger'd Lasse.

Her slender delicate hand the wandring eye invites.

Her Lilly hand lay under the Rosie Cheek, couzening the wanton Pillow of a kisse.

Her fingers tipt with Ivory.

On her arms.

Who can do otherwise then imagine that those fair branches of my *Clarinda*'s arms were made to take the great men of the World her Prisoners.

A Girl of a sweet incircling imbrace.

On her belly.

An Ivory rising hill.

Her lap is *Elizium*.

Her navel the seal of loves impression.

The valley of affection is not far from the Hill of pleasure; in that Dale I would repose my self.

On her womb.

Her Womb the mansion of *Cupid*, and Summerhouse of pleasure.

Her Womb, that wanton dwelling house of love:

On her waste.

Her waste is slender as a wand.

About her waste *Joves* Messenger doth dwell, to inchant all beholders.

On her thighes.

Her Thighes are fit subjects for the pleasant Songs of youthfull Poets to acquaint the world with.

On her veins.

Her Veins swelling in blew branches.

The Skie hath so much blew as from her Veins.

On her legs and feet.

Her legs as ſtately and firm as marble pillars,
Her feet active, nimble, and beautiful.

On her Chamber and Bed.

Her adorned Chamber and Bed, perfumed with bruiſed ſpices, fruits, and odoriferous flowers

Her Chamber for ſweetneſs envying the flowring Spring.

Her Chamber needs no other Sun than her own beautiful beams to ſhine there.

Her Chamber is a mint of jeſts.

Of Clarinda's Looking-glaſs.

Her ſmiling glaſs is an antidote againſt the ſythe of time.

She needs not look into that mirrour, for every thing becomes her exactly well, into which whoſoever looks, they do but read over again the *Syntaxis* of her beauty.

Further Obſervations, Expreſſions, and Concluſions upon the flames of Love, and captivity of the ſervants of Venus, *and her blind Son, with ſome Rules and Remedies.*

OUt upon this Love! what Apes, Dogs, and Cats it makes men look like? How heavy, and dull-ey'd a Lovers Miſtreſs ſits, like *Phœbe* ſhaddowed to him in a dull ſable cloud.

Love a fair Lady, but love her ſo, that you may find room for a freſh beauty.

A Lover, that with his proteſtations, and tedious Complements, waſteth his lungs.

A Lovers loyal death argues the inconſtancy of his Miſtreſs.

A Lover that diſperſes his ſoul in ſighs, his ears are ſwoln bigger than his eyes.

A Lover that diſti's his thoughts into his Miſtreſſes ears.

One endeared to his Miſtreſſes eyes,

One endeared to his Miſtreſſes beauty.

A Lover that will prattle in his ſleep, and when he walks forth, acquainr every Grove with his tell-tale love; then ſits croſs-armed, hangs his head over a chryſtal brook, and weeps till it ſwells to an Ocean.

The ſoft and ſimple warr of Lovers,

A fellow that will praiſe the hand and foot, and ſay the face is Angelical, lye and diſſemble moſt groſly.

Drunk with the devices, and love ſick glances of women.

One that will gallop on in praiſes of his Miſtreſs, and be a profeſſed *Homer* of women.

Coridon courted *Phillis* with a faint kiſs.

No better could the ſilly Swains than this.

What would *Hercules*, with his five Miſtreſſes, have ſaid to a *Platonick* love-ſick Heretick?

By the power of Love all things were made, and are ſtill continued.

Love was bred in the dear boſome of *Venus*.

Love, that divine quinteſſence, that finds ſuch a ſympathy in beauty,

Luſt doth but uſurp the name of Love; for Love it ſelf is a furnace of pure flames.

Love is that Tyrant in his Laws, that divorces our ſenſe from reaſon, and makes a tempeſt in the ſoul.

Love is a ſpark of pleaſure, kindled by vain deſire.

Love is a fiery froſt.

Love

Love though blind, beholds beauty: and though naked feels, no cold.

Cupids bark will sail with every wind.

Love keeps his revels, when they are but two.

Reason retires, when love and pleasure enters.

Unlawful means do make love lawfull.

Love is most true, when he doth most faign.

Shew passion in thy looks, entertain not any in thy breast.

A new School of Love, with Questions and Answers, resolving the doubts of Lovers.

Quest. *What is love?*

A. it is a receptacle of pensive minds.

Q. *How comes it to passe that many times we love those we never saw?*

A. Rare persons are like to Tapestries, that seem fairer far off, than near at hand, and it is the reputation of what is absent as concealed, that allures.

Q. *Why do lovers fall out?*

A. To agree the better, since afterwards they desire a re-union with the greater fervour and passion.

Q. *Who is most constant in love, a man or a woman?*

A. Experience confirms that: we see more women deceived by men, than men by women; they know their own unworthinesse, and therefore not so confident.

Q. *Why do women love those so entirely, that they delivered up Virgin-purity to?*

A. In

A. In acknowledgement of their perfection.

Q. *How is it that there are many more women in the world than men?*

A. Women are exempted from the war, and in nature the worst things are most plentifull.

If women were as little as they're good,
A peascod would make them a gown and a hood.

Q. *what is the greatest recompence a woman can make a man?*

A. To reveal to him her secrets, and make him Lord of her body.

Q. *How must a man behave himself amongst Ladies?*

A. He must be bold and hardy.

Q. *why is love painted blind?*

A. Beasuse the actions of lovers cannot be hid or dissembled.

Q. *why be the secrets of love so easily kept?*

A. For the sweetnesse of that modesty that men find in them.

Q. *why do some mens hair curl?*

A. From the abundance of their hear, Females want beards, as they are more cool.

Q. *why do some lisp?*

A. Their sinews are putrified with flegm, or their brains are more moist; but their lips according to the Proverb, have a golden mean.

Q. *why doth a lover often keep in the expressions of his tongue?*

A. By reason of his passions.

Q. *Why hath a woman a shriller voice than a man?*

A. There is a difference in the composition of the Veins, and moist Arteries; and the passage where their voice is framed, is narrower.

Q. *who are most secret in the sports of love?*

A. Women, since it so nearly concerns them.

Q. *where-*

Q. *What is the meat of perfect Lovers?*

A. Sighs and tears.

Q. *Why have old men the repulse of young women?*

A. Because they have not wherewith to ease them of their grief.

Q. *Why are Lovers so pusillanimous?*

A. From their passion, and fears of mind.

Q. *Why is* Cupid *pictured with wings?*

A. The desires of Lovers, for the most part, tend to high things.

Q. *Why do Lovers write amorous Sonnets to their Mistresses?*

A. Poetry is the friend of Love.

Q. *Why hath Love been esteemed a God?*

A. Because he makes the Cowards valiant, the Illiterate eloquent, the Melancholly merry; his chearful Divinity, giving Garlands to his Martyrs.

Q. *Why doth Nature afford Love so much pleasure?*

A. For the preservation of mankind.

Q. *Why do Lovers spend whole nights in love?*

A. Because their fancies are wholly placed on their endeared objects, so that they are forced to resign themselves up to them.

Q. *Why do Lovers so observe the looks and glances of their Ladies?*

A. Because there is no part of the body, that doth so declare and manifest the interiour passions of the mind, as the eye.

Q. *Why are Lovers forsworn?*

A. Cupid laughs at perjuries.

Q. *Why are Lovers the better friends for their falling out?*

A. Because Love is a flame that may be extinguished, if it be not often blown.

Q. *Wherefore is it, that many times love is conceived upon an instant towards the object?*

A Since

A. Since the eye, the informer of the intellectual part, no sooner presents the object, than at the same instant it discourses to the heart, to which it renders it as appitible.

Q. whence is kissing so esteemed of Lovers?

A. From the first celebration of the *Trojan* wives, who to keep their husbands from the danger of more Voyages, fired their ships; and for their pacification, used this ceremony of their lips, which, with the novelty of their embraces, quench'd the fire of their displeasures.

Q. Who are more inclined to pleasure, men or women?

A. Women; for men being of a better temper, are dryer and stronger.

Q. why are women more craftily revengeful than men?

A. By reason of the weakness of their natures, what they cannot do by force, they maintain by subtility.

Q. why is it naught to lye on the back.

A. It causes diseases, disturbs the fore-part of the brain, and procures the night-mare.

Q. why have women thicker blood than men?

A By reason of the cold, which doth coagulate and congeal theirs more.

Q. Why is Vinery bad for melancholy, and lean men?

A. Because it dries them to much, which are too dry of themselves.

Q. Where are women of best use?

A. In Thalamo, in Tumulo; in the Bed, in the Tomb, as one of *Marcion's* Schollars answered.

Q. Why do young men naturally decline widows?

A. They would not drink in those waters others have been dabling in before.

Q. What waters of all others are most deceitful?

A. A womans tears.

Q. Where

Q. *Wherefore are amorous women more ticklish than others?*

A. Because their skins are more loose, soft, and delicate.

Q. *How cometh it to pass, that women newly married, the first night, are so loth to go to bed, yet rise the next day so lusty and joyful?*

A. It proceeds from the perfection of the man, which having acquired to themselves, they then know they are women indeed.

Q. *Why do men kiss the eyes of them they do affect?*

A. Because they were the first beginners of love.

Q. *Why do many love fervently, yet are not beloved again?*

A. By reason their complexions cannot agree.

Q. *Why should not we place our loves on those that are too young?*

A. Because they are so inconstant, and evermore curious of new servants.

Q. *How comes it, that he that is soon taken with love, doth as soon forget it?*

A. He is like one that rides a gallop, and by and by he waxeth weary.

Q. *Why do men say, that love is a perfect Musician?*

A. Because he tuneth, and maketh harmonious the spirits, that had before no agreement.

Q. *Why is there such delights in the sports of* Venus?

A. That men might not abhor the uncleanness of them.

Q. *Why do some women love the white, some the black complexion?*

A. Some delight in black, as hot, and more agreeable to their constitutions; some in white, as their natures are more cool.

Q. *What quality hath the sanguine?*

A. He is fair, smooth-haired, he is secret; shame-fac'd,

nic'd spirited, Musically given, a lover of learning, liberal, and courteous.

Q. *What properties hath the Phlegmatick complexion'd man?*

A. They are sleepy, moist, fearful, covetous, weak in venery.

Q. *What are the qualities of the Cholerick man?*

A. He is pale, unquiet, a great drinker, little sleeper a lover of the society of women.

Q. *What is the melancholly mans qualities?*

A. His Complexion is brown, his Veins small; he eateth little, hath a bad digestion, his dreams are confused, he is timorous, and incontinent.

Q. *Wherefore is it that we tickle not our selves?*

A. Because our own touch is natural and familiar to us.

Q. *Wherefore is it, that amongst all kinds of Animals, the Females are more subtil, and scape more cunningly, and craftily from the embraces, than Males?*

A. It is for the most part, that they being more weak than the Males; Nature, to repair the defect, hath given them a more wilely craft, for the conservation of their lives.

Q. *What is the reason that women in the winter go thinner clothed, and endure more cold than men?*

A. Every like is least affected with his like; and women because they are cooler by nature, feel the less cold.

Q. *Why do learned men often beget fattish children?*

A. Because their contemplations are higher raised, than to such bestial pleasures.

Q. *If beauty fades, doth love decrease?*

A. Too often, for love is no other thing than a desire of beauty.

Q. *Why do a certain Northern people seeth a stone called Gagates, and give it to them they are to lye with, the night before they enjoy them?*

A. To

A. To know whether they retain their Virgin-purity, for it forceth to Ulcine those that are not pure from man.

Q. *Do you think, Love is so blind as the Poets would make us believe?*

A. Why not, when the fairest dote so often, as we have daily experience, upon the most foul and deformed.

Q. *What woman thinketh her self most worthy to be beloved, the fair, or the deformed?*

A. Before I return you an answer, shew me a woman that doth not think her self to be beautiful.

Q. *Why have men such diversity of opinions in their censures of beauty?*

A. Because all fair and beautiful things, according to the Greek Proverb, are hard, and very difficult to be judged.

Q. *Who is most constant in love, the man, or the woman?*

A. The man, being both in body and spirit more firm, and more constant in his perswasions of love affairs.

Q. *How comes it, that he that truly loves, is most Commonly requited with he like respects of love again?*

A. Because our spirits cannot alwaies resist those true and amorous looks, and glances, that are continually darted at us.

Q. *What is the truest assurance we can give of our love?*

A. Perseverance.

Q. *Why are Lovers so unconstant?*

A. Because youth aboundeth with heat, and is subject to divers, and many thoughts, and so cannot stay it self.

Q. *Can Charms work love?*

A. Your Magicians, and those that write of nature, conclude so.

Q. *Wher*

Qu. *Wherefore have women leſs liberty to place their affections on many, than men?*

A. Becauſe their modeſty reſtrains them; which take from them, and ye take away their lives.

Qu. *Why do ſome bluſh and change their countenance, when they hear what they would not?*

A. Out of an anger which forceth the blood, till the ſpirits are quieted, to riſe from the loweſt parts, and to fluſh in the face.

Qu. *Why is a womans wit unapt for good, and moſt prompt and ready for bad things?*

A. It is according to that rule of Philoſophy, That a woman is a mans hurt, and but a privation; now the condition of a privation is alwayes miſchief.

Queſt. *Why doe women love fine clothes better then men?*

A. Becauſe too often wanting the beauty of their minds, they ſtudy the more how to adorn and hide the imperfections of their bodies, which they are therefore the more ſenſible of.

Queſt. *Why doe we love our ſight above our other ſenſes?*

A. Becauſe the divine force of love is placed there?

Queſt. *What is the greateſt pleaſure that a true lover can feel?*

A. To think that he is beloved again of his Miſtreſſe.

Queſt. *Why are all things diſpoſed more to love in the ſpring time, then in other ſeaſons?*

A. Becauſe then the humours do move themſelves, and the blood doth wax hot.

Queſt. *Whe efore are the angers of lovers of ſo little continuance?*

A. Becauſe they fall out for trifles.

Queſt. *Wherefore doe the Antients picture Love with*

flowers in the one hand, and a fish in the other?

A. To shew that Love is Lord both of Sea and Land.

Q^1. *Why are men rather ravenous than women?*

A. Because they are of hotter complexions, and their spirits are more quick and prompt.

Q^n. *Wherefore are all joys of Lovers uncertain?*

A. Because in love are divers casualties, jealousie, suspition, anger, peace, disdain.

Q^1. *Why is it, that secret love is more burning than that which is discovered?*

A. Because in the one, a fire doth consume, in the other, a friend doth give advice to quench the flames.

Q^n. *Wherefore is it, that women and children weep often, and with more facility than men?*

A. Because they are more humid, and therefore, when they are oppressed with grief, they easily evacuate their plenty of moisture with tears.

Q^1. *Why did Nature rather make the Brain cool than hot?*

A. To moderate the heat of the heart, that it might serve instead of a fan to cool it.

Q^n. *Wherefore is it said, what is a woman but her tongue?*

A. Because anciently they had no other defence, or weapon but that; but now they have better fortified themselves with tongue, tooth, and nails.

Q^1. *What kind of people are those, that do not sleep in their own faces?*

A. Whores that paint, and put on other faces.

Q^1. *What is the reason, that if a man hath committed any great crime, he cannot dissemble it in his eyes and countenance?*

A. Because the eye is the messenger of the heart, and the glass wherein the mind doth shine, Nature it self, as it were, being a second conscience.

Q^1. *Why*

Q. *why do those look pale that are much grieved?*

A. Because nature flieth to the inward parts, with that blood which doth paint the skin.

Q. *Wherefore have Lovers feeble voices?*

A. Out of the fear they have to displease their Ladies.

Q. *Wherefore is it, that a man being touch'd with love, cannot rid himself of that passion by any dexterity?*

A. Because a delicate sweet motion doth transport him to the thing he desires, and with a certain admiration winds him into the nets of love.

Q. *Wherefore are Lovers for the most part ready to weep?*

A. Because by nature they are fearful, suspitious, jealous, and alwaies troubled.

Q. *Why be women so prone to yield to love?*

A. Because Dame Nature hath endowed them with a delicate touch, with complexions hot and moist, things most requisite for the recreations of *Venus*.

Q. *What do Lovers chiefly delight in?*

A. Tranquility, and abundance, Revels, Banquets, Masks, Playes, soft Beds, and pleasant Dreams.

Q. *What creatures of all others are most wanton?*

A. Insatiate women, according to the old Verse:

One Cock sufficeth twice ten Hens:
Scarce one lewd woman thrice five Men.

Q. *what think you do the eyes most betray, that a man would most keep secret?*

A. Love, and Drunkenness.

Q. *From whence is derived the power of feeling?*

A. As the root of life, it spreads it self through every part of the body, by sinewes which descend from the head to the foot, like a net cast over the body.

Qu. *What are the three first members formed in the womb after conception?*

A. The Heart, the Brain and the Liver.

Qu. *When a man dies, which is the last part of him that stirs; which of a woman?*

A. The last part of a man is his heart; of a woman her tongue.

Q. *What is death very fitly resembled unto?*

A. To a woman, or a shadow: for seek it, and it flies you: and so a woman according to the old Poet,

Follow a shadow and it flies you:
Seem to flie it, it will pursue you;
So court a woman she'l deny you,
Let her alone she will court you.

Qu. *What was the Philosopher so thankfull for?*

A. For four things; 1. That he lived in the time of *Socrates*. 2. That he was a *Grecian*, and not a *Barbarian*. 3. That he was a man and not a beast. 4. That he was a man, and not a woman.

Qu. *What birds are shortest liv'd?*

A. Sparrows; which for their salacity and wantonnesse eight times in an hour, live not above two years

Qu. *Why is love compared to a Labyrinth?*

A Because the first entrance into it, is easie; but it will put a man to his best wits to get out of it again.

Q. *Why do the Amorous send forth so many sighes?*

A. Love is a Cough, it hath too many passions, and therefore must have a vent, it sendeth forth in respect of its continual thoughts, all the heat of the heart: from whence of necessity it cometh, that they that are in love must often respire and breath; from which respirations, sighings arise.

Qu. *Wherefore was* Paris *desirous to see the three goddesses naked?*

A. That

A. That he might give better judgement by viewing the proportion of their bodies; O how many seem fair and beautifull to the outward appearance which stript of their crimson and rich attires, would appear like flayed Cats!

Q. *why did the Poet call Love a Tragedy.*

A. Because 'tis alwayes accompanied with heavineſs, complaint, and many interchangeable myſteries and events.

Qu. *why are the angers of Lovers of ſo ſhort continuance?*

A. Because they fall out about trifles.

Queſt. *Is there any ſenſual pleaſure above that of* Venus?

A. No, for that it cauſeth an univerſal delight throughout all nature.

Qu. *wherefore do men eſteem women to be evils, like the Fire and the Sea?*

A. Becauſe from them proceed infinite and unſpeakable misfortunes.

Qu. *what would a lover do being aſh off, when he ſees a ſhip, wherein the Lady of his life is in danger of drowning?*

A. He would make ten thouſand vows to Love, and with tears and prayers begg heartily for her, though it coſt him a Taper as bigg as the Maſt of his ſhip, his god-head ſhall be promiſed fair to have it.

Qu. *Wherefore do young women love perfumes ſo well?*

A. They are of *Venus* train; and the *Greek* Poets affirm, that they never went from any place, but they left a ſcent behind them.

Qu. *Why is beauty compared to a flower?*

A. Becauſe it ſoon fades away.

Qu. *Wherefore is it that Maids having paſt the age of ripeneſs, and loſing that time of marriage, become pale coloured and yellow?*

A. By reason of the retention of superfluous humours, which are evacuated by the consummation of Matrimony, and those corrupted within them vitiates the blood, and brings them into great and dangerous diseases, which can never hardly be cured, but by marriage.

Qu. *Wherefore is it that Celestial influences are necessarily concurring to the generation of man?*

A. Because, as Philosophers hold, Man and the Sun beget Man, *Astra regunt homines, sed regit astra Deus.*

Qu. *Which be the noblest hearts?*

A. Those which Love disdains not to warm with his sacred heat.

Qu. *Why is Love painted naked?*

A. Because the actions of Love are such as should not be dissembled.

Qu. *Wherefore did* Apelles *paint* Cupid *with these words writ in his fore-head:* Spring-time, and Summer?

A. To shew, that in Love are prosperities and adversities.

Qu. *Why did Painters draw on the borders of* Cupids *Robe,* Life and Death?

A. To shew that Love remains, both in Life, and after Death.

Qu. *Why was* Cupid *drawn by* Zeuxis, *in a green Robe?*

A. Green signifies hope, to express that Lovers live in a continual hope.

Qu. *What secret device hast thou to avoid discovery, yet send thy mind to thy Mistress?*

A. To write with the juyce of Lemons, or Onions, which appears not till held to the fire.

Qu. *Which is the most voluptuous seat of pleasure in the Female?*

A. The Navel, moved with soft touches of pleasure.

Qu. *Where-*

Qu. *Wherefore do Lovers delight to wear their Mistresses Favours?*

A. The better to express how conformable they are to their desires, and will.

Qu. *Why do Lovers seek the dark?*

A. Because they go about that which they suppose not to be very handsome.

Qu. *Why is it, that when Lovers talk with their Ladies, the spittle encreaseth in their mouth; and when they dance, their breasts seem as if they would fall off, their veins do hop with such force?*

A. The first is caused from the heat of the tongue, whose motions dissolve into spittle; the second is from the near neighbourhood that the heart hath unto the pap, from which all the vital spirits do proceed, whither as it were retiring, it causeth such motions.

Qu. *Why doth an earnest view, or beholding of beauty, make a man amorous?*

A. Because the eyes are *Cupid's* messengers, when the beams which proceed from the heart, do invite and conform themselves to the thing viewed and looked upon.

Qu. *Wherefore cometh it, that Lovers do delight so much in musick?*

A. Because musick is lascivious, and they take pleasure in the effeminacy of it.

Qu. *Why is it, that young women in love are never satisfied with dancing?*

A. Because the immoderate exercise of dancing is venereal.

Qu. *What are the chiefest causes of the union and conjunction of Lovers?*

A. Complexions alike wrought upon by the Celestial influences.

Qu. *Why is Love pictured, standing between Slothfulness and hatred?*

A. Because idleness doth ingender love, and love many times chargeth into hatred.

Qu. *Which were it best to serve a maid, a married woman, or a widow?*

A. The love of a maid is most constant, of the widow most pleasant, of the married wife slanderous and hurtfull.

Qu. *Of two lovers, which shall we esteem to be most favoured? him, from whom his Lady shall take away a Nosegay, and put it into her bosom; or him to whom she shall give a Nosegay, that she her self did wear?*

A. The Property of a woman is to take, not to give; therefore she loves him best to whom she gives the Nosegay.

Quest. *Of what colour should a woman be most desired?*

A. Of that colour wherewith we paint vertue, which is red, but most men love the paler complexions.

Quest. *Of whom have women learnt to stop their ears against love?*

A. Of the Serpent *Aspis*, which is deaf and venemous.

Qu. *Who enjoyes most pleasure, the Bridegroom or the Bride when they embrace?*

A. The Bride, as you may perceive by her cheerful looks the next morning.

Quest. *The eyes of the Lady, have they such force on their lover, as the beams of the Sun upon the things of the earth?*

A. Questionlesse they raise a spring of affection, if Love darts them.

Qu. *Falling into the hands of a pitiles woman, is it better to absent thy self, or to have her continually before thy eyes?*

A. To get far enough from her.

Qu. *What are the ordinances of love?*

A. That

A. That affections be equal, that between a Lover and his Mistresse nothing be conceal'd.

Q. How is it that they which are dim-sighted are most given to love?

A. Because they discern not the imperfections of the object so soon as others.

Q. Do Curtesans love, or do they seem to do so?

A. There have been many mad for love, some that have died for it.

Q. Is love the cause of good or evil?

A. Of good, it makes fools wise.

Q. Do you think that a woman, without prejudice to her honor, may spare a little of her chastity to one that hath served her a long time?

A. I dare not affirm the lawfulnesse of the act, or say it is not without prejudice; but questionlesse she is in some respect to be excused, if she give him some ease that hath for a long time faithfully served her.

Q. Is it sufferable to falsifie faith in love?

A. Some hold it to be but a venial sin, because love is nourished with falshood and treason.

Q. Who is most jealous the man or the woman, or which of them hath the most cause?

A. The woman is most jealous, but the man hath the greater cause; my reason I will for this time keep to my self.

Complemental and Amorous *Poems.*

Encomions on the beauty of his Mistresse.

BRighter then inside Bark of new hew'n Cedar;
Sweeter then flames of fire perfum'd with mirrh,
And comlier then the silver clouds, that dance
On Zephirus wings, before the Queen o'th spring.

'Tis she doth teach those Torches to burn bright;
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night,
As a rich Jewel in an *Ethiops* ear,
Beauty too rich for use, for love more dear:
So doth a snowy Dove trooping with Crows,
As this my Mistress, o're her fellows shows,
Since her whole bodies frame hath power t' have moved
The chast *Hippolitus* for to have loved:
In sum, her parts are white as milk,
As smoth as Ivory, and as soft as silk:
O! who can her perfections tell,
In whom alone all graces dwell?

On her hair.

Her hairs reflex with red streaks paints the skies.
Stars fall to fetch fresh lustre from her eyes,
Whilst that those golden threads play with her breath,
Shewing life's triumph in the map of death.

On her locks.

Her locks being platted like a piece of woolf,
Are full of sweet, as sweet of sweets is full.

On her forehead.

Her stately front was figured from above,
Majestick, fair, well polish'd, high, and pale,
Pure white, that aims the Lillies of the Vale.

On her face.

Her face like *Cynthia's*, when in full she shineth,
And blushing to her love mates bower declineth,
Such brightness hath her Angels face,
Can make a Sun shine in a shady place.

On the colour of her face.

Such colour hath her face as when the Sun,
In Summer his first rising hath begun,

On her eye-brows and cheeks.

Each eye-brow hangs like *Iris* in the skies,
On either cheek a Rose and Lilly lies.

Another

Another to her eye brows and breath.

Her bright brows drive the Sun to clouds beneath,
Sweet Morn and Evening dew falls from her breath.

On her eye-lids.

Her Arches be two heavenly lids,
Whose wink each bold attempt forbids.

On her eyes.

Her eyes the contradicters of the night,
Like Marigolds unsheath their glorious light.

Another on the same.

Two jetty sparks, where *Cupid* chastly hides
His subtil shafts, that from his quiver glides,
Piercing the hearts of others; yet they be,
Unhappy, since themselves they cannot see.

On her smiles.

Her smiles so sweet and nice:
On earth do make a heavenly paradise.

On her cheeks.

Her cheeks like ripened lillies steep'd in wine,
Or gorgeous clouds upon the Suns decline.

Another to the same.

Her cheeks with kindly claret spread,
Aurora-like new out of bed.

On her nose and breath.

Her nose is strait, and of a stately frame;
Her breath a sweet perfume, a holy flame.

On her chin.

Her chrystal chin, like to the purest white,
Is loves pavilion, and the boyes delight.

On her ears.

On those *Meanders* if you gaze,
You soon will tread a Lovers maze.

On her lips.

Her lips like Roses over-wash'd with dew,
Do by their breath their beauties still renew.

On

On her lips and neck.

Her lips more red then Coral-ſtone.
Her neck's more white then aged Swans that moan,
O who thoſe ruddy lips can miſſe,
Which, bleſſed ſtill, themſelves do kiſſe?

On her mouth.

Sweet mouth, that ſend'ſt a muſick roſied breath,
Whoſe very words darts me a living death!

On her mouth and teeth.

Within the compaſs of this hollow ſweet,
Theſe orient ranks of ſilver pearls do meet.

On her breath.

She breaths forth flowres, ſhe makes the ſpring,
Perfumes the air, and comforts every thing.

On her tongue and words.

Her words do fall like Summers dew on me,
Her tongue ſtrikes muſicks ſweeteſt harmony.

On her teeth.

Her lips ne'r part, but that they ſhow
Of precious Pearl a double row.

On her ſpeech.

In all her words ſuch vertues couched be,
The learned thence fetch their Philoſophy.

On her voice.

A voice which doth the Thruſhes ſhrilneſſe ſtain,
And makes declining nature young again.

On her neck.

Her necks an Ivory ſhining towr,
Or like delight that doth it ſelf devour.

On her ſhoulders.

Theſe parching ſquares with ſilver skin,
Do paſſe the hare-ſpot Ermaline.

On her arms.

Her twin-like arms, that ſtainleſs pair,
Fit for a Kings imbraces are.

On her hands.

Her azured veins do use to stray,
With pretty *Cupids* every way:
Moist Pearl, warm Snow, smooth Ivory,
Within these strange compacts do lie.

On her fingers.

Long, small, and fit for *Orpheus* Lute,
Which made the savage Tygars mute.

On her actions.

Her deeds are like great clusters of ripe Grapes
Which load the branches of the fruitful vine,
Offering to fall into each mouth that gapes
And fill the same with store of costly wine.

On her breasts.

Her breasts those Ivory globes circled with blue,
Save of their Lord, no bearing yoke they knew.

On her paps.

Her Paps like two fair Apples in their prime,
From those blest sweets, Love sucks his Summer time.

On her good thoughts

Her mindfull breast perfumes with Frankincense
And sweetest odors, every fainting sense.

On her waste and ribs.

Fitly so named, since it doth waste
Mens lives, until it be imbraced:
Her lips with white all armed be,
Compact with curious symmetry.

On her skin and flesh.

Her lovely skin is white, like curds new prest,
And snowy flesh as soft as wool new drest.

On her navell.

Here love delights the wandring thought,
Which lest that mine eyes astray are brought:
Since nature there would fain unite,
In curious circles busie sight.

On

On her belly.

Moſt beautious ſeal of Virgins wax,
Pitty 'tis the impreſſion lacks:
This place with ſenſe my joy doth fill,
Since 'tis intitled *Cupid*'s hill:
From whence a ſeemly paſſage there doth flow,
To ſtranger pleaſures that are plac'd below.

On her womb.

Her maiden womb, the dwelling houſe of pleaſure,
O bleſt is he may ſearch that ſecret treaſure.

On her thighes.

Theſe are the ſubjects that do fit
The genius of an *Ovia*'s wit;
Whoſe branches ſmooth as in the glaſs,
Our Albions Cliffs in whiteneſs paſs.

On her knees.

Thoſe knots of joy, and gems of love,
With motion make all graces move.

On the calves of her legs.

Mark well, how fair the fleſh doth riſe,
In her brave calves like chryſtal skies,

On the ſmall of her leg.

View but her *Atlas ſmalleſt ſmall*,
More white than whiteſt bone of all.

On her feet.

Her feet ſo ſhort and ſlender, little round,
On earth a finer pair cannot be found,

A taſte of his Miſtreſs perfection.

She hath *Venus* lip and eye,
With *Dianas* chaſtity,
In thoſe parts I have reveal'd,
Venus beauty is expreſt;
Yet there are ſome parts conceal'd,
Which my fancy judgeth beſt.

The concluſion.

Thus every part imparts a grace,
And beauty dwells in every place.

Loves

Loves Month.

May is not loves month, *May* is full of flowers,
But dropping *April*, love is full of showers.

Definition of love.

Love is a friend, a fire, a heaven, and hell,
Where pleasure, pain, and sad repentance dwell.

Love will out.

The light of hidden fire it self discovers:
And love that is conceal'd, bewrayes poor lovers.

On the parting of Lovers.

Lovers well wot what grief it is to part,
When 'twixt two bodies liveth but one heart;
And Lovers say the heart hath double wrong
When it is bar'd the assistance of the tongue.

On the constancy of affections.

Love well is said to be a life in death,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but in one breath.

Loves Lottery.

The World's a Lottery, a Lovers prize
Is such a Girl that's fair, that's chaste, and wise.

The quality of Love.

Love is a spirit, that's all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

what Love is?

Love is a golden bubble, full of dreams,
That waking breaks, and fills us with extreams.

Love delights to be alone.

Lovers best like to see themselves alone,
Or with their loves, if needs they must have one.

Vowes of Lovers.

We know not how to love till love unblind us,
And vowes made ignorantly, can never bind us.

On the purity of their affections.

Needs must *Venus* wars be sweet,
When two Maiden Lovers meet.

Impossibility

Impossibility of concealing love.

The sight of hidden fire it self discovers,
And love that is conceal'd betrayes poor lovers.

On one sick with love.

Where *Venus* strikes with beauty to the quick,
Great are the cares of those that are love-sick.

The errors of lovers.

All men do erre because that men they be,
And men with beauty blinded cannot see.

What love is.

Love is a subtil influence,
Whose smallest force ill hangeth in suspence.

Love admits of no contrary arguments.

Love hates all arguments disputing still
For sense 'gainst reason with a senseless will.

What love is.

Love is a blinded god, and angry boy,
A slave to beauties will, a witless toy:
A ravening bird, a tyrant most unjust,
A private hell, a very sea of lust.

Another definition of love.

Love is a sowr delight, a sugred grief,
A breach of reasons Law, a secret thief,
A living death, an ever-dying life,
A sea of tears, an everlasting strife:
A bait for fools, a scourge of noble wits,
A deadly wound, a shot which ever hits.

On sudden affection.

From hasty love see thou abstain,
'Tis lust, not love, that seeks thus to obtain.

The effects of love.

This is the least effect of *Cupids* dart,
To change the mind, by moulding of the heart.

Cruelty of love.

Love is not full of mercy, as men say,
But deaf and cruel, where he means to prey.

The

The parting of lovers.

Love goes to love, as School-boyes from their books,
But love from love; toward School, with heavy looks.

A Maxime of love.

'Tis folly by our wisest wordings proved,
If not to gain by love, to be beloved.

Lovers wounds.

One was the Bow, one was the Dart,
That wounded us both to the heart:
Then since we both do feel one pain,
Let one love cure us both again.

The constancy of lovers.

Once learn to love, the lesson is most plain,
And being learnt, is never lost again.

The force of love.

Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last.

Of Musick and Love.

As without breath no pipe doth move:
No musick's kindly without love.

A loving conjunction.

The day unto my hope doth now shine fair,
I and my Love in love united are.

Love finds an opportunity.

When love hath knit two hearts in perfect unity,
Thy seldom fail to find an opportunity.

Offers of love not to be refused.

Occasion's wing'd, and ever flyeth fast,
Coming she smiles, and frowns once being past.

Patience of Lovers.

One may indure; for, when the pain is past,
Reward, though long it stay, yet comes at last.

Sorrows of lovers.

Sighes are the ease calamity affords,
Which serve for speech, when sorrow wanteth words.

To his Mistress, on her expected humiliation from him for a rude kiss.

If that I must such pennance do,
I'le bow unto no Saint but you.

On the tears of Lovers.

In sighs the Lover speaks his secret pains,
Tears are his Oratory, words make him tremble,
Yet womens tears fall when they most dissemble.

On frozen affliction.

There where the hearts Attourney once is mute,
The Client breaks, as desperate of his suit.

Of true and false love.

True love's a Saint, so shall you true love know:
False love's a *Scybian*, yet a Saint in show.

Love breaks all silence.

What fish so dumb, what beast so dull of heart,
That hears love sing, and will not bear a part?

No business like that of love.

The fair, the false, Love can
Admit, all but the busie man:
He that hath business, and makes love, does do
Such wrong, as if a married man should woo.

The perseverance of a Lover.

Desire being Pilot, and bright beauties prize,
Who can fear sinking where such treasure lies.

The beginning of Love.

Fair beauty is the spark of hot desire,
And sparks in time will kindle to a fire.

On the Lovers adversity.

As the Stars in darkest night,
So love by suffering shines more bright:
For, like unto a hidden flame,
It will at last break forth again.

Of Lust.

Lust makes oblivion, beateth reason back,
Forgetteth shame pure blush, and honours wrack.

On Virginity.

The ripeſt Corn dies, if it be not reapt,
Beauty alone is loſt, too early kept.

A cruel Miſtreſs.

Nothing ſo ill becomes the fair
As cruelty, which yields unto no prayer.

On coyneſs.

A way-ward beauty doth not fancy move,
A frown forbids, a ſmile engendreth love.

Another.

Fair words, and power, attractive beauty,
Brings men too wanton in ſubjective duty.

Another.

Hope and deſpair attend a Lover ſtill:
Hope for to ſave, and deſpair for to kill.

On Jealouſie.

Where Jealouſie in baſeſt minds doth dwell,
'Tis metal *Vulcan*'s Cyclops ſent from Hell,

On pleaſures.

Something muſt ſtill be left to chear our ſin,
And give a touch of what ſhould not have been.
To thoſe that know but pleaſures price,
All's one, a Priſon, or a Paradiſe.

On Chaſtity.

The unſtain'd vail, which Innocents adorn,
The ungathered Roſe defended with the Thorn.

Another on the ſame.

Penelope in ſpending chaſte her dayes,
As worthy as *Ulyſſes* was of praiſe.

A Chaſte Vow.

To thee as conſtant as the Sun to day,
Till from this light night hurries me away.

Proteſtations of Service.

I have vowed both love and duty,
To your vertue, and your beauty.

On the Court.

Thither let *Phœbus* Sons resort:
Where shines their father, but in *Jove's* great Court?

On hasty delaying marriage.

Where hearts be knit, what helps if not to enjoy:
Delay breeds doubt, no cunning to be coy.

On his desires.

What can be said that lovers cannot say
Desire can make a Doctor in a day.

On hand and heart.

Heaven seals that faith which firmly stands (hands.
And joynes our hands with hearts, our hearts with

On misfortunes.

The man that still amidst misfortunes stands,
Is sorrows slave, and bound in lasting bands.

On Fate.

They fall which trust to fortunes fickle wheel
But staid by vertue, men shall never reel.

On disdain.

In high disdain love is a base desire,
And *Cupids* flames is but a watry fire.

Proverbs on Complexions, with their Expositions.

To the red man read thy read,
With a brown man break thy bread;
The one's wise, the other trusty;
At the pale man draw thy knife,
From a black man keep thy wife,
The one's peevish, the other lusty:

On the power of tears.

Tears tie the tongue of an excusers grudge,
And softs the rigor of the sternest Judge.

On Musick.

Musick can hardly solace human ears,
When strings are broke, and eies are fill'd with tears.

On

On continued grief.

Drops pierce the flint, not by their force or ſtrength,
But by oft falling weats it out at length.

On Marriage.

Maids do take more delight when they prepare,
And think of wives ſtates, then when wives they are.

On Pleaſures and Griefs.

Pleaſures like poſting gueſts, make but ſmall ſtay;
When griefs bide long, and leave a ſcore to pay.

On youth.

Youth learns to change the courſe that he hath run,
When he perceives and knows what age hath done.

A merry companion.

Like to the ſelf-inhabiting Snail,
Or like a Squirrel pent-houſed under his tail;
Even ſuch is my miſtris face in a vail;
Or like a Carp that is loſt in mudding,
Nay more, like a black pudding:
For as the pudding the skin lies within:
So doth my Miſtreſs beauty in a taffety gin.

On a modeſt fair one.

Beautie's a beggar. fie, it is too bad,
When in it ſelf ſufficiency is had;
It was not made to pleaſe the wandring eye,
But an attire t'adorn ſweet modeſty,
If modeſty and women once do ſever,
Farewell our fame. farewell our name for ever:

On his will.

It lies not in my power to love or hate,
For will in me is over-rul'd by fate.

On the loſs of Virginity.

Jewels being loſt we find again this never,
'Tis loſt but once, and once loſt, loſt for ever.

On women.

Let Wolves and Beaſts be cruel in their kinds:
But women meek, and have relenting minds.

On

Another.

Hate and disdain is painted in their eyes,
Deceit and Treason in their bosome lies.

Another.

Suppose thy Mistress fled from thee,
As *Daphne* from *Apollo*,
Yet she at last changed will be,
If thou the chase do follow.

On the inconstancy of women.

They melt with words, as wax against the Sun,
So weak are many womens modesties:
That what sometimes they most would seem to shield,
Another time, poor souls, unaskt they yield.

Another on the same.

Women have tongues of craft, and hearts of guile,
They will, they will not. Hell is in their smile.

On Lust.

Lust never takes a joy in what is due;
But still leaves known delights to seek out new.

On Virginity.

Like untun'd golden strings fair women are,
Which lying long untoucht, will harshly jar.

Another.

Virginitie's a Rose, which from the stem,
All fain would gather, gather'd they contemn.

On the modesty of women.

Though men can cover crimes with their stern looks,
Poor womens faces are their own fault-books.

On womens tears.

A womans tears are falling Stars at night:
No sooner seen, but quickly out of sight.

A constant woman.

Constant in love, who tries a womans mind,
Wealth, beauty, wit, and all in her doth find.

O

On the passions of a woman.

A womans passion doth the fire resemble,
Never alike, they sin if they dissemble.

A Lovers grief.

As if my self my own sad mourner were,
Down from mine eyes there stealeth forth a tear.

On the fading of beauty.

The fairest flowers of beauty fade away,
Like the fresh Lilly in the sun-shine day.

Another on the same.

Fair flowers that are not gathered in their prime,
Rot, and consume themselves in little time.

On the power of beauty.

The *Lybian* Lions lose their sternest might,
If of a beautious face they once get sight.

Women envy one anothers beauty.

It is a common rule, that women never
Love beauty in their Sex, but envy't ever.

On a beauty cloistered up.

Things much retain'd do make us most desire them,
And beauties seldome seen make us admire them.

On beauty in mean attire.

It is decreed, that features should content,
And that true beauty needs no ornament.

On beauties not enjoyed.

Never were Cheeks of Roses Locks of Amber,
Ordain'd to live imprison'd in a Chamber.

Beauties for the Court.

In vain our friends from this do us dehort,
For beauty will be where is most resort.

Beauties not to be confined.

Heaven made beauty like her self to view,
Not to be lockt up in a smoaky mew,
A Rosie tinctur'd feature is Heavens gold,
Which all joy for to touch, all to behold.

On the excellency and power of Beauty.

Beauty brings Fancy to a dainty feast,
And makes a man, that's ne would be a beast.

A Rule.

Complain unto thy love with flattering Art,
For gentle words do move the hardest heart.

The effects of Beauty

Beauty in heaven and earth this grace doth win,
It supplyes vigour, and it lessens sin.

To his coy Bride on the Bridal night

Why art thou coy, my *Leda*? ar't not mine?
Hath not the holy *Hymenean* twine
Pow'r to contract our natures? Must I be
Still interpos'd with needlesse modesty?
What though my former passions made me vow
You were an angel? but a mortal now.
The Bride-maids are all vanisht, and the crew
Of Virgin Ladies that did wait on you,
Have left us to our selves, as loath to be
Injurious to our loving privacy:
Come then, undresse, why blush you? prethee smile,
Faith I'le disrobe you; nay, I will not spoyle
Your Neck-lace, or your Gorget: here's a pin
Pricks you, fair *Leda*; 'twere a cruel thing
Not to remove it. O! How many gates
Are to *Elizium*? yet the sweetest straits
That ere made voyage happy: Here's a Lace
Me thinks should stifle you, it doth embrace
Your body too severely: take a knife,
'Tis tedious to undo it, by my life
It shall be cut, and your Carnation Gown
Shall be pull'd off; Come, I must needs pull down
This Rosie Petticoat; why should this Cloud
Keep that light from me, that is now allow'd?
I'm privileg'd, appear to me in white;
'Tis like my innocent aim: what means this light?

Thou

Thou shalt be *Eve* i'th' Garden: We are alone,
Come let's to bed; why look you so? here's none
Sees you, but I; be quick or by this hand
I'le lay you down my self; in faith you stand
Too long ith' cold, why do you lie so far?
I'le follow you, distance shall never bar
My arms from your imbraces: so 'tis well, and now
I'le let thy Virgin-purity know how
Kings propagate young Princes; marriage-beds
Never destroy, except be Mayden-heads:
Fair Virgins fairly wedded, do repair
Declining beauties in a prosperous heir.
Come then lets kisse, let us imbrace each other,
Till we have found a Babe like to the Mother.
Such a waste, breast, belly; sweetest, why
Do you remove still further? if thus shy,
You'l make me strive; I think you know
I have a warrant what I am to do,
And can commit no trespass; therefore come,
And let us enter Loves *Elizium*.

A return of the lye to his Mistresse.

You say I lie, I say Not, judge you whether:
But if I needs must lie, lets lie together.

To his Mistresse

I love, because it comes to me by kind;
And much, because it much delights my mind;
And thee because thou art within my heart;
And thee alone, because of thy desert.

A Clownish Courtship.

Excellent Mistris, brighter then the Moon,
Then scoured Pewter, or the silver Spoon:
Fairer then *Phœbus*, or the morning star,
Dainty fine Mistris by my troth you are;
Thine eyes like Diamonds shine most clearly,
As I am an honest man I love thee dearly.

Loves prime.

Dear love do not your beauty wrong,
With thinking still you are too young:
The rosie lillie on your cheek
Doth flourish, and doth repining seek
Those flaming beams that from your eye,
Do shew loves Mid-summer is nigh;
Your ivory lips, red soft, and sweet
Proclaim those joyes lovers do meet.
Then lose not time, for love hath wings,
And flies away from aged things.

How to woo a Maid.

He that intends to woo a Maid,
With youthful heat, must shun the shade;
When *Flora's* Gardens are i'th' prime,
Let him and her pluk *May* in *Time*;
There where the Sun doth shine birds sing,
Let them two both kisse and fling;
Till Summer faireſt Carpet spread,
Yields them a green and a pleasant bed;
If love's there would strive together
Chastity would not weigh one feather.

On an incomparable Kisse.

Give me a kisse from those sweet lips of thine;
And make it doub'e by injoying mine,
Another yet, nay yet, and yet another,
And let the first kisse be the seconds brother,
Give me a thousand kisses and yet more,
And then repeat those that have gone before,
Let us begin whileſt day light springs in Heaven,
And kisse till the Meridian's mask'd with th'Even,
And when the modest Secretary, night,
Discovers all, but by thy heaven flaming bright;
We will begin revels of hidden love,
In that sweet Orb, where silence pleasures move,

In

In high new ſtrains of unſpeakable delight,
Wee'l ſpend the dull hours of the drowſie night,
Reſiding 'ewixt thoſe breaſts that are ſo white,
Where I ſhall now an innocent delight
Embracing ſtill, for time runs on before,
And being ſpent, we ſhall imbrace no more.

A Vow to his inestimable miſtreſſe.

By thoſe ſweet Roſie bluſhes, that did move
Your dainty cheeks, when I firſt receiv'd my love;
By thoſe fore-running ſighes, whoſe gentle calmes
Perfum'd the air, ſweet as the Indians Balmes;
By thoſe ſweet Ruby Portals, that diſcloſe
Two Hemiſpheres of Pearl, contriv'd to poſe
The yet amaz'd beholder; by your eyes
Brighter to me, then *Titan* when he flyes
Over Arabian Mountains, e're his heat
Doth cauſe the tiring rural *Negro* ſweat,
Under his preſſing burthen; by your hair,
Which pardon, ſweeteſt, if I term a ſnare
To catch a *Cupid* in; next by thoſe breaſts
Moiſt banks of Lilies, your lover thus proteſts
With regiſtred vows of love ſeal'd in this kiſs
Of truth and zeal, that Deities want ſuch bliſs

To his Miſtreſſe.

When firſt I ſaw thee, thou didſt ſweetly play
The gentle thief, and ſtoll'ſt my heart away,
Render me mine again, or leave thine own,
Two are too much for thee, ſince I have none
But if thou wilt not, I will ſwear thou art
A ſweet-fac'd creature with a double heart.

On the paucity of the fair.

Number the dayes, the cloudy and the cleer,
And thou ſha't find more fair then foul i'th year;
But womens beauties, if thou ſo compare,
The greateſt number are more foul then fair;

But he that takes a foul slut to his wife,
Doth penance daily, yet sins all his life.

To his Mistress on the frailty of beauty.

Let not brittle beauty make
You wiser thoughts forsake:
For that lovely face will fail;
Beauty's sweet, but beauty's frail:
It sooner fades, 'tis sooner done
Then Summers rain, winters Sun;
Most fleeting, whilest it is most cleer,
'Tis gone, whilest you but say, it's here,
That time will come, when cheek, chin, nose,
Shall be defiour'd o'th Lilly and the Rose;
And what will then become of all
Those which you now your servants call?
Like Swallows when the Summer's done,
They'l fly unto some warmer Sun;
Then seek amongst the multitude
Of lovers that dare so intrude
Into your favours, one that may
Love for an age, and not a day;
One that will quench your youthful fire,
And feed in age your hot desire.

Disdain for disdain.

Tell him that hath my heart in chase,
But now at other game doth fly;
Green-sickness'e shall spoil my face,
Nor puling heigh hoes wet mine eye.

To his Mistress.

Ask me no more, whither doth stray
The golden Atomes of the day;
For in pure love the heavens prepare
Such powders to inrich your hair.
Ask me no more, whither doth haste
The Nightingal when *May* is past;

For

For in thy sweet dividing throat,
She winters and keeps warm her note.
Aske me more, where *Jove* bestowes,
VVhen *June* is past, the fading Rose;
For in thy beauties orient deep,
All flowers as in their causes sleep.
Ask me no more, where those stars light,
That downward shoot in dead of night;
For in thine eyes they set, and there
Fixed become as in their Sphere.
Ask me no more whither East or VVest,
The Phœnix builds her spicie nest;
For unto thee at last she flies,
And in thy fragrant bosom dies.

On his Mistris kind expressions.

Thy words so cheer up this faint heart of mine,
'Tis brisker now, then when 'tis glad with wine.

An Invective against Women.

Oh heavenly pow'rs! why did you bring to light
A thing call'd woman, natures oversight;
That slave-born tyrant, shop of immunity?
That guilded weather-cock, trunk of misery?
VVhy? what is woman? She is such a creature
As nature seeming to adorn her feature,
Forgot to make her honest; this is she
That first did pluck from the forbidden tree;
From which she then began to fall
From bad to worse, from worse to worst of all:
And therefore thus I will define a woman,
To be a speculative thing, that's good for no man:
A vvoman can do more then any devil;
Man God made good, but she hath made him evil:
And these fond vvomen, vvhich, vve most men cherish,
Are the efficients vvhy the vviser perish.

On his Mistress walking in the snow.

I saw *Clarinda* walk about,
When feather'd rain came softly down:
Then *Jove* descended from his tower,
To court her in a silver shower:
The wanton snow flew to her breast,
Like little birds into their nest,
But overcome with whiteness there,
For grief it thaw'd into a tear;
Then falling down her garment's hem,
To deck her, froze into a gem.

Of Love.

Love is a game of Tables, where the Die
Of Maids affection doth by fancie flie,
And if you take such pleasures in a blot,
'Tis ten to one if that you enter not:
But being a Gamester, you may safely venture,
When that your point is opposite to the center:
And watch your play, for now and then,
Do what you can they will be bearing men.

A discription of true Love.

Two hands, two feet, two ears, two eyes,
One tongue, one heart, where Love ne'r dies.

A Reprieve for a Love-sick mind.

Thoughts do not vex me whil'st I sleep,
Grief do not move me,
Smile not false hope whilst I weep,
She cannot love me:
Had I been cold and nice,
And as often burning,
Then as she, had I been Ice,
And she as I, now burning,
Tears flow no more from my swoln eyes,
Sighes do not so oppresse me;
Stop not your ears at my sad cries,
Oh! but release me;

Were

VVere you as ſad as I,
And as full of mourning,
Very grief would make you die,
At leaſt leave off your ſcorning.

A Reſolve.

Shall I be ſlave unto a womans will,
Or fear her frowns, that with a frown can kill?
Shall I powr out my thoughts to ſuch a one,
That cannot reſt til ſhe hath made em known?
O no, I'll hate your ſex, yet hate I'll ſmother
Becauſe I know a woman was my mother.

A Whimſie to his Miſtreſs.

Venus naked in her Chamber
Wounds more deep then *Mars* in Armor,

Her reply.

If ſuch an enemy you fear,
Look to it, ſee you come not there.

The lovers Ghoſt.

Go reſtleſs Ghoſt, tell that proud Fair,
She was my cauſe of dying,
And if ſhe will prove coy to hear,
Importune her with crying,
If angry looks ſtill threaten war,
O then tell beauties jewel,
Though Angels are leſs fair by far,
Yet Tygars are leſs cruel.
Tell her thoſe eyes that wrought my ill,
Never gave them power to kill
The Heart that ſo adores them.
Tell her it comes to begg of her
What cannot be prevented
Upon my grave to drop one tear,
And I ſhall be contented.

Loves Exchange.

Hand, heart, and all I have is thine;
Hand, heart, and all thou haſt is mine

The lovers complaint and resolution.

Oh Love are all thy arrows gone
That shot chast fire?
Or is it my poor fate alone,
To feel desire?
Whose ends do frighten to begin,
And makes it though of love a sin;
Break heart: what strong affection
Will it prove?
This is not lust; yet none
Dares call it love.
I'le gaze no more on her
Bewitching face,
Since ruine harbours there
In every place:
From my inchanted soul she drowns
With calms and tempests of her smiles and frownes;
I'le love no more those cruel eyes of hers,
That pleas'd or angry still are murderers:
For if she dart like lightning through the air
Her beams of wrath,
She kills me with despair:
If she behold me with a pleasant eye,
I surfet with excesse of joy, and die.

On the Complexions and constitutions.

The fair to folly is easie to be led,
The long are lazie both at board and bed:
The little for the most part they are curst,
The black are proud, so from the cradle Nurst;
The fat are frolick, unto mirth inclin'd,
The lean with sadness are like famine pin'd;
The red are subtle, and their brows are sure
Both to their friend, and to their wedlock pure:
The fearfull and the peevish, pale and wan,
The black, a woman-lover more then man:

In

In fine, my friend, for thy more quiet life,
Too far trust no complexion with thy wife.

Upon Clarinda's *begging a lock of hair.*

Divine *Clarinda*, she whom truth calls fair,
Begged my heart of me, and a lock of hair;
Should I give both, said I, how should I live?
The lock I would, the heart I would not give:
For that least thieving Love should steal away,
Discretion hath lockt up, and kept the Key:
As for the lock of hair which lovers use,
My head laid on her knee, I prayed her chuse;
Taking her Scissars by a cunning art,
First pickt the lock, and then she stole my heart.

The Lovers undertakings.

Fierce Bulls, when *Venus* stings incite,
Lowd bellowing for their heifers fight,
The jealous Hart not then inclin'd
To fear, dares combat for his kind.
If Beasts these bold attempts dare do,
What is't I will not venture to?
Ile climb up Rocks my love to please,
And do much more to give her ease.

Clarindaes *Picture to be drawn thus.*

INgenious Artist, teach thy pencil how
To paint a goddesse; I would have thee know
I have a Mistris, thy admired art
Must limn like my description; do not start,
If I command a work above thy skill,
And send thee once more to *Parnassus* hill,
To hear *Thalia's* Lectures. Have you seen
The lovely feature of the Cyprian Queen?
Her cheeks resemble somwhat, though each Rose
In hers seem'd pluckt, but my *Clarindaes* growes.
Yet may they passe the Lines that do stand
Upon her brest, tell you my mistris hand?

As pattern to the witness of her eyes,
Nor want that heavenly virtue to surprize
Only my heart, let them be lov'd by none
Whose glories are to captive every one?
'Tis onely my ambition for to be
Fit for my Mistriss, here's just jump for me,
But to my first description: for her hairs
Let them be such as chast *Diana*, wears;
And let the forehead not inferior be
To that which shews great *Iuno*'s Majestie.
Let those two rosie portalls that I call
Her rubie lips, be but so magicall,
As is her own, so sweet, so balmy made;
Sure I shall leave the substance for the shade?
If you think these Enigmaes, and that I
Strive but to pose you with my Poetry:
Making an argument you never saw
Such goodness faigned by Poetick law:
I answer, such divine parts you shall see,
Get such a Mistress, and but love like me.

On an ugly woman.

Kate doth not only hide her privy parts,
But breast and neck, where coyest maids go bare;
Yet there is one foul unbeseeming place
Uncover'd left; what call you that? her face.

To his Mistress.

Dearest, thy twin'd haires are not thread of gold,
Nor thine eyes Diamonds; nor do I behold
Thy Lips for Rubies, nor thy Cheeks to be
Fresh Roses, nor thy Dugs of Ivory,
Thy Skin that doth thy dainty body sheath
Nor Alabaster is, nor dost thou breath
Arabian Odours; these the earth bring forth,
Compar'd with thine, they would impaire thy worth
Such then are other Mistresses; but mine
Hath nothing earth, but all in all divine.

upon

Upon the withered Rose of his quondam Mistresses cheeks.

DOst see how unregarded now
That piece of beauty passes?
There was a time when I did vow
To that alone;
But mark the fate of faces;
That red and white works now no more on me,
Than if it could not charm, nor I not see,
And yet the face continues good,
And I have still desires,
And still the self-same flesh and b'ood
As apt to melt,
And sulter from such fires.
Oh some kind power, riddle where it lies,
VVhether her heart be faulty, or her eyes,
She every day her man doth kill,
And I as often die;
Neither her power then, or my will;
VVhat is the mysterie?
Sure beauties Empire like to greater States;
Have certain periods set, and certain fates.

A Ladies Prayer to Cupid.

SInce I must needs into thy School return,
Be pitifull, O Love, and do not burn
Me with desires of cold and frozen age,
Nor let me follow a fond boy or page:
But gentle *Cupid*, give me if you can,
One to my Love, whom I may call a man,
Of person comely, and of face so sweet,
Let him be sober, secret, and discreet:
Well practis'd in Loves School, let him within
Wear all his beard, but not upon his chin.

To

To his Mistris.

A constant heart within a woman's breast,
Is Ophir gold within an Ivory chest.

Her answer.

Of such a treasure then thou art possest,
For thou hast such a heart in such a breast.

A backside Complement.

Mistris believe me, for I tell you true,
I cannot but disgorge to you,
The queazy maw of my o're crambd affection,
Suckt from your magazin of full perfection,
The comly spreading of your twelve fizd feet,
Made me enamour'd when we first did meet
Those ill-match't twins, then your columnous leg,
Gramercy short coat, screwed up the peg,
From love to admiration; sure said I,
The Fabrick, arch'd with monstrous rarity;
What's underneath should one but dare to see,
'Twould cast him straight into a Lethargy.
Keep close I pray your Arcanum, 'tis enough
To view your Non-such (most egregious stuff)
Your hand so like the fair paw or a puttock,
Your face the Effigies of my Granams ——
Your eyes like to the Sun in an Eclipse:
But O the fulness of your well hang'd lips!
Your Gnomon nose; oh how it doth me please!
'Twould serve me for an Ephemerides:
To precipitate my satiated sense
With its illustrial opal influence;
Who travelleth the craggy Alpes, ne'r seeth
More choice variety than in your teeth.
All dainty Virginal knacks how they do chatter,
And make sweet musick on each tinckling platter.
Your neat composed bundle, to be brief
Is of all Pack-horse carriages the chief.

But

But what needs praise? I'le say no more but thus,
Thou art a pretty ugly dirty puss.

Another.

Fair Madam, thee, whose every thing
Deserves the close-stool of a King;
Whose head is fair as any bone,
White and smooth as Pumice-stone:
Whose natural baldness scorns to wear
The needless excrements of hair;
Whose foreheads streaks our hearts commands,
Like *Dover* Cliffs, or *Goodwin's* sands:
While from those dainty Gloworm eyes
Cupid shoots plum pudding-Pies:
While from the Arches of thy nose
A Cream-pot of sweet Nectar flows:
Fair dainty lips so smooth, so slick,
And truly Alabaster cheek;
Pure Saffron teeth, happy the meat,
That such pretty Mill-stones eat.
O let me hear some silent Song,
Tun'd by the Jews-trump of thy tongue.
O how thy chin becomes thee well,
Where never hairie beard shall dwell,
Thy Coral neck doth stately bow,
Then *Io's* when she turn'd a Cow,
O let me, or I shall ne'r rest,
Suck the black bottles of thy breast,
Or lay my head, and rest me still
On that daintie Gogmagog hill.
O curious and untadom'd waste,
As slender as the stateliest mast;
Thy fingers too breed my delight,
Each wart a natural margarite;
O pity then my dismal moon,
Able to melt thy heart of stone.

Thou

Thou know'ſt how I lament and houle,
Snort, condole, look ſad and ſcout;
Each night ſo great my paſſions be,
I cannot wake for thought of thee,
Thy Gown can tell how much I loved,
Thy Petticoat to pittle moved;
Then let lover mercy find,
To kiſſe thee once, though't be behind.
Sweet kiſſe, ſweet lips, delicious ſenſe,
How ſweet a Zephyrus blows from thence?
Bleſt Petticoat, moſt bleſt her ſmock,
That daily buſſeth her Buttock,
For now the Proverb true I find,
That the beſt part is ſtill behind.

A wooing fit in verſe.

HE. Much adoe I have, god wot,
I would love, but thou wilt not.
SHE. Reaſon, Sir men are not true,
HE. Why, was any falſe to you?
Sweeteſt I have lov'd thee long.
SHE. Yet, Sir, Love ſhould do no wrong;
HE. Prethee ſweet, come kiſſe me then.
SHE. No, Sir, Maids muſt kiſſe no men,
HE. I the Heavens for witneſs crave,
SHE. They will ſhine clear, though you'r a knave.
HE. Never lov'd a truer youth,
SHE. Men do not alwayes ſpeak the truth.
HE. By all thoſe vows that Lovers uſe;
SHE. Thus they proteſt, yet to abuſe:
And full oft maids are deluded,
When with kiſſes love's concluded.

Love-Queries.

BEL. When will love be void of fears?
TEL. When jealouſie hath never eyes nor ears;
Bel. When is love moſt male-content?
Tel. When lovers range and bear their brows unbent.

Bel.

Bel. Tell me when love is best ted?
Tel. When it hath suck'd the sweet that ease hath bred
Bel. When is loves time ill spent?
Tel. When love doth farm and take no rent.
Bel. When is time well spent in Love?
Tel. When deeds insue, and words work Love.
Bel. What call'st thou Love, I prethee tell?
Tel. It is a fountain, and that well
VVhere pleasure and repentance dwell;
It is a work on Holy-day,
It is *December* match'd with *May*,
B. I prethee fair one do not fain.
T. It is a Sun-shine mixt with rain;
It is a Tooth-ache, or like game;
It is a yea, it is a nay,
A pretty kind of sporting fray.
B. Come, come, Ile hear no more, away.

A parley betwixt a Fryer somewhat lascivious, and a fair Nunne.

F. Since both our age, our sex, and all do move,
VVhy doth not thy respects requite my love;
N. Thy habit pleaseth not, others love black,
The white that's in my eye best fits a Lovers back.
F. Under this robe of black behold white skin,
Though black thou do'st exclude, let whiteness in.
N. To chastitie Frier, thou know'st thou art wedded (now
And that black robe is witness to thy vow.
F. My vail I'le cast aside, if that hath bred
Any dislike of me, to enjoy thy naked bed.
N. Thy vail though thou forsake, thou art the same
Or is my sin the less, or lesse thy shame?
F. A fault I do confess it, but a small,
And, if a sin, sure 'tis but venial.
N. To violate Chastitie is the great'st of crimes,
But, as a Votress, more a thousand times.

Sure

F. Sure I can shift thee for thy greatest sin,
If thou wilt not consent, let's both walk in.

Another short wooing sit.

I. SWeet soul to whom I vow'd I am a slave,
Let me th'enjoyment of my wishes have.
M. Sweet sir, Let not a wretch that is so poor
Expect to hoord up treasure for his store.
I. Yet still take heed, lest thou thy self submit
M. To one that hath his wealth, but wants his wit
I. Prethee be silent, beauty takes in rent:
M. But folly bought, is worse then money spent.
I. Well, for this once, I'le take thee as thou art,
M. For richer, for poorer, agreed mine own Sweet-heart

The fears and resolutions of two Lovers.

D. What would'st thou wish? tell me dear lover.
S. How I might but thy thoughts discover.
D. If my firm love I were denying,
Tell me with sighs, would'st thou be dying?
S. Those words in jest to hear thee speaking,
For every grief this heart is breaking.
D. Yet would'st thou change, I prethee tell me,
In seeing one that doth excell me?
S. O no, for how can I aspire
To more then to my own desire?
This my mishap doth chiefly grieve me,
Tho' I do swear't, you'l not believe me.
D. Imagine that thou dost not love me,
But some beauty that's above me.
S. To such a thing sweet do not will me,
The naming of the same will kill me.
D. Forgive me fair one, love hath fears,
S. I do forgive, witnesse these tears.

The waning of a coy Dame.

R. TEll cause, my sweet, thou dost decay,
M. Because thou dost not please my eye?

R. Thy

R. The reason why to me impart.
M. Thou dost offend and grieve my heart
R. There is no heart so fierce and hard,
M. Nor person of so small regard.
R. Thy reason doth thy love controul.
M. Thou dost torment my very soul.
R. Or remedy my loving smart.
M. I'le keep such dangers from my heart;
R. Why dost thou thus thy beauty keep?
M. It will destroy it, Sir, to weep.
R. My passions dost thou mock at too?
M. Farewell, Sir, without more to do.

The Lover and his Mistris.

He. I say I love, and if thou ask, How wel?
My tongue replies to thee, No tongue can tell.
SHE. You say you love, be sure you do,
For lying will not profit you.
HE. Madam, I love, and love to do,
And will not lie unlesse with you.

A contention between a Wife, a Widow and a Maid.

Wife. If to be born a Maid, be such a grace,
So was I born, and grac'd by nature too;
But seeking more perfection to imbrace,
I did become a wife, as others do.
W. And if the maid and wife such honours have,
I have been both, and hold a third degree;
Most maids are Wards, and every wife a slave;
I have my livery suit, and I am free.
M. That is the fault that you have maidens been,
And were not constant to continue so.
The falls of Angels did increase their sin,
In that they did so pure a state forego.
Wife. Why marriage is an honourable estate;
W. And Widow-hood is a reverend degree;
M. But maiden-head that will admit no mate,
Like Majestie it self must sacred be.

Wife. The VVife is Mistress of her family.
W. Much more the widow for she rules alone;
M. But Mistress of my own desires am I,
when you rule others wills, and not your own.
Wife. Only the wife enjoyes the vertuous pleasure,
W. The widow can abstain from pleasures known.
M. But the uncorrupted Maid prefers much measure,
As being by pleasure woo'd she cares for none.
W. The wife is as a Diamond richly set.
M. The Maid unset, doth yet more rich appear.
W. The widow a Jewell in a Cabinet,
VVhich though not worn, is still esteem'd as dear.
W. The wife doth love, and is belov'd again:
W. The widow is awak'ned out of that dream.
M. The Maids white mind hath never such a stain,
No passions trouble her clear vertues stream.
W. Then whats a Virgin, but a fruitlesse Bay?
And what's a VVidow, but a Roselesse bryer?
M. And what are VVives, but wood-bines which decay
Yea stately Oaks which by themselves aspire?
W. VVives are as birds in golden Cages kept,
Yet in those Cages chearfully they sing.
W. VVidows are birds out of those Cages lept,
VVhose joyfull notes make all the Forrest ring.
M. But Maids are birds amidst the woods secure,
VVhich never hand could touch, nor yet could take
Nor whilst'e could deceive, nor bate allure,
But free unto themselves do musick make.
W. The wife is as a Turtle with her mate,
W. The widow as the widow-Dove alone,
VVho e'er truth shines most in her forsaken state.
M. The Maid a Phœnix; and is still but one.
W. The wife's a soul unto the body tyed.
W. The widow a soul departed into bliss.
M. The Maid an Angel which is stellified,
And now unto fair heaven ascended is.

W. VVives

w. Wives are fair houses kept and furnisht well.
w. Widows old Castles void, but full of state.
M. But Maids are temples where the gods do dwell.
wife. An office well supply'd is like a wife.
w. The widow like a gainfull office void.
M. But maids are like contentment in this life,
Which all the world hath sought, but none enjoy'd
M. Go wife to Dun now and demand thy hire.
w. Go gentle Maid, and lead thy Ape in hell.
wif. Go widow, make some younger brother rich,
And then take thought and die, and all is well.
wfe. Alas, poor maid, thou hast no help nor stay.
w. Alas, poor wife, that nothing dost possess.
M. Alas, poor widow, charitie doth say,
Pity the widow and the fatherless.
wife. VVe wives have children, what a joy is this!
w. VVidows have children too, but maids have none.
M. No more have Angels, yet they have more bliss
Then ever yet to mortal earth was known.
wfe. The wife is like a fair manured field.
w. The widow once was such, but now doth rest.
M. The maid like Paradise, undrest, untill'd,
Bears crops of native vertue in her brest.
wife. VVho would not die a wife, as *Lucrece* did:
w. Or like a widow, as *Penelope*.
M. Or be a maid, and so be stellify'd,
As all the Vertues and the Graces be:
wife. VVives are like Apples serv'd in golden dishes.
w. VVidows good wine, which time makes better much.
M. But maids are grapes desir'd by many wishes,
But that they grow so high as none can touch.
w. I have a daughter equals you my girl.
M. The daughter doth excell the mother then,
As Pearls are better then the mother of Pearl,
Maids lose their value when they match with men.

A maid's the perfect'st of created things,
The purest go'd that suffers no allay,
The sweetest flower that on earth's bosom springs,
The Pearl unbor'd, whose price no price can pay,
The Chrystal glass that will no venom hold,
The mirroor wherein Angels love to look,
Diana's bathing fountain, clear and cold,
Beauties fresh Rose, and vertues living book.
Wife. Maids cannot judge, because they cannot tell,
What comfort and what joyes in marriage be.
M. Yes, yes, though blessed Saints in heaven do dwell
They to the fouls in Purgatory see.
Wife. There was never a wife that liked her lot.
W. Nor widow, but was clad in mourning weeds;
M. Do what you will, marry or marry not,
Both this estate, and that repentance breeds.

A Lover and his Mistris.

L. Whilst thou didst love me, and that neck of thine
More white and soft than Roses silver'd down,
Did wear a neck-lace of no arms but mine,
I envied not the King of *Spain* his Crown;
M. Whilst of thy heart I was sole Soveraign,
And thou didst sing none but my beauties praise,
VVhich now, poor maid, thou dost so much disdain,
I envied not the Queen of *Englands* Fame.
L. VVhat though I sue to you again for grace,
And sing thy praises sweeter then before,
If I within my heart imprint thy face,
VVilt thou love me again, and love me more?
M. Thou shalt be then again my morning star,
Though lighter then the floating Cork thou be;
And then the Irish Sea more angry far:
VVith thee i'le wish to live, and die with thee.

A Lovers discourse with his heart.

SHe's cold, thou hot, how can we then agree!
Not nature now, but love doth govern me.

L. VVha

L. What if her heart be hard, she ſtops her ears!
H. I'le ſigh aloud, and make it ſoft with teares.
L. Why then deſpair, go pack thee hence away.
H. I live in hope to have a happy day.

A diſcourſe between a Lover, Death and Cupid.

L. COme gentle death, *D.* Who calls? *L.* On's oppreſt
D. What is thy will? *L.* That thou abridge my wo,
By cutting off my life. *D.* Ceaſe thy requeſt,
I cannot kill thee yet. *L.* Alas, why ſo? (way?
D. Thou wantſt thy heart. *L.* Who ſtole that ſame a-
D. Love whom thou ſerv'ſt. Entreat him if thou may.
L. Come *Cupid* come. *C.* Who calleth me ſo oft?
L. Thy vaſſal true, whom thou ſhouldſt know by right.
C. What makes thy cry ſo faint? *L.* My voice is ſoft.
Quite broke and ſpent with crying day and night.
C. What then, what's thy requeſt? *L.* that thou reſtore
To me my heart, and ſteal the ſame no more,
And thou, O death, when I poſſeſs my heart,
Diſpatch me then at once. *D.* Alas, why ſo?
L. By promiſe thou art bound to end my ſmart
D. But if thy heart return, then what's thy wo?
L. That brought from froſt it never will deſire
To reſt with me, that am more hot then fire.

The Curſe.

May that man whom thy embrace
Would make happy in my place,
By thy example prove
As falſe to thee and Love.
And e're thy amorous ſheets invite
Him to glory in my right,
May thy own fears make thee ſee
Meduſa in his face; that he
With every lock of hair
May teach thee to deſpair.
Yet reſt not there, but be more fond to know
Whether thy heart be ſtone or no.

Till

Till of those doubts to be releast,
Thou strik'd a wound upon thy breast:
So bold so great, that I
May be assur'd that thou wilt die:
Thus offer'd up a sacrifice to me,
I may at last forget thy perjury.

A Vapour.

Give me a breath of thunder, let me speak
Sonorous accents, till their clamours break
Rocks with their noise obstreperous; I will warble
Such bouncing notes shall clear obdurate marble;
Upon mount Caucasus heaven knocking head
Boreas shall blow my trumpets until I spread
Thy fame, grand Patron of thrice three Sisters,
Till Envies ears shall hear it and have blisters.

Praises on her singing.

The Grashopper chants not his Autumn quire
So sweet, nor Cricket by the Chimney fire.

On her dancing.

Have you beheld the little sable beast
Clad in an Ebon mantle, height a flea,
Whose supple joynts so nimbly skip & caper,
Dancing a measure, o're a Ladies smock,
With motion quick, and courtly Equipage;
So trips my mistress, o're the flowry stage.

On her sleeping.

Zephyrus breaths not with a sweeter gale,
Though a grove of Sycomores; the soft spring
Chides not the peebles that disturb his course
With sweeter murmur; Let *Amphions* Lute,
That built the *Theban* walls, be henceforth mute:
Orpheus shall break his Harp, and silent be,
The Reed of *Pan* and Pipe of *Mercury*,
Yea though the spheres be dumb, I care not for't,
No musick such as her melodious snore.

On

On her ſpitting.

Like the ſweet Gums that from Electar trees,
Diſtil, or hony of the labouring Bees;
Like morning due that in a pleaſant ſhowre,
Drops Pearls into the boſome of a flower:
Cupid with Acorn cups cloſe by her ſits,
To ſnatch away the Nectar that ſhe ſpits.

In praiſe of Sack.

Fill me a bowl of Sack with Roſes Crown'd,
Fil't to the brim, I'le have my temples bound
With flowry chaplets, and this day permit
My Genius to be free and frollick it:
Let me drink deep, then fully warm'd with wine
I'le chant *Ben. Johnſons* praiſe, that ev'ry line
Shall prove immortal till my moiſtned quill
Melt into Verſes, and Nectar-like diſtill:
I'me ſad or dull till bowls brim-fild infuſe
New life in me, new ſpirit in my muſe:
But once reviv'd with Sack, pleaſing deſires
In my chil'd-blood, kindled ſuch active fires
That my gray hairs ſeem fled, my wrinkled face
Grown ſmooth as *Hebe's* youth and beautie's grace,
To my ſhrunk veins freſh blood and ſpirits bring
Warm as the ſummer, ſprightful as the ſpring:
Then all the world is mine, *Craſus* is poor
Compar'd with me; he is rich that askes no more.
And I in ſack have all which is to me,
My home, my life, health, wealth and liberty:
Then have I conquered all I boldly dare
My trophies with the Pe'ean youth compare.
Him I will equal, as his ſword, my pen,
My conquer'd world of cares, his world of men:
Then fill thy bowl, that if I die to morrow,
Killing cares to day, I have out-liv'd my ſorrow:

To

To the Painter and his Picture.

I could not write before, but when I saw
The queint presumer offering to draw
A piece beyond the richest of his Art,
I was as bold as he, and took't to heart:
For (if the Author fails not) Poets may
Dare with their Pens, as with their Pencils they;
Lord how the Painter look't! her face he spies,
And her fair face does make his colour rise:
He was amaz'd at first, when every part
Advanc'd by Nature, and not help'd by Art,
Came out to view him as he thought, & show
How he and's piece must to the pattern owe.
He questions misspent time, and swears he had
Great injury when he first learnt the trade;
For had he seen you then, and known you too
His service had been prentice unto you:
To you in whose most perfect figure shine,
What Painters call most rare, Poets Divine.
Now let me tell thee truly, what I see,
Thou mak'st the Picture, and he Piece makes thee.
'Tis true, thou dost it well, for I have seen
Thee, when th'ast often limn'd our beauties Queen,
Not to have shewn such curious workmanship,
Either in eye or brow, or cheek, or lip:
Thou do'st it well, I say, but yet good Sir,
Allow most credit of the work to her:
Did not she shew thee, when she sweetly smil'd,
How to paint *Venus* sending of her child
About Loves powerfull errand? one may know
By th'cast o'th eye to whom her heart doth go.

On two lovers playing for kisses.

My love and I for kisses plaid,
She would keep stakes, I was content,
But when I won she would have paid,
This made me ask her what she meant;

Prethee

Prethee, since I see (quoth she) your wrangling vein,
Take your own kisses, give me mine again.

On a Mistress too learned for him.

One proffer'd me a Wife, was fair, and young,
Who had the *French*, *Dutch*, and the *Latine tongue*.
I thanked him: but I will have none such,
For I think one tongue for a Wife too much:
Why love you not the learn'd? Yes, as my life,
A learned Schollar, not a learned Wife.

On his Mistress, sick of a Calenture.

And must she languish and we sorrow thus,
And no kind God help her, or pitty us?
Is Justice fled from Heaven? Can she permit
A soul deformed Ravisher to sit
Upon her Virgin cheeks, and pull from thence
The Rose-buds in their Maiden-excellence?
To spread cold paleness in her lips, and chase
The frighted Rubies from their native place,
To lick up with his scorching flames a flood
Of dissolv'd Coral running in her blood;
And with the damps of his infectious breath,
Print in her brow moist characters of death?
Must the clear light 'gainst course of nature cease
In her fair lips, and yet the flames increase?
Must favours shake this golden Tree, and all
The ripe fruit from her fairest branches fall;
Which Princes have desired to taste? must she
Who hath preserv'd her spotless chastity
From every mans aspersion, now at last,
By Agues and Diseases be imbrac'd?
Forbid it, holy Gods, or else who shall
Pay vows, or let a drop of Incense fall
At your neglected Altars, if you bless
No better this your zealous Votaress?
Haste thou, O Maiden Goddess, to her aid apply'd,
And let not thy saving Medicines be deny'd,

O rock her fainting body in thine arms;
Then let the God of Musick with still charms,
Her restful eyes in peaceful slumber close,
And with soft strains sweeten her calm repose.
Cupid descend, and whilst *Apollo* sings,
The cool air fanning with thy gentle wings,
Ever relieve her with refreshing wind,
And let thy Mother with her tresses bind
Her labouring temples, with whose balmy sweat,
She shall perfume her hairy coronet,
Whose precious drops shall upon every fold,
Hang like rich Pearls upon a chain of Gold:
Her lesser locks, as they embroidered lye,
Shall spread themselves into a Canopie;
Under whose shadow let her rest secure
From chilling cold, and from a Calenture;
And if she freeze with Ice of chaste desires,
O holy *Hymen* kindle nuptial fires,
And when at last death comes to pierce her heart,
Convey into his hands the golden dart.

On Love.

How shall I do to be reveng'd on Love,
There is but one way that I dare approve;
I'le steal his arrows, and I'le head them new
With Womens hearts, and then they'l ne're fly true.

A Lover on the day-break.

Wherefore peep'st thou envious day,
We can kiss without thee;
Lovers have the golden ray
That thou bear'st about thee.
Go and give them light that sorrow,
And to Saylors flying,
Our imbraces need no morrow,
Nor our pleasures eying.

On

On Maids.

When *Phœbus* first did *Daphne* love,
And could no way her fancy move;
He crav'd the cause; The cause said she,
Is I have vow'd Virginity,
Then *Phœbus* raged sore, and said,
Past fifteen none should dye a maid.
If maidens then chance to be sped,
E'r they can scarcely dress their head;
Yet blame them not for they are loath
To make *Apollo* break his oath:
For better were a child unborn,
Then that a God should be forsworn.
Yet silly they, when all is done,
Complain mens wills have their hearts won:
When 'tis for fear least they should be
Like *Daphne* turn'd into a tree,
And who would so her self abuse,
To be a tree, if she could chuse!

To a Gentlewoman.

In your fair cheeks two pits do lye,
To bury those slain by your eye;
Then this at length doth comfort me,
That fairly buried I shall be:
My grave with Rose, and Lillies spread,
Methink 'tis life for to be dead.
Come then and kill me with your eye,
For if you let me live, I dye.
When I behold your lips again,
Recover those your eys have slain,
With kisses, like that balsom pure,
Deep wounds so soon as made, can cure,
Methinks 'tis sickness to be sound,
And there's no health like such a wound;
Come then and kill me with your eye,
For if you let me live, I dye.

When in your bosome I behold
Two hills of snow, yet never cold:
And Lovers whom your beauty kills,
Reviv'd by climbing up those hills,
Methinks there's life in such a death,
That gives new hopes of future breath.
Come then and kill me with your eye,
For if you let me live, I dye.
Then sure one death prevails not, where
So many Antidotes are near;
And your bright eyes do but in vain
Kill him whole life you do sustain.
That I no more such deaths survive,
Your way's to bury me alive,
In place unknown, seeing that I
Can dying live, and living dye.

On Women.

Women are dainty Vessels, fine,
Both tender, neat, and soft;
They must be sometimes born withall,
Since they do bear so oft,

Against proud women.

Breath of *Pandora*'s Box, thou Female Sex,
Sent to the World to plague it, and to vex
Poor Lovers: O that it had been so,
That man without thee might be man, we owe
His birth to thee; but as of Trees we see
A skilful Gardiner plant a Colony
Without an aid, and also here a Date
Into a Peach-tree doth enoculate,
And there adopt into a Crab-tree stock
The mellow Pippin, and the Apricock;
That from one branch, with wonder you may reach
A Plump, a Cherry, and a velvet Peach.
Or as the Phenix in her funeral flame,
Springs from her ashes, and returns the same;

Who

Who whilſt ſhe make her cradle in her tomb,
Her birth ſhe owes not to the female womb;
But boaſt not, weaker ſex, that thou bear'ſt them,
That like a Lilly from a baſer ſtem,
Or like a Roſe pluck'd from a ſpiny Thorn,
Is honour'd, when the ſtalk is left in ſcorn:
So ſang, and wept *Philander*, as he ſate,
Bewailing to the Woods his cruel fate,
And *Phillis* tyranny: a chryſtal ſtream
Flow'd from his eyes, each pearly drop a theam
Of ſorrow, whilſt the Birds, with tuned wing,
Sate liſtning round about to hear him ſing
The ſtories of his love, on every buſh
The Linnet ſate, the Nightingale, or Thurſh,
The Hare, the Ape, the Coney, and the Goat,
The Doe, the Fox ſtood wondring at his note;
Fountains wept tears, the Eccho wrought this ſong,
The Rocks, the Brooks that ſweely run along,
Wiſh'd to be glas'd to chryſtal, and to ſtay,
To hear him tune his grief to *Phillis* aye;
Who, whilſt he ſate, and mourn'd, and ſung, and wept,
Rockt with the murmur of a River, ſlept.

On a Shepheardeſs dying for love.

Chloris ſate, and ſitting ſlept;
Sleeping ſigh'd, and ſighing wept;
Sate, ſigh'd, ſlept, and wept again,
For *Amyntas* that was ſlain:
Oh had you ſeen his face (quoth ſhe)
How fair, how full of Majeſty.
And then ſhe ſlept,
And then ſhe cryed,
Amyntas twice,
And then ſhe dyed.

On a Gentleman dying preſently after his Miſtreſs.

She firſt deceaſed, he liv'd, and cryed
To live without her, lik'd it not, and dyed.

On the praiſe of his Miſtreſs.

What would any man deſire ?
Is he cold ? then ſhe's a fire :
Is he hot ? ſhe'll gently ſchool him,
Till he find that ſhe doth cool him :
Is he ſad ? then ſhe's a pleaſure,
Is he poor ? then ſhe's a treaſure.
Loves he muſick ? here's the choiſe
Of all ſweet ſounds in her ſweet voice.
Doth he hunger ? ſhe's a feaſt
Whereat a God may be a gueſt ;
To taſte Viands if he thirſt,
She's Nectar for him ; ſince the firſt
Of men that was for ſin a debter,
Never any taſted better :
Here's all compleat, from head to heel,
To hear, to taſte, to ſmell, or feel.

On his Miſtreſs.

My Miſtreſs is a Tennis-ball,
Compos'd of Leather fine,
Full oft ſhe's ſtrucken to the wall,
But ſtrucken under line.
He that will win my Miſtreſs will,
Muſt ſtrike her in the hazard ſtill.
My Miſtreſs is a Tinder-box,
Would I had ſuch a one ;
Her ſteel endureth many knocks
Being ſtruck againſt the ſtone.
But if you ſtrike the tinder much,
The Match will fire without a touch.

Clarinda.

Poor credulous and ſimple Maid,
By what ſtrange wiles art thou betray'd ?
A treaſure thou haſt loſt to day,
For which thou canſt no ranſom pay.

How

How black art thou transform'd with ſin?
How ſtrange a guilt gnaws me within?
Grief will convert this red to pale,
When every Wake, and Whitſon Ale
Will talk my ſhame, break, break, ſad heart:
There is no medicine for my ſmart,
No herb nor balm can cure my ſorrow,
Unleſs you meet again to morrow.

On women.

All you that Women love,
and like the amorous trade;
Come learn of me what Women are,
and wherefore they are made.
Their head is made of Raſh,
their tongue is made of ſay:
Their love like ſilk, ſilk changeable,
that laſteth for a day.
Their wit mockado is;
of durance is their hate:
The food they feed on moſt is Carp,
their gaming is check-mate;
Their pride doth ſpring from Satan,
their vanity is a feather,
Their beauty is, ſtand further off,
their conſcience is of leather.

On his Miſtreſs being let blood.

Fools, that believe that clearer blood
will forth thoſe purple channels flow;
Or that pure unſtained blood
can any ſoul-diſtemper know;
Or that thy weak ſteel can inciſe
that cryſtal caſe wherein it lies:
Know that her blood doth proudly beat
a dance quite through her azure veins,
Whoſe harmony no cold nor heat
diſturbs, whoſe hue no tincture ſtrains,

And the hard rock wherein it dwells,
The keeneſt dart of love expells,
But thou replyeſt, behold ſhe bleeds,
Thou art deceiv'd, and doſt not know
The muſick knot whence it proceeds:
How Lovers in each other grow.
Thou ſtrik'ſt her arm, but 'twas my heart
Shed all the blood, felt all the ſmart.

Lackwit's *Ironical praiſe of his Miſtreſs.*

Her hairs they are but thin, in all but three;
O curious hair, as big as wheaten ſtraw;
Her noſe ſur mounts three inches in degree,
In ſhape and colour like a Lobſters claw:
Her lips like two blow figs of liquoriſh kiſſing,
Her teeth like ranks of clouds, O double bleſſing,
Her forehead flat, plaited with lovely folds,
Her eyes like ſnuffs of candles prick and beck.
Her paps like globes, which up her belly holds,
As *Atlas* doth the Heaven on his neck;
Her fingers ſhort, yet fat, piec'd out with nails.
No waſte at all, her body is ſo ſquare;
Her girdle may in any place be found,
Her leggs like armes, he feet ſo broad they are,
Like to Colloſſes, fixed on the ground.
But what may not be nam'd, I here omit,
So large a mark, that who ſo ſhoots may hit.

Of Muſick.

When whiſpring ſtreams with pleaſing wind,
Diſtill ſoft paſſions through the heart,
And whilſt at every ſtrain we find
Our pulſes beat, and bear a part:
When threats do make,
Our hearts to quake.
Philoſophers can ſcarce deny,
Our ſouls conſiſts of harmony;

When

When unto Heaven joyes we fain,
What e're the ſoul affecteth moſt;
Which only thus we can explain
By muſick of the winged hoſt,
Whoſe layes we think,
Make Stars to wink,
Philoſophy can ſcarce deny,
Our ſouls conſiſts of harmony.
O lull me, lull me, charming air,
My ſenſes rock with muſick ſweet,
Like ſnow on wool thy fallings are,
Soft like ſpirits are thy feet.
Grief who needs fear,
That hath an ear,
Down let him lie,
And ſlumbering dye:
And change his ſoul for harmony.

To her Sutor, that would have lain with her before marriage, ſhe being too young.

FOnd Lunatick forbear, why didſt thou ſue
For my affections, e're Nature had her due?
Lovers fruits are legal uſe, and therefore may
Be only taken on the marriage day;
Who for ſuch intereſts do too early call,
By that exaction loſe their principal.
Then gather not theſe immature delights,
Before their riper Autumn thee invites:
He that abortive corn cuts from his ground,
No Husband; but a Raviſher is found;
And he that reaps his own, before he's wed,
Whores a chaſte Wife, and Cuckolds his own bed.

A Lovers Reſolution.

Purſue no more (my thoughts) thou falſe, unkind,
Thou mayeſt as well impriſon the North wind,
Or catch the lightning as it leaps, or reach
The leading billows, firſt run down a breach;

Or undertake the flying cloud to track;
In the same path they yesterday caus'd a wrack
My love's a torch turn'd down-ward, and the same
Desire that nourish'd it put out the flame:
And thus I do divorce thee from my breast,
False in thy vows, and traitness to my rest.
Henceforth all tears shall be, though thou repent,
A pardon after execution sent?
For ever shalt thou my loves story read,
But as some Epitaph on one that's dead;
So may my hope on future blisses dwell?
This is my firm resolve, my last farewell.

A Health.

To her whose beauty doth excell,
Story, we toss these Cups, and fell.
Sobriety a sacrifice,
To the bright lustre of her eys,
Each soul that sips here is divine,
Her beauty defies the Wine.

On an ignorant Lover.

Clarinda, the beauty of whose splendant rays,
Gain'd heavens high wonder, and the earths best praise,
Then *Thyrsis* met, who fair and lovely too,
Did like her well, but knew not how to woo,
They arm in arm, into the Garden walk'd,
Where endless riddles they together talk'd;
Her speech and actions wisely had an end,
Yet knew not whereunto they did intend:
She griev'd to see his youth no better taught.
To gather him a Posie he her besought;
With that her light green Gown she up tuck'd,
And *May* for her, and *Time* for him she pluck'd;
Which when she brought, he took her by the middle,
And kiss'd her, but he could not read the riddle;
Go fool quoth she, and burst into laughter,
Blush'd, ran away, and scorn'd him ever after.

On

On Clarinda's *lips and eyes.*

In *Clarinda's* face a queſtion did ariſe,
Which were moſt beautiful, her lips or eyes,
We ſay the eys ſend forth thoſe pointed darts,
Which wound the hardeſt Adamantine hearts.
But from her lips withall proceed thoſe bliſſes,
Which Lovers reap by kind words, and by kiſſes.
Then wept her eyes, and from thoſe eyes did pour
Of liquid oriental pearls a ſhower;
Whereat her lips mov'd with delight and pleaſure,
Through a ſweet ſmile, unlockt her Ivory treaſure,
And bid love judge, whether did add more grace,
Weeping, or ſmiling, to *Clarinda's* face.

Senſe.

Like to the ſilent tone of unſpoke ſpeeches,
Or like a Lobſter clad in Logick breeches,
Or like the gray fleece of a crimſon Cat,
Or like the Moon-calf in a ſlip-ſhooe hat,
Or like the ſhadow when the Sun is gone,
Or like a thought that ne're was thought upon;
Even ſuch is man, who never was begotten,
Until his children were both dead and rotten.
Like to the Ivory touch-ſtone of a Cabbage,
Or like a Crablouſe with his bag and baggage,
Or like the four-ſquare circle of a Ring,
Or like the hey ding ding a ding ding,
Or like the brainleſs brains of a butter'd fiſh,
Or like the garbage of a quafting diſh?
Even ſuch is man, who without doubt,
Spoke to ſmall purpoſe when his tongue was out.
Like the freſh fading withered Roſe,
Or like the Rythme and Verſe that runs in Proſe,
Or like the humbles of a tinder-box,
Or like a man that's ſound, and hath the pox,
Or like a hobnail Rogue in ſingle pence,
Leſt it ſhould want it preterperfect tenſe;

Even

Even ſuch is man who died, and then did laugh
To ſee theſe ſtrange lines on his Epitaph.

De Origine Muliebris.

Man went to bed, and in a drunken fit,
He got this ſecond Child, the Female Chit:
He prancket it up with fardingales, and buſks,
Powderings perfumes, with paintings, and with muſks,
With ſhaperoons, rebatoes, and with wires,
With *Dutch*, *Italian*, *Spaniſh*, *French* attires:
Thus was it born, and bred; this Pupper Baby,
Is the ſame thing we now do call my Lady.

Upon a Kiſſe.

AMong the Fancies, tell me this,
What is the thing we call a Kiſſe?
I ſhall reſolve you what it is.

2.

It is a creature born and bred
Betwixt the lips, all cherry red,
By love, and warm deſires fed;
And makes more ſoft the Bridal-bed.

3.

It is an active flame, that flies
Firſt to the babies of the eyes,
And charms it there with lullabies,
And ſtills the Bride too when ſhe cries.

4.

Then to the cheek, the chin, the ear,
It friſks, and flies now here now there;
'Tis now far off, and now 'tis near,
And here, and there, and every where.

5.

Hath it a noyſing vertue? yes.
How ſpeaks it? ſay, do you but this,
Part your joyn'd lips, then ſpeak your kiſſe,
And this loves ſweeteſt language is.

6. Hath

6.

Hath it a body? yes, and wings,
With thousand more in colourings.
And as it flies, it gently sings,
Love honey yields, but never stings.

To the green-sickness.

Stay coward blood, and do not yield
To thy pale sister, beauties field,
Who there displaying round her white
Ensignes, hath usurp'd thy right,
Invading thy pecaliar throne,
The lip, where thou should'st rule alone,
And on the cheek (where Natures care
Allotted each an equal share)
Her spreading Lilly only grows,
Whose milky deluge drowns the Rose.
Quit not the field, faint blood, nor rush
In the short sally of a blush,
Upon thy sister-foe, but strive
To keep an endless war alive.
Though peace do petty States maintain,
Here war alone makes beauty raign.

Seeing her face in the water.

STand still ye streams, do not deface
that Image which you bear;
So Votaries from every place,
to you shall Altars rear.

2.

No wind but Lovers sighs draw nigh
to trouble these glad streams,
On which no Stars, nor the worlds eye
did ever dart such beams.

3.

To chrystal then in haste congeal,
lest thou should'st lose thy bliss;
And to my cruel shame reveal
how hard, how cool she is.

4. But

4.

But if the curious Nymphs ſhall fear
Their beauties will be ſcorned:
And hide the ruder wines to tear
That face with thee adorned.

5.

Then rage and foam amain, that we
Their malice may deſpiſe;
When from the froth we ſoon ſhall ſee
A Second *Venus* riſe.

Upon a Lady that wore in her breaſt a wounded heart carved in a precious heart.

1.

WHen on my *Celia* I did ſpy
A wounded heart of ſtone,
The wound had almoſt made me cry,
That heart was ſure mine own;
But when I ſaw it came inthron'd,
In her celeſtial breaſt,
Oh! it no longer then I own'd;
For mine was ne're ſo bleſt.

2.

Yet higheſt heavens doth ſhine,
Each conſtant Martyrs heart;
She then may well make room for mine,
Which for her ſake doth ſmart,
Where ſeated in ſo high a bliſs,
Though wounded yet ſhall live;
Death enters not in Paradiſe,
That place true light doth give.

3.

Yet if the place leſs ſacred were,
Did but her ſaving eye
Bath my deep heart in one kind tear,
Then would I never dye.
Slight Balms may cure a ſlighter force,
No medicine but divine,

Can

Can ever hope for to reſtore,
A wounded heart like mine.

Upon Flowers in his Miſtreſſes boſome.

YOu fragrant, flowers tranſported from the earth,
Where firſt you grew, into this ſecond birth;
Render your odours as my ſacrifice,
To her whom *Cupid* offered up his eyes.
Who having view'd the beſt of *Cupid*'s ſtore;
Burnt out his eyes, and vow'd to ſee no more;
Becauſe the like elſe-where could not be ſeen
In Milk-Maid, Lady, Fairy, Nympth, or Queen.
Repine not then to wither in thoſe plains,
Adorn'd with Ivory mounts, and Azure vains,
Where *Cupid* of his Altar made a grave,
And *Venus* would her ſacrifices have.
O happy Altar, O more happy ſhrine,
Moſt bleſſed Tomb, I would it had been mine!

Complemental and Amorous Letters,

1. *A Letter to renew Affection.*

ALthough I am aſſur'd I cannot dye
In your remembrance, yet I fear leſt I
Am like a Picture veiled from the light,
And ſo can yield no pleaſures by the ſight.
Letters are *Cupids* bellows, that do blow
Lovers affections until they do grow
Into a flame; thoſe do let Lovers find
The abſent bodies pleaſures by the mind.
O let me then within your thought revive,
And though we are fat diſtant, let us ſtrive
To meet in ſoul, let love convey me to you.
But in a dream, that I may ſit and woo you,

Till

Till I do meet again by fates direction,
With you the Miſtreſs of my hearts affection,

2. *A Letter to perſwade one to be conſtant.*

COnſtant love and vertue are
In their qualities alike;
Both in darkeſt nights ſhine fair,
Like to Stars which ſhoot and ſtrike
Through the Skies; ſo love will be
Moſt known in ſad adverſity.
Therefore (fair one) keep ſtill one mind;
To inſtruct the world how for to love,
Though nature do new changes find,
Like to a Center never move.
But while misfortunes do run round
About thee, be thou conſtant found:
Love's like a ſacred flame,
Which quench'd can hardly be renewed,
'Tis evermore the ſame,
Then let thy conſtancy be ſhewed;
Vertue ſits upon a ſquare,
And conſtant friends ſtill conſtant are.
Remember all our oaths and vows,
The bonds which I on thy lips ſealed,
Heaven no perjury allows,
Falſe hearts ſhall be at length revealed.
Though place and time our hearts divide,
They in a true-Lovers knot are tyed.

3. *A Letter to a Maid, from one that expected no portion.*

IT is your beauty, faireſt, not the wealth
Your Father means to give you, but your ſelf
That I do court, you have a ſtock of beauty,
Which doth exact from me moſt humble duty.
You have a ſmiling eye, whoſe brighter beams
Excel the gliſtering Sands of *Tagus* ſtreams.

You

You have a moiſt, ſmooth, tempting cherry lip,
From whence great *Jove* himſelf may Nectar ſip;
Such a freſh colour in your cheeks is ſpread,
That Roſes bluſh for anger, yet look dead,
To ſee themſelves excell'd; white Lillies grow
High colour'd to think Nature ſhould beſtow
Such beauties on you, with which to compare,
Flora's bright luſtres but eclipſed are:
Since thy ſweet cheeks are but by theſe ſet forth;
This pale, that bluſhing at thy admired worth,
A brow ſo high, ſo fair, thence day doth break,
When you do wake, and when you pleaſe to ſpeak,
The ſpheares ſtand ſtill, liſtning to hear
Thy voices harmony, ſo ſweet, ſo clear,
That they do mend the tunes, thereby
To bear with thee a ſympathy.
Let wretched Miſers then their treaſure lock
Within their Cheſts; I love thee in thy ſmock,
Nay, wert thou wrapped in a linnen blanket,
Thy naked ſelf could all my ſenſes banquet;
Which to confirm, let but thy love be mine,
Here's heart and hand to witneſs I am thine.

4. *A Letter to excuſe the not viſiting of a friend, at ones departure out of Town.*

GOod Sir, aſcribe not this my forc'd neglect
Of viſit, unto want of due reſpect:
But to the violence of my affairs,
That do tranſport me hence to meet with cares,
And make me moſt unfortunate to be
Deprived of your happy company.
But in my abſence think I do remain
Your ſervant, till I do return again.

Yours, I. G.

5. *To a Sweet-heart, abſent in the Country.*

THe Country now is more happier than the City,
Enjoying thy ſweet face, which is ſo pretty,

That

That hobnail fellow staring do gaze on thee,
As if thou were some new come Diety:
Methinks I see thee look beneath a hat,
Most sweet and lovely, and thou askest what
In market is the price of this and that;
Then tripping home, thou steppest o're each stile,
Which makes my fancy in conceit to smile.
O still, think I, thou wert in happy ease,
If thou either hadst my eyes, or I thy place:
Then being come home, put'st off thy cloaths again:
And mak'st thy bed most happy to contain
Thy pretty limbs, and then I wish to be
Your bed-fellow, to bear you company.
Farewel my sweetest, and my loveliest Lass,
That dost in features Ladies far surpass.

6. A Complemental Letter sent to a Lady.

MAdam, since that you are both great and good,
More noble by your vertues than your blood;
Whose titles only are the badge and Seal
Of th' souls worth, which affections best reveal,
Pardon the high ambition of my love,
That scorning meaner objects, or to move
In an inferiour, or below the sphear,
Where fair resplendant *Venus* shines most clear,
Doth thus advance, and raise it self to find
Beauty and vertue both in one conjoyn'd:
And since that my affection stands thus fair,
Built on a noble ground, and on the square
Of vertue, this alone implyes, I am
No dung-hill born, but a true Gentleman:
For never can a narrow mind possest
With the opinion that low thoughts are best,
And easie in obtaining hope to mount
His love unto an object of account,
Man doth not frame his own mind, nor compose
Those soft affections which from beauty flows.

Love

Love hath no golden arrow, but the beams
Shot from your eys, the which the fond boy means
To ſhoot at Rovers, and ſince it chanc'd that I
Stood in the way, whilſt that his ſhafts did flye:
Sweet Lady look upon my wounded heart,
For Ladies heretofore by Phyſicks Art
Did heal thoſe Pilgrims, whom Religion drew,
To take great journeys, holy Saints to view:
This ſuperſtition made the world a Baby,
But I am confident in you fair Lady,
That you that can hear my prayers, and alſo cure
The wounds of love, whoſe tortures I endure:
Then ſince you cannot bear my juſt complaint,
I'll be a Pilgrim to no other Saint.

A Letter to a Gentlewoman on a ſigh.

FAireſt, you deſire to know,
Why I ſo often ſigh, hi, ho;
It is not to cool Love his fire,
Every ſigh doth raiſe it higher.
Nor is it to blow up my flame,
Thereby to encreaſe my pain:
But to ſhew the reaſon better,
In my ſigh mark every letter.
The firſt *H.* ſtands for your hard heart,
The *I.* ſtands for your eye, my ſmart.
The other *H.* my heart doth ſhow,
The *O.* the vowel, is your No,
Thus your hard heart, and beauteous eye,
And no, which doth my ſuit deny,
Are the cauſe, why I do break
My heart with ſighs, which only ſpeak
In a language known to me,
Thus interpreted to be.
And now you know the reaſon why
I do ſo often, Hi, ho, cry.

8. *A Letter to excuse the abrupt taking of a Kisse.*

IF that I did offend, and do amiss
In forcing from you a constrained kiss:
Pardon my love, that thus did think to plead,
And in my own behalf did intercede.
Which if it hath offended at the Bar
Of mercy, kisses to be pardoned are,
Fairest, with others let your creature sue,
Intreat, and beg, that you would mercy shew,
And whilst my kisses beg; happy were I,
If I might but so rich a Beggar dye.

9. *A Letter to request a Courtesie.*

THe knowledge of your vertue makes me bold,
Upon your favour, thus for to unfold
My own desires, in hope you will be free,
In granting of an honest courtesie;
Since the request which is made to a friend,
Should have a just aim, at a noble end.
Such is my suit, for I should blush to own
A thought, which being to my self made known,
Should move his anger, therefore let me find
A true expression of your generous mind,
Adding this courtesie to many more,
Till back again I can the like restore.

10. *A Letter to a beautiful Gentlewoman, that was resolved to live and dye a Maid.*

ARe you so young, so handsome, and so pretty,
And yet resolve to dye a Maid? 'tis pitty.
Nature did give you beauty not to shew
Unto the world, but that you might bestow
It on some others, and raise up your like;
Hath *Cupid* not one Arrow left to strike
Your gentle bosome? Or else will you dwell
Within a Nunnery, or a Hermites Cell,
And there, for want of natures recreation,
Commit sin by a wanton speculation?

Look

Look on the Pelican, and Turtle Dove:
They both are mild and chaſte, yet both do love;
Look on the Eglantine, and Woodbine-tree,
Circling the Elm, and ſuch a Maid ſhould be;
Who ſhould with ſweet embraces gently wind
About her Lover, while he proves as kind,
And doth faſt hold her in his loving arms,
Whilſt true affection both their ſoft heart warms,
Then do not prove an enemy to Nature,
But place your love on me, divineſt creature;
That I being come into the pleaſant fields
Of love, may reap the harveſt that love yields;
For if to love, you live not, you are dead,
Then live, and love, and loſe your Maiden-head.

11. *A Letter to a Gentlewoman in excuſe of long abſence.*

MY unkind fate deſerveth blame, not I,
In robbing me of your beſt company,
And thus my thoughts ſeem to ſuggeſt, and ſay,
Write not to me, but come your ſelf away,
O could you fancy by imagination,
The ſorrow I ſuſtain in contemplation
Of my long abſence; how I ſigh and groan,
And oftentimes do play upon the Drone
Of a Tobacco-Pipe, to refreſh my wits,
When they are in ſad diſcontented fits;
You would then pardon me, who now do live
Forlorn in ſorrow, and do ſigh and grieve,
To think on you, whoſe preſence I deſire,
And burn the more, the further from the fire;
As flowers in Winter hide their drooping head,
And all their beauties are quite vaniſhed:
When the bright Sun withdraws his warmer light,
And leaves the world deprived of his ſight,
So I, like to a flower upon the ſtalk,
Wither, whilſt I in diſcontent do walk,

Wanting

Wanting thoſe beams of comfort, which proceed
From your fair eys, that do both warm and feed
My cold diſtreſſed heart, for how can I
But droop, deprived of your company?
I have no Eſſence now, for I did hold
My life from you; I gave away and ſold
My ſelf unto your ſervice, ſtill to be
Your conſtant Martyr, and your Votary;
And though I muſt be abſent ſome few hours,
Yet know dear Love, my heart is ſealed yours.

12. *A Complemental Letter.*

HEaven bleſs my Love, in whoſe ſweet favour,
I deſire alone to thrive;
Let fickle minds ſeek change and waver,
To be conſtant I will ſtrive:
Yours I am, and have no thought
That can reach beyond my Love,
But down to you 'tis quickly brought,
From Heaven below, to Heaven above;
You are my heaven here of content,
Whither my thoughts do now aſpire,
This life is but a baniſhment,
Till I enjoy my hearts deſire.
Therefore before my winged ſoul hence flies,
Let this one comfort unto you be given,
That in the ſphere of love our ſouls may meet
And both together take their flight to heaven.

13. *A Maids Letter fearing a growing ſhame.*

BLame not a Maid, if ſhe doth thus diſcover,
What ſhe doth bluſh to tell her faithleſs lover.
I know I urge but an unhappy ſuit:
Who loves the tree, when he hath got the fruit?
Yet think upon your vows, and falſe temptation,
Let former love move your commiſeration;
This paper will not bluſh while it doth tell,
That former pleaſures now make ſorrow ſwell.

You

You have enough undone me, do not be
For too much kindneſs cruel unto me;
Think of the ſtory of the *Trojan* Queen,
In whom my Picture may be lively ſeen.
For when that ſhe had made her ſelf the feaſt,
To entertain *Æneas* her falſe gueſt;
He hoiſted up his ſails, and ne're would view
The Royal Queen, whom his unkindneſs ſlew,
Poor ſilly Maid, deceiv'd by your temptation,
I was o'recome, our ſtories have relation.
I do intreat you then, if you would have
A happy life, and find a quiet grave;
That you would view me not as in loves bed,
But in the Paradiſe of my Maiden-head,
And had I ſo continued, I had been
Preſerv'd in Virgin pureneſs, clear from ſin.
Now like a weeping penitent I come,
In hope to move you to compaſſion,
Reſtore the ruines of my Maidens honour,
And think thus with your ſelf, ſhall I go from her,
That was ſo kind to me, that ſhe would venture,
On promis'd marriage, to ſeal loves Indenture?
O hear thy Conſcience that would thus inform thee,
And for my loving folly do not ſcorn me,
But let your love be mutually expreſt,
In confidence whereof my thoughts do reſt.

14. *A Letter of Thanks to a Gentlewoman for ſome kind favour received.*

ALL is from your free mercy, for I know
All merits are cry'd down, as far below
Your favours, which you do moſt freely leave
With ſuch as be unworthy to receive
Such lively comforts, that therein I find
All the Divinities of a worthy mind,
That in the pooreſt and unworthy ſpirits,
May let fall bleſſings far beyond all merits.

For

For with ſuch bounty you excite and move
My ſoul to wonder, and admire your love,
Knowing not how to render thanks as due
For ſuch expreſſions, which ſo far do ſhew,
That the endeavour of my life will be
To mean requitals of your courteſie:
But yet I hope to prove no barren ſand,
Nor, by ingratitude, a fruitleſs Land,
That doth deceive the Husbandmans deſires,
And both his limbs and expectation tires.
But all my powers ſhall labour with much ſtrength
Of thankfulneſs, to pay your love at length.
And may I ne're know comfort, if I prove
Ungrateful to the merit of your love.

15. *To Miſtreſs* Penelope, *Natures Maſter-piece, the Lover expreſſes his flame of affection.*

WOnder of beauty, in whom I do repoſe
Such hope of comfort, that I muſt diſcloſe
To you my ſecret thoughts, and dare to name
My ſufferings, how I Martyr'd in the flame
Of your affection, burn. Let not your ſcorn
Increaſe my ſorrows, ſo to make me mourn,
Till love increaſe in ſtrength, and ſo blaze higher,
That my ſad aſhes are conſum'd with fire.
Which ſhould not be, for I do not alone
Dote on thoſe beams which from your eyes are thrown.
Nor on your cheeks, which are the Nuptial bed,
Where Roſes are with Lillies married;
Nor on your lips, which cloſed ſeem to ſmother
Their beauty, and do only kiſs each other,
Theſe pieces of your beauty with a ſmile
May ſeem to build up a ſweet funeral pile
For common Lovers, but my fancy took
Another courſe, for it doth dare to look
Into your ſoul; which, crown'd with vertue, ſits
Govern'd by reaſon, not by paſſionate fits.

And

And wears a powerful charm, that both inspires
All hearts with holy thoughts, and good desires:
For Vertue hidden from the common sight,
Shine out in you, as glistering Stars by night
Peep through a Cloud, that all may gaze and see
Your glorious parts, cloath'd in mortality.
So that I am afraid here to describe
Your sweet perfections, lest they should be spy'd
By Angels, who, dress't in some mortal shape,
Would from the Heavens make a swift escape,
To court you in a dream, and so should stay
With you on Earth, forgetful of the way
Back into Heaven, whilst that they did prove
Rivals to me, in seeking of your love.
Therefore the flames of my affections are
Ingenuous, and not like the common snare
Of love, which is plac'd only in the blood;
For though I burn, my pain is understood
By such a Character as may be given.
Though it is flame, it is deriv'd from Heaven;
Kindled from a small spark that here doth shine
On Earth, and hath a nature that's divine.
O sweet *Penelope*! thy beauties be
But a fair Abstract, or Epitome
Of brightest lustres, or a stream doth lead
Me on unto the purest fountains head:
Then let me burn still, with a flame most clear
From sinful dregs, so that my love appear
An imitation of divinest love:
And if my flames too violent do prove,
This shall at last be my concluding prayer,
Let Heaven, and *Penelope*, both share
Of my poor heart, which thus consuming lyes,
Being her Martyr, and Heavens sacrifice.

16. *To Mistress* E. B. *sent with a Ring.*

ROund is the World, and so is Love;
No art can find out the beginning

Of Circles, thoſe on ſeas do move,
Come round again by Natures bringing;
And thoſe that travel in loves ring;
From one point do at firſt begin
Of affection, and having found
Love for love, are then come round.
So this Ring ſent ſhall be
Loves compaſs both to you and me;
By which we to ſail may venture,
Till we meet both in one centure.

17. *To a pretty witty ſcornful Gentlewoman, being proud of her beauty, and after troubled with the Green-ſickneſs.*

IF I were young as you are; would I prove
A Tyrant unto all that ſought my love,
To flout them? and to hear *Narciſſus* cry,
Eccho, O Eccho, for thy love I dye,
And periſh in the fountain of thy face;
What art thou gone, and leaveſt me in this caſe?
I'le walk away, and my ſad ſtory tell
Unto the Ghoſts that in *Elyſium* dwell.
Thus might I play the mad-man, but my dear,
And faireſt creature, in whom doth appear
Glorious perfections; tell me, would you have
Me dye for love, or weep into my grave?
And give my body to the worms to eat,
The Legacy on one is Womens meat?
Oh no, your knowledge will inform you fuller,
And tell you that your own cheek is grown duller
Than it was uſual: Death it ſeems hath ſtrook
A paleneſs in it, and away hath took
The former beauty, which he did to be
Revenged, for your ſcornfulneſs to me.
Death ſayes, that you this choice ſhall only have,
Either to marry me, or elſe your grave.

18. *To*

18. *To a weeping widow, wishing her to wipe away tears with a conceit of a second Husband.*

ENough of tears, their date expires,
Do not three dayes fresh desires
In you, or have you all sense lost?
Is your blood turn'd to a frost?
A Widows grief should alwaies be
An outside of formality:
Or like a herse-cloth that is laid
Upon the Coffin which convey'd
Into the grave, the mourning black
Is folded up and so sent back.
Your sorrow like the cloth laid on
The Herse, should not be convey'd home
With you. Why should you vex your self
With fruitless sorrows? can your wealth
Or tears which from your eyes do rain?
Call your late Spouse to life again?
O would you do him so much wrong?
That he having gotten from the throng
Of men, out of this world, to be
Blest with the Angels company,
Should back again return to give
Comfort to you, and here to live
A second pilgrimage; would you wish
Him for you to leave Heavens bliss;
Be comforted and let not sorrow
From your face such beauty borrow,
But make it lovely: black becomes
Only Funerals and Nuns.
There is no musick in the grave,
Though one be lost, still you may have
Another Husband; and I am bold
To ask you whether you can hold
A good opinion of my love,
Which in these characters doth move,

As active to give you content,
You know sweet Widdow what is meant
By active, you do never blush
At words, nor yet once pish or rush,
As maids do use in modesty;
Who will their own desires deny:
For Widdows with a better apprehension,
Should know the secret thought's intention.
Then fair one, if this Letter woo you,
Let it not be unwelcom to you,
But when you do rip up the Seal,
And read what this Sheet doth reveal
Unto your knowledge, let your blood
Inform you, that the lines are good.
Touching the quick, and he that writ
This Letter, doth your fancy fit;
For Letters unto Widdows sent,
Should be like challenges full bent,
To dare them from City or Court,
To play a Prize at *Cupids* sport.
But you will say that I do jest,
And do maintain within my breast
A wanton flame. I cannot mourn
With you, nor yet with sorrows turn,
Like *Niobe*, into a stone: but live
I would, that I might comfort give
To you sweet Widdow; then be content
To make me yours, *Sans* complement.

19. *To a young Maid.*

COme thou fairest master-piece
Of Nature's work, her golden fleece:
Let me enjoy thee, flowers will fade
If not refresh'd; dye not a Maid,
Let us agree to apoint a day
To gather flowers, why should you stay?

So long a Virgin? what have you done
To Nature, and your self? a Nun
Deserves not beauty, 'tis a mate
Makes *Cupids* Darlings fortunate.
Since youth and beauty then invite
You thus to play for your delight,
Let Lovers Tables opened be:
Fear not, you are well matcht with me;
Stake your maidenhead, you shall chuse
Whether you will win or lose;
Or if you lose, I do believe,
You will not for your loss once grieve.

20. *To a young Gentleman that disdained his Lover.*

ONce more I have presum'd to ease my grief,
With these said lines, in hope of some relief;
O wretched I! that suffer in the flame
Of love, yet dare not of my Love complain;
Nor sighs nor tears will I in this case use,
Not thee my Love will I at all accuse:
Since 'tis my cruel fate that I must be
Martyr'd with love, and only dye for thee;
Yet let me ask one question, are they least
Rewarded with true love, that do love best?
Or is it but in me held an offence
To love you, since that the sweet influence
Of one fair smile from you, renews life's flame,
And one sad frown can put it out again?
Like the third Sister, if you love deny,
You cut my thread of life, and I must dye.

21. *A Complemental Letter to a beautiful young Gentlewoman.*

FOr me to praise your beauty, would appear
A flattery; for when the Sun shines clear,
All do admire his beams; even so your eyes
Are like to Stars, that shine in beauties Skies,

And have a kind of influence below,
To make hearts all obedience to you ſhow.
Your cheeks are roſes, and your hair is amber,
The odour of your breath perfumes your chamber,
Your lips are like unto the Reſpaſs berry,
Or like unto a full ripe ſwelling Cherry:
Your brow is *Cupids* bow moſt ſweetly bent,
From whence *Loves Golden Arrow ſtill is ſent*;
Your breaſts are like a pair of Mountains,
Not yet diſſolved into *Nectar-fountains*;
Till love a pleaſant moiſture to them brings,
And raiſe upon them two moſt happy ſprings,
But there below, there lies the happy vally,
Where young *Adonis* did with *Venus* dally,
And to behold it, ſeemed much aſham'd,
He bluſh'd, and ſo this vally is un-nam'd:
Yet howſoever it be not expreſt,
Lovers have fancies to conceive the beſt.
Thus I acknowledge you, divineſt Creature,
To be a model of a moſt ſweet feature.
The ſence that nature hath ador'd with each part
With ſuch perfections, I do hope your heart
Is of ſo ſweet a temper, to let fall
Pitty on him, who doth not know at all
The Art of Complements; for love is beſt,
When it is naked with plain words expreſt;
Yet if you pleaſe to reckon me for one,
That am devoted in affection
Unto your ſervice, I ſhall repute of this,
As earths chief happineſs, and heavens bliſs.

22. *A Gentleman to his Miſtriſs proteſting ſervice.*

THink not, dear love, I'll reveal
The hours of pleaſure we did ſteal,
No eye ſhall ſee, nor the Sun
The things that thee and I have done.
The God of Love himſelf, whoſe dart,
Firſt wounded mine, and then thine heart.

He

He shall not know that we can tell,
What sweets in stol'n embraces dwell,
This only means may find it out,
If, when I dye, Physicians doubt
What caus'd my death, and there to view,
Of all their judgements, which was true,
Rip up my heart, Oh then I fear,
The world will see thy Picture there.

23. *To a Gentlewoman disfigured by the Small-Pox.*

WHat though your face with Pock-holes spangled be,
As though it were disgrac'd? Methinks I see
A heavenly Constellation in thy looks,
Like unto golden Characters in Books;
Sure they are *Venus* snares, so plac'd like skars,
Men should not know them from so many Stars;
Each Star a guide to lead blind men to sin,
Or else so many gins to catch me in.
Your beauty was divided thus insunder,
To make so many signs, and every sign my wonder;
Thus hath thy beauty so regain'd its light,
My heart is double slain, whilst I indite.

24. *A Moor to her fair Boy.*

WHy, lovely Boy, why flyest thou me,
That languish in these flames for thee?
I'm black, 'tis true, and so is Night,
And love doth in dark shades delight;
Nay do thou once but cloze thine eye;
The world will seem as black as I:
Or op't again, and see the shade,
Which by thine own fair body's made,
Which follows thee where e're thou go,
O who, allow'd, would not do so!
Let me for ever dwell so nigh,
And thou shalt need no shade but I,

25. *The fair Boy's Answer.*

BLack Maid complain not though I fly,
Since fate forbids antipathy.
Prodigious would that union prove,
Where night and day together move,
And the conjunction of your lips,
Not kisses makes, but an Eclipse.
Where there is mixed black and white,
Portends more terrour than delight;
But if thou wilt my shadow be,
Enjoy thy dearest wish; but see
Thou keep my shadows property,
That flies away when I come nigh;
Else stay till death hath blinded me,
Then I'le bequeath my self to thee:
This Sable which on white is laid,
Expresses well thy lustful shade.

26. *A down-right Suitor to his Sweet-heart.*

FAith Wench I love thee, but I cannot sue,
And shew my love as silken Courtiers do;
I cannot carouse a health to honour thee,
By such deboist and beastly courtesie;
And then straight eat up the carousing glass,
In glory that I am thy servile Asse.
Nor will I wear a rotten Barbers lock,
Like some scorn'd Cox comb, spending all my stock.
Well featur'd Lasse, thou know'st I love thee dear,
Yet for thy sake I'le take no cuff of th' ear,
Nor hang thy dirty silken shoo strings there;
Nor for thy sake will I once gnaw a brick,
O some pide colours in my Bonnet stick;
But, by the Smock of *Venus*, for thy good,
I'le spend my dearest thrice concocted blood.

27. *A welch-man to his Mistress.*

SHentle, modest, fair, and kind,
Being the mirrour of her mind;

Shentle

Shentle modeſt, when I ſee
The fair looks her made at me,
And the fine Ring that her did ſend
When her did come to ſee her friend,
Her could not chuſe, by what's above,
But be intangled by her love.
Her was often times about
To ſpeak her lovſe and put her out;
But her was think it a great deal better,
To wrap her lovſe within a Letter,
Hoping her not exception take
At her, for her Countries ſake.
What if her be a Welchman, what then?
Taffies was all Shentlemen,
Born from *Venus* that fair Goddeſs,
And many other ſhentle bodies;
Part Humane, and part Deſine,
We are deſcended from *Jove*'s line,
All this truth her dare not mince,
Being the iſſue of a Britiſh Prince;
Yet ſhould her with *Shinkin* drink a quart of Wine,
Her would think her fortune fine;
And her would tell her ſuch a tale in her ear,
Then all the world was never hear.
Then ſhentle modeſt let her prove,
Honeſt *Shinkin* will her love;
Though her was very filthy fit,
That drives poor Welchmen out of her wit;
And if her will not pitty her pain,
Her will never lovſe again.

28. *To his Miſtriſs.*

READ here my heart in Verſe, yet know I ſcorn
To flatter you, and I ſay the beauteous morn
Gives not ſo bright a glory, for with thee
There is a beauty mixt with modeſty,

Which I should wrong, such praises needful are
To them that want a blush to make them fair,
I might extol that arch, the lovely brow,
Whence *Cupid* from your eys his dart doth throw;
Those chrystal eyes where smiles a naked boy,
The picture of your hope and future joy;
Your tongue tipp'd with such fire and powerful Art,
As might inflame the most rebellious heart,
But these are talks must not be ventured on,
But by a wit as happy as your own.
Your musick I confess I would not hear,
Though it might ravish the most curious ear:
Even those your sweetest strains did I revile,
Lest they should hinder you from talk a while.
Nay more, the softness of your hand was such,
I fear'd it might be hurt with every touch:
Now pardon these rude lines, no grace they have,
But what your goodness in the reading gave;
Yet if one word of praise you please to spare,
My fame shall never find a sweeter air
To flie in, than your breath; and so I rest,
Untill my fortune with your self be blest.

29. *To his fair Mistriss, incensed upon a mistake.*

HEaven knows my love to you, set on desire,
So hallowed, and unmixt with vulgar fires,
As are the bright beams shot from off the Sun,
At its full height; and the devotion
Of dying Martyrs could not burn more clear,
Nor innocence in her first robes appear
Whiter than our affections: it did flow
Like frost forc'd out of flames, or fire from snow;
So the pure Phœnix when she would refine
Her age to youth, borrowed no flames but mine,
But my days ore-cast, for I have now
Drawn anger like a tempest from the brow
Of my fair Mistriss, those her glorious eyes,
Which I was wont to see like day stars rise, Threat

Threat like revenging Meteors, and I feel
My torments, and my guilt, doubling my hell;
'Twas a miſtake, and might have venial been,
Done to another, but it was made ſin,
And juſtly mortal too, by troubling thee;
Slight wrongs are Treaſon, offer'd to Majeſtie.
Enjoyn me pennance, and the ſtricteſt one,
That wit and cruelty can think upon,
I will a faithful penitential prove,
Through all your punishments, but not to love.
Oh all you bleſt Ghoſts of deceaſed loves,
That now live Sainted in *Elyzian* groves,
Mediate for mercy for me at her ſhrine,
Meet with full quire, and joyn your Papers with mine
Conjure her by your mutual hopes and fears,
By all your intermixed ſmiles and tears;
Conjure her by the merits of your kiſſes,
By your paſt ſufferings, and your preſent bliſſes,
To ſeal my pardon, go to her, and tell,
That you will walk my guardian Sentinel,
My ſouls ſafe Genius, that ſhe needs not fear
A mutinous thought, or one cloſe Rebel there.
But what needs that, when ſhe her ſelf ſits there,
Sole Angell of that Orb in her own ſphere,
Alone ſhe raigns, and can ſecure it, free
From all irregular motions; only ſhe
Can give the Ballam that can cure this ſore,
And the ſweet Antidote to ſin no more.

20. *To his Miſtreſs, on the ſeal of her Letter.*

THou ſend'ſt to me a heart was crown'd,
I took it to be thine,
But when I ſaw it had a wound,
I knew the heart was mine.
A bounty of a ſtrange conceit,
To ſend mine own to me,
And ſend it in a worſe eſtate,
Than it was ſent to thee.

O H Avens! how wouldst thou use a heart,
That should rebellious be?
Since thou hast been unkind to that;
Which so much honoured thee.

31. *A Letter to his unkind Mistress, that look'd a skew on him.*

TO thee, cruel fair, that turn'st thy face away,
O purpose to benight the day
Of my sad eyes; without all rest,
Obscur'd, and wounded like my breast.
The torch of th' day dares not to shine,
His world's turn'd *Egypt* too, like mine;
Eclips'd with sorrow, how he pries,
To see thy fairer Sun arise!
'Twas no Creation till the day
Distinguish'd how the Chaos lay:
Nor do th' glorious Spring appear,
Till the warm God begets it here.
Then fair own draw *Sol*'s curtains by;
With light thee Hemisphere supply.
Take heed, lest Natures frame, like me,
Dissolve for want of Sun and thee.
Forbid it, *Cynthia*, wounded hearts
Live by the rayes that *Cupid* darts;
Earths happiness, my Girl, to me,
Without thy clearer flames, is misery:
And though thy brighter beams do burn,
And me, Loves Martyr, into ashes turn;
Yet, in any Sepulcher of night,
Thine eyes shall yield a pure light:
Then turn not thy fair face away,
Thy splendor makes my night a day.

32. *A Letter of Protestation.*

INdeed I will not steal a kiss from you,
Nor wring your fingers hard: I will not sue
To those blest pair of sweetness, Stars for smiles;
All a young Lovers cunning, all his wiles, And

And pretty wanton diving; shall to me
Be strange, I only to your chastity
Will be devoted ever, that shall bind
Our hearts, like Ivy twin'd
About a well-grown Elm; and none untie
Loves knot, but fatal destiny.
Believe me, Sweetest, if I entertain
An unchaste thought, may I ne'r think again.

33. *A Letter to a Lady.*

Madam,

WHen Art and Nature both agree,
To sum their All in your Epitome;
When the perfection of both Sexes are
Lock'd in your Female store-house, who shall dare,
In an audacious rapture, to untwine
In closer numbers, what Heaven doth enshrine
In one rich breast? dazled invention, say,
Canst thou unbowel either *India*
In one poor Rime, or can they Torch-light fire
Shew to the Sun, or any Stars that's higher:
If thou wilt needs spend thy officious flame,
Do it in admiration, but disclaim
Thy power to raise thy sender's wishes; Bear,
And be the Herald of the new-born year;
Wish that each rising Sun may see her more
Happy, than when she rose the morn before,
And may, when e're he guides the envious West,
Leave her more blest than when he grac'd the East.
Wish higher yet, that her felicity
May equalize her vertues: Poetry,
Thou art too low, canst thou not swell a strain,
May reach my thoughts? Good Madam, since 'tis vain,
And yet my Verse to kiss your hand perfumed,
Let it not for your sacrifice be doomed,
And what it wants in true Poetick fire,
Let the flame add, till so my Muse expire:

Thus

Thus Madam, your frail Poet doth confess,
He wants a Muse worth such a Patroness.

34. *A Letter of advice to his Lady, too proud of her beauty.*

YOu whose pure and dainty skin,
Rosie lips, cheeks, or chin,
All that gaze upon you win;
Do not insult, for sparks within,
That slowly burn, will flames begin.
And presumption still hath been,
As fond as an unfortunate sin,
Then fair *Clarinda* be more kind,
These lines implore to know your mind,

35. *A Letter of acknowledgment.*

FAirest, what sorrow's like to that which bends
It self to please, yet still offends?
Punish me gently, Lady; Love's a Child,
And Childrens punishments they should be mild:
What though I did aspire,
To crown the hopes of my desire?
What if my bold love forward prest,
To touch your soft limb, then undrest?
'Tis known when Maids do naked lye in bed,
Loves Arrows then are shot unto the head:
But I know no such fault, but only this,
You gave me one, I took another kiss.

The Court of *Venus* Songs of Love and Mirth.

The First Song.

IF I freely might discover,
What could please me in my Lover;

I would have her fair and witty;
Savouring more of Court than City,
A little proud, but full of pitty?
Light and humours in her toying;
Oft building hopes, and soon destroying,
Neither too easy, nor too hard;
All extreams I would have barr'd.

2. *A Song.*

YOung and simple though I am,
I have heard of *Cupids* name,
Gues I can what thing it is,
Men desire when they do kiss:
Smoak can never burn they say,
But the flames that follow may.

I am not so fond or fair,
To be proud, or to despair;
Yet my lips have oft observ'd,
Men that kiss them press too hard,
As glad lovers use to do,
When their new met loves they woo.

Faith 'tis but a foolish mind,
Yet methinks a heat I find,
And thirsty longing that doth bide,
Ever on the weaker side.
O! I feel my heart doth move,
Venus grant, it be not love.

If it be, alas what then,
Were not women made for men?
As good it were a thing were past,
That must needs be done at last,
Roses that are over-blown,
Grow less sweet, and fall alone.

Yet no churl, nor silken gull,
Shall my Virgin blossom pull,

Who shall not, I soon can tell,
Who shall, would I could as well,
Yet I'm sure what e'r he be,
Love he must, or flatter me.

3. *A Song.*

OH that joy so soon should waste,
Or so sweet a bliss!
As a kiss,
Might not for ever last.
A sugry melting so soft, so delicious,
The dew that lies on Roses.
When the morn her self discloses,
Is not so precious;
Or rather when I would it smother,
Were I to taste but such another,
It would be my wishing,
That I might dye with kissing.

4. *A Song.*

WHy so pale and wan fond lover?
Prethee why so pale?
If looking well, it will not move her,
Can looking ill prevail?
Prethee why so pale?
Why so dull and mute young sinner?
Prethee why so mute?
If speaking well it cannot win her,
Can saying nothing do't?
Prethee why so mute? (her,
Quit, quit for shame, this will not move
This cannot take her:
If of her self she will not love,
Nothing can make her,
The Devil take her.

5. *A Song.*

AMongst the Myrtles as I walk'd
Alone, I with my sighs thus talk'd;

Tell

Tell me, said I, in deep distress,
Where I may find my Shepherdess?
Then Fool, said Love, know'st thou not this?
In every thing that's good she is;
In yonder Tulip go and seek,
There thou shalt find her lip and cheek.
In that inamel'd Pancy by,
There thou shalt find her curious eye;
In Bloom of Peach, in Roses Bud,
There waves the Streamers of her blood.
'Tis true, said I, and thereupon
I went and pluck'd them one by one,
To make of parts an union,
But on a sudden all was gone.
At which I stopt, said Love, these be,
Fond man, resemblances of thee,
For as these flowers, thy joy must dye,
Even in the turning of an eye;
And all thy hopes of her must wither,
As do those flowers, when knit together.

6. *A Song.*

COme, come, you Goddesses of the night;
That in silent sports delight,
And see the wanton Moon-shine play,
To light us in our doleful way.
Come, come, come, Ladies, come,
The night's not blind, though deaf and dumb.
Ladies, have you seen a toy
Called Love? a little Boy,
Almost naked, wanton, blind,
Cruel now, and then as kind;
If he be 'mongst you, Ladies say,
That he is *Venus* run-away.

Marks he hath about him plenty,
You may know him amongst twenty:
As his Body is on fire,
And his breath out-flames desire;
So being sent like lightning in,
He wounds our hearts, but not our skin.
If any here can but discover,
Where this winged wag doth hover,
For her pains shall have a kiss
When or where her heart can wish:
But she that can but bring him to his Mother,
From *Venus*, and her Boy, shall have another.

7. *A Song.*

WHy should passion lead the blind,
'Cause thy Mistress is unkind?
She's yet too young to know delight,
And is not plum'd for *Cupid*'s flight.
She cannot yet in height of pleasure,
Pay her Lovers equall measure:
But like a Rose, new blown, doth feed
The eye alone, but yield no seed.
She is as yet but in her spring;
Cold in love, till *Cupid* bring
A hotter season with his fire,
Which soon will kindle her desire.
Autumn will shortly come and greet her,
Making her taste and colour sweeter:
Her ripeness then will soon be such,
That she will fall even with a touch.

8. *A Song.*

LYe still my dear, why dost thou rise?
The light that shines, comes from thine eyes:
The day breaks not, it is my heart,
To think that you and I must part.

Oh

Oh ſtay! or elſe my joyes will dye,
Or periſh in their infancy.

'Tis time, 'tis day! What if it be?
Wilt thou therefore ariſe from me?
Did we lie down becauſe of night?
And ſhall we riſe for fear of light?
No ſince in darkneſs we came hither,
In ſpight of light we'll lye together.
Oh let me dye on thy ſweet breaſt,
Far ſweeter than the Phœnix neſt.

9. *The Troopers Song.*

FRom hunger, cold, who lives more free?
Or who leads merrier life than we?
Our bellies are full, our backs are warm,
And 'gainſt all pride our raggs are charm,
Enough is a Feaſt, and for to morrow,
Let rich men care, we feel no ſorrow.
Both City and Town, and every Village,
Affords us either armes or pillage;
But when the weather is cold and raw,
Then in a Barn we tumble in ſtraw;
In Summer together like bees we do flock,
And tumble in the graſs, or in the hay-cock.

10. *A Song.*

SInce love hath brought me,
And I have caught thee,
Here in this Bower;
Nor ſhall thy faigning,
Nor thy complaining,
Thy cauſeleſs chiding,
Thy ſhort abiding,
Thy crafty winding,
Thy quaint beguiling,
Thoſe thy ſtruglings,
With all thy jugglings,

Can

Can make me leave thee,
No, no, thou shalt no more deceive me.

11. Song.

HE that will court a Wench that is coy,
That is proud, that is peevish and antick,
Let him be careless to sport and toy,
And as peevish as she is frantick;
Laugh at her and slight her,
Flatter her, and spight her,
Rail and commend her again.
It is the way to woo her,
If that you mean to come close to her,
Such girls will love such men.
He that will court a wench that is mild,
That is soft and kind of behaviour:
Let him kindly woo her,
Not roughly come to her,
'Tis the way to win her favour.
Give her kisses plenty,
She'll take them were they twenty:
Stroke her and kiss her again,
It is the way to woo her,
If that you mean to come close to her,
Such girls do love soft men.
He that will court a wench that is mad,
That will squeak and cry out if you handle her,
Let him kiss and fling, till he make the house ring,
'Tis the only way to tame her;
Take her up and touz her,
Salute her and rouze her,
Then kiss her and please her again:
It is the way to woo her,
If that you mean to come close to her,
Mad girles do love mad men.

12. *A Song.*

A Nymph (when as the Summer's beams
made hot the colder air)
Into a fountains chryſtal ſtreams,
to bathe her did repair:
And by degrees ſhe boldly did
at length thoſe parts unhide:
Which to the baſhful, nature made
ſo curious to be ſpy'd.

Oft downwards would ſhe caſt her head,
and bluſhing look away;
Then twiſt her arms, and twine her thighs,
as fearful to betray
Her ſelf unto her fearful ſelf:
thus frighted ſhe at laſt,
Into the fountains ſwifteſt ſtreams,
her pureſt body caſt.

The waves did proudly bear her up,
and yet the ſilver brook,
Seem'd not to cleanſe her as ſhe ſwum,
but from her purifying took.
And underneath the chryſtal ſtreams,
as ſhe did gliding paſs,
She ſeemed like a Lilly fair,
that ſunk into a glaſs.

And as ſhe did her dainty arms,
in ſundry ſorts diſplay,
Oft times ſhe would *Narciſſus*-like,
with her own ſhadow play.
Oft would ſhe lye upon her back,
with legs and arms both ſpread,
And imitate thoſe wanton joyes,
that women uſe in bed.

Women

Women their modesty forget,
and often lay aside;
This Nymph, that thought her self unseen,
was by a shepheard spy'd:
Who ravish'd with the sight he saw,
no longer staid to woo her;
But flung away his hook and scrip,
And boldly stept unto her.

She screeking div'd, thought to have hid
her self, but all in vain,
The waters to preserve her life,
did bear her up again.
The shepheard caught her in his arms,
and laid her on the brink,
And what he did without delay,
You know, or else may think.

14 *A Song.*

AMongst the Myrtles sate my Love,
With a more downy skin,
And tender breast than *Venus* Dove,
And clearer from all sin.

For her I pluck'd the Mary-gold,
Whose leaves shut up with the evening dew,
I said to her rise and behold,
What pretty riddle this doth shew,
Those leaves shut in like to a cloistered Nun,
Will open while they feel the radiant Sun.

What mean you by this riddle Sir, she said,
I pray expound it; then I thus began,
Know maids are made for men, and men for maids,
Which said, she chang'd her colour, and look'd wan.
Since you the riddle, Sir, so plain have told,
Be you my Sun, I'll be your Mary-gold.

15. *A*

15. *A Song.*

AS I travers'd too and fro,
And in the fields was walking,
I chanc'd to hear two Sisters,
That secretly was talking;
The younger to the elder said,
Prethee why dost not marry?
In faith, quoth she, I'le tell to thee,
I mean not long to tarry.

When I was fifteen years of age,
Then I had Suitors many;
But I, a wanton peevish Wench,
Would not sport with any:
Till at the last, I sleeping fast,
Cupid came to woo me,
And like a Lad that was stark mad,
He swore that he would come to me.

And then he lay down by my side,
And spread his arms upon me,
And I being 'twixt asleep and wake,
Did strive to thrust him from me,
But he, with all the power he had,
Did lye the harder on me:
Asd then he did so play with me,
An I was play'd with never;
The wanton Boy so pleased me,
I would have slept for ever.

And then methought the world turn'd round,
And *Phœbus* fell a skipping,
And all the Nymphs and Goddesses,
About us two were tripping.
Then seemed *Neptune* as he had pour'd
His Ocean streams upon us;
But *Boreas*, with his blustring blasts,
Did strive to keep him from us.

Limping

Limping *Vulcan* he came in,
As if he had been jealous;
Venus followed after him,
And swore she'd blow the bellows:
Mars call'd *Cupid* Jack-an-apes,
And swore he would him smother,
Quoth *Cupid*, said I so to thee,
When thou lay'st with my Mother?
Juno, then, and *Jupiter*,
Came marching with *Apollo*,
Pan came in with *Mercury*,
And then began the hollow:
Cupid ran and hid himself,
And so of joyes bereft me;
For suddenly I did awake,
And all these fancies left me.

16. *A Song.*

I'Le gaze no more on that bewitching face,
Since ruine harbours there in every place;
For my inchanted soul alike she drowns,
With calms and tempests of her smiles and frowns.
I'le love no more those cruel eyes of hers,
Which pleas'd or anger'd, still are murtherers.
For if she dart like lightning through the air
Her beams of wrath, she kills me with despair;
If she behold me with a pleasing eye,
I surfet with excess of joy, and dye.

17. *A Song.*

LOvers rejoyce, your pain shall be rewarded,
The God of Love himself grieves at your crying,
No more shall frozen honour be regarded,
Nor the coy faces of the Maids denying:
No more shall Virgins sigh, and say we dare not;
For men are false, and what they say they care not.
All shall be well again, then do not grieve,
Men must be true, and Women shall believe.

Lovers

Lovers rejoyce, what you ſhall ſay henceforth,
When you have caught your ſweet hearts in your arms,
It ſhall be accounted oracle, and wroth,
No more faint-hearted girls ſhall dream of harms,
And cry they are too young; the God hath ſaid,
Fifteen ſhall make a mother of a maid.
Then wiſe men pull your roſes yet unblown,
Love hates the too ripe fruit that falls alone.

18. *A Song.*

HOw ill doth he deſerve a lovers name,
Whoſe pale weak flame,
Cannot retain
His heart in ſpight of abſence or diſdain;
But doth at once, like Paper ſet on fire,
Burn and expire.
True love did never change his ſeat,
Nor did he ever love that could retreat.
The noble flame which my breſt keeps alive,
Shall ſtill ſurvive,
When my ſoul's fled.
Nor ſhall my love dye, when my body's dead,
They all wait on me to the lower ſhade,
And never fade.
My merry aſhes in their Urn,
So like a hallowed lamp for ever burn.

19. *A Song.*

Shepherd. TEll me deareſt what is love?
Nymph. 'Tis a lightning from above,
'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,
'Tis a boy they call deſire,
'Tis a ſmile doth beguile
The poor hearts of men that prove.
Sheph. Tell me more, Are women true?
Nymph. Some love change, and ſo do you
Sheph. Are they fair, and ever kind?
Nymph. Yes when men turn with the wind.

Shep. Are they froward?
Nymph. Ever toward
Those that love, to love a new.

20. *A Song.*

COme shepherds come,
Come away without delay,
Whilst the gentle time doth stay.
Green woods are dumb;
And will never tell to any
Those dear kisses, and those many
Sweet imbraces that are given;
Dainty pleasures, that would even
Raise in coldest age a fire,
And give Virgin blood desire:
Then if ever,
Now or never,
Come and have it;
Think not I,
Dare deny,
If you crave it.

21. *A Song.*

WOuld you know what's soft? I dare
Not bring you to the Down, or Air;
Nor to the Stars; to shew what's bright;
Nor to the Snow, to teach you white.
Nor if you would Musick hear,
Call the Orbs to take your ear;
Nor to please your sence, bring forth
Bruised Nard, or what's more worth.
Or on food were your thoughts plac'd,
Bring you Nectar for your taste.
Would you have all these in one,
Name my Mistress, and 'tis done.

22. *A Song between two Boyes.*

1. THis Lady ripe, and calm, and fresh,
As Eastern Summers are,

Mu

Muſt now forſake both time and fleſh,
To add light to a ſtar.
2 Whilſt yet alive each ſtar decay'd,
She may relieve with light;
But death leads beauty to a ſhade,
More cold, more dark then night.
1 The ſaucy faith of man doth blind
His mind, till it conduce
To deſtine all his abject kind
For ſome eternal uſe.
2 Then ask not bodies doom'd to die,
To what abode they go,
Since knowledg is but ſorrows ſpy,
It is not ſafe to know.

23. *A ſad ſong to a Lute.*

YOu Virgins nine, from whence there flows
Words able to expreſs our ill,
Teach me to warble out my woes,
And with a ſigh each accent fill;
Infuſe my breaſt with doleful ſtrains,
Whoſe heavy note may ſpeak my pains,
O let me ſigh, and ſighing weep,
Till night beguile my eyes with ſleep.

The pleaſing murmures of the air,
That gently fan each moving thing,
I being heard, ſtraight do repair,
And bear a burthen, whilſt I ſing
A heavy burthen, doleful ſong
The fathers grief, the ſubjects wrong:
O let me ſigh, and ſighing weep,
Till night beguile mine eyes with ſleep.

The grieved *Flora* hangs the head,
Of every youthful plant and tree,

And flowry pleaſures are ſtark dead
At my lamenting melody
Then al my Muſes keep my ſtrains,
To reach the depth of bitter pains.
Oh let me ſigh, and ſighing weep,
Til night beguile mine eyes with ſleep

Me thinks I hear the ſinging ſpheres,
Tune her melodious ſtrains to mine,
The dewy clouds diſſolve in tears,
As if they grieved to ſe me pine
And all things joyn to help my moan,
Thus ſeldome come true ſighs alone,
Then let me ſigh, and ſighing weep,
Till night beguile mine eyes with ſleep.

24. *A Song.*

My Miſtriſs loves no woodcocks,
yet loves to pick the bones,
My Miſtris loves ſome Jewels,
And other precious ſtones,
My Miſtriſs loves no hunting,
Yet loves to hear the horn.
My Miſtriſs loves not Iriſh,
Yet loves to ſee men born.
My Miſtriſs loves no wreſtling,
Yet loves to catch a fall.
My Miſtriſs loves not all things
Yet loves my Maſter withal.

25. *A Song.*

Ah me, thou never loved'ſt me yet,
Faith and troth are but a fit
But to try, if that I
Would deny, or comply
With thy falſe diſſembling wit
Hoping my heart, by thy cunning wit and Art

To

To betray, as a prey for thine own,
Not to prove, or to love,
But deceive, and bereave
Of the hope that it feeds upon;
Oh then wonder not at me,
If I find in thy mind such deceit,
'Twere more strange not to change,
But to yeild in the feel,
Where love doth so faintly bear.
Blush not then, thou hast found out the cause
Of thy shame, then blame not my desert:
'Tis suspitious to be vicious,
Or give fire to desire,
When Love inflames but so in part.

26. *A Song.*

STill to be neat, still to be dress't,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd,
Lady, it is to be presum'd,
Though arts hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.
Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes sweetly flowing, hair as free,
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all the adulteries of Art,
They wound mine eyes, but not my heart.

27. *A Song.*

FLow, flow, fresh Fount, keep time with thy sad tears
Yet slower, yet, oh faintly gentle springs,
List to the heavy part, the musick bears,
We weep out her division, when she sings.
Drop hearbs and flowers,
Fall grief in showers,
Our beauties are not ours.

Oh I could ſtill,
Like melting Snow upon ſome craggy Hill,
Drop, drop, drop,
Since Natures pride is now a wither'd Daffadil.

28. *A Bridal Song.*

HOld back thy hours, dark night, till we have done;
The day will come too ſoon.
Young Maids will curſe thee, if thou ſteal'ſt away,
And leav'ſt their bluſhes open to the day.
Stay, ſtay, and hide
The bluſhes of the Bride.
Stay gentle night, and with thy darkneſs cover
The kiſſes of my Lover.
Stay, and confound her tears, and her ſhrill cryings,
Her weak denials, vows, and often dyings.
Stay, and hide all;
But help not, though ſhe call.

29. *A Song.*

Streph. COme my *Daphnis*, come away,
We do waſte the cryſtal day:
It is *Strephon* calls. *Daph.* What ſayes my love?
Streph. Come follow to the Myrtle grove,
Where I with *Venus* will prepare,
New Chaplets to adorn thy hair.
Daph. *Strephon*, Were I ſhut in this tree,
I'de break the bark to follow thee.
Streph. My Shepheardeſs, make haſte,
The minutes fly too faſt;
Let's to thoſe cooler ſhades, where I,
Blind as *Cupid* in thine eye,
Betwixt thy breaſts will ever ſtray.
Daph. In ſuch warm Snows,
Who would not loſe his way?

30. *Chorus, Strephon, Daphnis*, together.

WE'll laugh, and leave this world behind,
And *Jove* himſelf, who ſees,

Shall

Shall envy us ſuch, but ne'r ſhall find
Such pleaſure in his Deities.

31. *A Song.*

BAck again, fond man forbear;
Buy not a minutes ſtay too dear;
Come with holy flames, and be
Welcom to vertue and to me.

32. *Citizens Song of the Courtier.*

COurtier if thou needs wilt wive,
From this Leſſon learn to thrive:
If to match it be thy fate,
Let her ſurpaſs to birth and ſtate:
Let her curious garments be,
Twice above thine own degree.
This will draw great eys upon her,
Get her ſervants, and thee honour.

33. *Courtiers Song of the Citizens.*

POor Citizen, if thou wilt be
A happy husband, learn of me,
To ſet thy wife firſt in thy ſhop;
A fair, kind, ſweet wife, ſets a poor man up:
What though thy ſhelves be never ſo bare
A woman ſtill is currant ware;
Each man will cheapen, foe, and friend;
But whilſt thou art at the other end,
Whate'r thou ſeeſt, or what doſt hear,
Fool have no eye to, nor no ear,
And after ſupper for her ſake,
When thou haſt fed, ſnorr, though thou wake:
What though the Gallants call thee Mome,
Yet with thy Lanthorn light her home:
I am confident but will not tell,
Where ſuch a Citizen doth dwell.

34. *A Song.*

LOve, a thouſand ſweets diſtilling,
And with Nectar boſoms filling.

Charm all eys that none may find us,
Be above, before, behind us;
And whilst we thy pleasures taste,
Infore time it self to stay,
And by the fore-lock hold him fast,
Left occasion slip away.

35. *A Song.*

THere was an invisible Fox by chance,
Did meet two invisible Geese;
He led them a fine invisible dance,
For a hundred Crowns a piece.
Invisibe all but his head, he would go,
But when it came to be try'd, (show
Not only his hand which was left he did
But a fair pair of heels beside:
Invisible since their wits have been,
But yet there is hope of either. (again,
Their wits and their Crowns may return
Invisible altogether.

36. *A Song.*

IF Love his Arrows shoot so fast,
Soon his feathered stock will waste,
But I mistake in thinking so;
Loves Arrows in his Quiver grow,
That he wants no artillery,
That appears too true in me.
Two shafts feed upon my breast,
Oh mak't a Quiver for the rest;
Kill me with love thou armed so
Of *Cithera*, or let one,
One sharp golden arrow flye,
To wound her heart for whom I die.
Cupid, if thou beest a child,
Be a good boy, be more mild.

37. *A Song.*

ROom for the melancholly Wight,
Some call him willow Knight,
Who theſe pains had undertaken,
To find out Lovers are forſaken;
Whoſe heads, becauſe but little witted,
Shall with Garland ſtraight be fitted.
Speak, who are toſt on *Cupid*'s billows,
And receive the Crown of Willows:
This way, that way, round about,
Keep your heads from breaking out.

38. *A Song.*

SEek not to know my Love, for ſhe
Hath vowed her conſtant love to me:
Her mild aſpects are mine;
Shalt only know a ſtormy brow:
For if her beauty ſtir deſire
In me, her kiſſes quench that fire.

Or can I to Loves Fountain go,
Or dwell upon thoſe Hills of Snow;
But when thou burn'ſt ſhe ſhall not ſpare
One gentle breath to cool thy air.
Thou ſhalt not clime thoſe Alps, nor ſpy,
Where the ſweet ſpri[illegible]nus lie.
Search hidden nature, and there find
A treaſure to inrich thy mind.
Diſcover Arts not yet revealed;
But let my Miſtreſs live concealed.
Though men by knowledge wiſer grow,
Yet here 'tis wiſdom not to know.

39. *A Song.*

WElcome, welcome again to thy wits,
This is a Holy day:
I'le have no plots, nor melancholly fits,
But merrily paſs the time away:

They are mad that are ſad;
Be ruled by me,
And none ſhall be ſo merry as we;
The Kitchin ſhall catch cold no more,
And we'll have no Key to the Buttery door;
The Fidlers ſhall ſing,
And the Houſe ſhall ring;
And the world ſhall ſee,
What a merry couple,
Merry couple,
We will be.

40. *A Song.*

LOve is a deep bog, a deep bog, and a wide bog;
Love is a clog, a great clog, and a cloſe clog:
'Tis a Wilderneſs to loſe our ſelves;
And a Halter 'tis to nooſe our ſelves:
Then draw Dun out of the mire,
And throw the clog i'th fire:
Keep in the Kings high way
Sober, and you cannot ſtray.
If you admire no Female Elf,
The Halter may go hang it ſelf.
Drink Wine, and be merry, for love is folly,
And dwells in the houſe of melancholly.

41. *A Song.*

THe bluſhing Roſe, and purple flower,
Let grown too long, are longeſt blaſted.
Dainty fruits, though ſweet, will ſower,
And rot in ripeneſs, left untaſted;
Yet there is one more ripe than theſe;
The more you taſte, the more ſhe'l pleaſe.
Beauty, though incloſ'd with Ice,
Is a ſhadow chaſte as rare;
Then how much thoſe ſweets intice,
That have iſſue full as fair.

Earth

Earth cannot yield from all her powers,
One equal for Dame *Venus* bowers.

42. *A ſong.*

FOnd fables tell of old,
How *Jove* in *Danaes* lap,
Fell in a ſhowre of gold;
By which ſhe caught a clap:
O! had it been my hap.
How e'er the blow doth threaten
So well I like the play,
That I could wiſh all day,
And night to be ſo beaten.

43. *A ſong.*

CHant birds in every buſh,
The Black-bird and the Thruſh,
The chirping Nightingale,
The Linnet and the Wag-tail,
The Mavis and the Lark,
O how they do begin, hark, hark.

44. *A ſong on the Fairy Queen.*

COme follow, follow me,
You Fairy elves that be,
Come compaſs in this green,
And follow me your Queen.
Hand in hand let's dance a round,
For this place is Fairy ground.
When mortals are at reſt,
And ſnorting in their neſts,
Unheard, or uneſpy'd
Through Key-holes we do glide;
Over tables, ſtools, and ſhelves,
We trip it with our Fairy elves.
Then if the houſe be foul,
With platter, diſh, or bowl,

Up

Up ſtairs we nimbly creep,
And find the ſluts aſleep,
Then we pinch their arms and thighes,
None us hears, none us eſpies.
But if the houſe be ſwept,
And from uncleanneſs kept,
We praiſe the houſhold maid,
And ſurely ſhe is paid:
For every night before we go,
We drop a teſter in her ſhoe.
Upon a Muſhroom head,
Our table-cloath is ſpread,
A corn of Rie or Wheat,
Is the dyet that we eat:
Pearly drops of dew we drink.
In Acorn cups up to the brink.
The brains of Nightingales,
With unctious fat of Snailes,
Between two Muſcles ſtew'd,
Is meat that's eaſily chew'd:
Brains of Worms, and marrow of Mice,
Do make our feaſts of wondrous price.
The Graſhopper, Gnat, and Fly,
Serve for our Miſtriſs high,
Grace ſaid, we dance a while,
And ſo the time beguile:
And when the Moon doth hide her head,
The Glow-worms light us to our bed.
O're tops of dewie graſs,
So nimbly we do paſſe,
The young and tender ſtalk,
Ne're bends where we do walk:
But in the morning may be ſeen
The night before where we have been.

45. *A Song.*

SAy *Clarinda* while we prove
The mutual acts of bliſſe and Love;
Why weep'ſt, theſe are no maiden fears,
That bath our kiſſes in thy tears.
What faith hath taught thee to begin,
Repentance in the act of ſin?
Or do theſe grieved ſprings run o're,
Becauſe we did not meet before?
Or do thoſe ſilver fountains flow
In envy of thoſe ſilver pearls below;
Or ſorrow melt thy fairer eyes,
Becauſe my *Clare* would be too wiſe?
No, no *Clarinda*, I have found
Of all thy griefs the perfect ground:
And thou muſt needs be ſorry for't,
That ſport ſo ſweet ſhould be ſo ſhort.

46. *A ſong.*

DRink, drink, all you that think
To cure your ſouls of ſadneſſe;
Take up your Sack, 'tis all you lack,
All worldly care is madneſſe.
Let Lawyers plead, and Scholars read,
And Sectaries ſtill conjecture,
Yet we can be as merry as they,
With a Cup of *Apollo*'s Nectar.

Let Gluttons feed, and Souldiers bleed,
And fight for reputation:
Phyſicians be fools, to fill up cloſe ſtools,
And cure men by Purgation.
Yet we have a way far better then they,
Which Gallants could never conjecture;
To cure the head, nay quicken the dead
With a Cup of *Apollo*'s Nectar.

We do forget we are in debt,
When we with this liquor are warmed;
We dare out-face the Sergeant's Mace,
And Martial Troops though armed.
The Swediſh King much honour did win,
And valiant was as *Hector*;
Yet we can be, as valiant as he,
With a cup of *Apollo's* Nectar.
Let the worlds ſlave his comfort have,
And hug his hoards of treaſure,
Till he and his wiſh meet both in a diſh,
So dies a miſer in pleaſure.
Tis not a fat farm our wiſhes can charm,
We ſcorn this greedy conjecture;
[illegible] health to our friend, to whom we commend,
[illegible] cup of *Apollo's* Nectar.
[illegible] e and the Pot, are our common ſhot,
[illegible] with we keep a quarter;
[illegible] enough for to choak with fire and ſmoke,
The great Turk and the Tartar.
Our faces red, our Enſigns ſpread,
Apollo is our Protector;
To rear up the Scout, to run in and out,
And drink up this Cup of Nectar.

47. *A ſong on a ſcold.*

WE lived one and twenty year,
As man and wife together,
[illegible] could no longer keep her here
[illegible] She's gone I know not whether.
[illegible] Could I but gueſs, I do proteſt
[illegible] beak it not to flatter;
[illegible] ll the women in the world
would come at her.
[illegible] is beſtowed well,
[illegible] grave did hide her,

And

And sure her soul is not in Hell,
The Devils would not abide her;
I rather think, she's soar'd aloft,
For in the last great Thunder;
Methought I heard her very voice
Rending the Clouds asunder.

47. *A Song.*

LOve me not for lovely grace,
For my pleasant eye or face;
Or for any outward part,
No not for my constant heart.
These may fail, or turn to ill,
So thou and I shall ever serve;
Keep therefore a true Womans eye,
And love me still, and know not why;
So hast thou the same reason still,
To dote upon me ever.

48. *A Song on Prince* Charles.

FAir fare the Muses, which in well chim'd verse,
Our Princes noble birth do sing.
I have a heart as full of joy as theirs,
As full of duty to my King,
And thus I tell,
How every Bell,
Did sound forth *Englands* merry glee:
The Bonfires too,
With much adoo,
It were great pitty to belye her,
Made *London* seem all on fire,
A joyful sight to see,
The wisest Citizens were drunk that day,
With Beer and Wine most soundly paid;
The Constables in duty reel'd away,
And charged others them to aid.
To see how soon,
Both Sun and Moon,

And seven Stars forgotten be,
But all the Night,
Their heads were light,
With much exalting from their horn,
Because the Prince of *Wales* was born,
A joyful sight to see.

3. The *Dutch-men* they were drunk six dayes before,
And pray'd unto us to excuse their joy;
The *French-men* vow'd ne're to be sober more,
But drunk healths to the Royal Boy,
In their own Wine;
Both brisk and fine.
The valiant *Irish* cram a cree,
It pledged hath,
In Usque-bath;
And being in his joyful vain,
He made a bog even of his brain,
A joyful sight to see.

4. The *Scots* their joy in hunny-Ale did sing,
And wish'd the Royal Babe a Man,
That they might beg him, but to be their King,
And let him rule them when he can.
The *Spaniard* made
A shrug, and said,
After my Pipe come follow me;
Canary Sack
Did go to wrack;
Our Gentleman with them took part;
The Papist drank it with one heart,
A joyful sight to see.

5. The *welch* for joy her Cousen Prince was born,
Do mean to change Saint *David*'s day,
Swearing no Leek hereafter shall be worn,
But on the twenty ninth of *May*. None

None ſo merry,
Drinking Perry,
And Metheglin on her knee;
Every man
His crack and Can:
Thus arm'd the devil they defied,
And durſt tell *Belzebub* he lied.
A joyful ſight to ſee.

49. *A Song.*

HE that will woo a Widdow muſt not dally,
He muſt make hay while the Sun doth ſhine,
He muſt not ſue with a ſhally, ſhally,
But boldly ſay, Widdow thou art mine;
'Tis vain to woo a Widdow over-long,
In once or twice her mind you may perceive:
Widdows are ſubtle, be they old or young,
They know ſo much they quickly can deceive,
Strike home at firſt, ſhe quickly will be kind,
Or elſe ſhe'll be as fickle as the wind.

50. *A Song.*

SHew me no more the Mary-gold,
Whoſe leaves like grived arms do fold,
My longings nothing can explain,
But ſoul and body rent in twain.
Did I not moan,
And ſigh and groan,
And talk alone,
I ſhould believe my ſoul were gone from home
She's gone, ſhe's gone away, ſhe's fled,
Within thy breſt to make her bed;
In me there dwells her ſenent woe,
And ſighs are all the breath I blow,
Then come to me,
One touch of thee,
Will make me ſee,
Whether living thus alive or dead I be.

51. *A Song.*

IF my Miſtriſs bid me begin,
Shall I ſay no, no; it is a ſin?
If ſhe bid me kiſs and play,
Shall I cold fool ſhrink away?
If ſhe clap my cheek, and ſpy
Little *Cupid* in my eye,
Pinch my lip, and ſtroke my hair,
Shall I like a faint heart fear?
O no, no, no, no, I can't do ſo.

52. *A Song.*

SLaves are they that heap up mountains,
Still deſiring more and more;
Let's carouſe in *Bacchus* fountains,
Never dreaming to be poor.
Give us then a cup of liquor,
Fill it up unto the brim;
For then one thinks our wits grow quicker,
When our brains in liquor ſwim.

53. *A Song.*

NOr fate nor love can I accuſe,
For that my Love did me refuſe,
But O mine own unworthineſs,
That durſt preſume to mickle bliſs:
Too mickle 'twere for me to love,
A maid ſo like the Saints above;
An Angels face, a Saint-like voice,
A too divine for humane choice.

54. *A Song.*

WEre my love a filly ſhepherd,
I would be his ſhepherdeſs;
Or were he a poor neat-herd,
I would love him ne'r the leſs;
But he is one, that is well known,
To be a man in every part:
And he alone, ſhall be my own,
For in faith I love him with all my heart.

55. *A Song.*

I Am confirm'd a Woman can
Love this, or that, or any Man;
To day her love is melting hot,
To morrow swears she knows not what:
Let her but a new Object find,
And she is of another mind.
Then hang me Ladies at your door,
If e're I dote upon you more.
And if I love the fair one, why?
For nothing but to please mine eye;
For her that's musical, I long,
When I am sad, to sing a song;
And for the fair and smoth-skin'd Dame,
I flatter to appease my flame.
Then hang me Ladies at your door,
If e're I dote upon you more.
I give my fancy leave to range,
In every face to find a change;
The black, the brown, the fair shall be
But Objects of variety:
I court you all to serve my turn,
But with such flames as shall not burn.
Then hang me Ladies at your door,
If e're I dote upon you more.

56. *A Song.*

HAve you a desire to see
The glorious Heavens Epitome?
Or an Abstract of the Spring,
Adonis Garden? or a thing?
Here behold it open laid:
More full of wonder, Nature shop display'd,
Hung with the choicest pieces she hath made,
Here behold it open laid.
Or else, would you bless your eyes,
With a type of Paradise?

Or behold how Poets fain,
Jove to sit amidst his train:
Or see what made *Acteon* rue,
Diana 'mong her Virgin crew,
Lift up your eyes and view.

57. *A Song on a Star falling over the Arbour where his Mistress sate.*

AS I beheld the quick descent
Of last Nights falling Star,
Ask'd of many, what it meant,
Or what it came down for?

Some said, it was a Planet sure,
That wandring mist his way,
And finding there a Heaven more pure,
Would there be fix'd, and stay.

Some said, the Gods were all o'reseen
When they beheld thy feature;
They look'd on thine, and thought 't had been
Too fair for any Creature.

Mars swore 'twas *Venus*, his desire,
And to the Gods did say,
Let's send a flame of *Vulcan's* fire,
To light her in her way.

But sweet, if thou would'st have me tell,
This my opinion is,
When the other Gods had view'd thee well,
They needs would beg a bliss:

They sent this Star to fetch new light,
From thy more radiant eye;
'Twould grace the Heavens in the cleerest night,
And beautifie the Sky.

But keep thy splendor still so rare,
And thou shalt shortly see,

Thay will be forc'd to have thee there,
Or they 'l come down to thee.

58. *A ſong.*

GAther your roſe-buds whil'ſt you may,
Old time is ſtil a flying,
Thoſe bloſſoms which do bloom to day
To morrow will be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The ſooner will his race be run,
And neerer he's to ſetting.

That age is beſt that is the firſt,
When youth and bloud are warmer,
Expect not then the laſt and worſt
Which ſtill ſucceeds the former.

Then be not coy but uſe your time,
And whilſt you may, go marry;
For having once but loſt your prime,
You muſt for ever tarry.

59. *A ſong*

FIre, fire, lo here I burne in ſuch deſire,
That all the tears that I can ſtrain
Out of my empty love-ſick brain,
Cannot allay my ſcorching pain.

Come *Humber*, *Trent*, and ſilver *Thames*,
Dread Ocean haſt with all thy ſtreams,
And if thou canſt not quench my fire,
Oh drown both me and my deſire.

Fire, fire, there is no help for my deſire,
See all the Rivers backwad flye,
And the Ocean doth his aid deny,
For fear my heart ſhould drink them dry

Come

Come heavenly ſhowers, come pouring down,
Come you that once the world did drown.
Some then you ſpar'd, but now ſave all,
Which elſe muſt die, and with me fall.

60. *A Song.*

I Love a woman be ſhe tall,
Be ſhe low, or thick, or ſmall;
Be ſhe fair, or be ſhe brown,
So ſhe have nothing of the Clown.
'Tis behaviour that doth give
Beauty, whereas none doth live.
Which though it cannot ſpeak her mind
It doth teach how to be kind:
If her tongue do over-run,
Kiſs her, and ſhe will have done;
If her carriage ſtately be,
That doth more enamor me;
If her looks be meek and humble,
She will yield although ſhe grumble;
If ſhe be ſtudious, and love books,
Learning hath a thouſand hooks.
If intelligent and witty,
She's the apter to take pity;
If ſhe ſing unto the Lute,
Who can in her praiſe be mute;
If good qualities ſhe want,
Think her yet not ignorant;
If her hair be black or white,
Colour hinders not delight.
As I began, I'll end my Song,
I love a woman ſhort or long.

61. *A ſong.*

VAin men, whoſe follies make a god of love,
Whoſe blindneſs beauty doth immortal deem;
Praiſe not what you deſire, but what you prove,
Count thoſe things good that are, not thoſe that ſeem.

I can

I cannot call her true that's false to me,
Nor make of Women more than Women be.

62 *A Song.*

HAppy were he could finish forth his fate
In some unhanted Desert, most obscure
From all society, from love and hate
Of worldly folk, there might he rest secure:
Where, when he dies, his Tomb may be a Bush,
Where harmless Robbin dwells, with th' harmless
Thrush.

63. *A Song.*

Aurora to blush have I seen,
I have view'd the leaves of the Rose,
By the new fal'n Snow have I been,
And where the white Lilly grows;
yet never saw in any place,
pure white and red, but in your face.

64. *A Song.*

HAve you seen the white Lilly grow
Before rude hands have touch'd it?
Have you mark'd the fall of the Snow
Before the soyl hath smutch'd it?
Have you felt the Wool of Beaver?
Or Swans down ever?
Have you smelt of the Bud of the Bryer?
Or the Nard in the fire?
Or tasted the Bag of the Bee?
O so white, O so soft, O so sweet is she!

65. *A Song*

IS't for a grace, or is't for some mislike,
Where others give the lip, you give your cheek?
Some hold it for a pride of your behaviour,
But I do rather take it for a favour;
Wherefore, to shew my Kindness, and my Love,
I'le leave both Lips, and Cheeks, and kiss your Glove.

The

The reason is to make you full acquainted,
Your glov's perfum'd, your lips and cheeks are painted.

66. A Song.

NOt wise enough to rule a State;
Not fool enough to be laugh'd at;
Not childish young, nor bedlam old;
Not fire hot, nor Icy cold;
Nor richly proud, nor basely poor,
Not chast, yet no reputed whore;
If such a one I chance to find,
I have a Mistriss to my mind.

67. A Song.

SLeep, sleep, fair Virgin sleep in peace,
Pitty thou dyest without encrease,
Strangers weep that do but hear
How good thou wert, and how soon gone;
Well may the loser spend a tear,
That knew the joy of such a one.
To thy sweet memory shall be paid,
A plenteous dew each morn and even;
Farewell for ever lovely Maid,
A virgin lamp on earth, a star in heaven.

68. A Song.

IPrethee leave me, love me no more,
Call home that heart you gave me,
I but in vain that Saint adore,
That can, but will not save me,
These poor half kisses will me quit,
Was ever man thus served,
Amidst an Ocean of delight,
And pleasure to be starved?
Oh *Tantalus* thy paines ne'r tell,
By me thou art prevenged,
'Tis nothing to be plagued in Hell,
But thus in heaven tormented.

69. *A Song.*

Like Hermit poor, in penſive place obſcure,
I mean to ſpend my days of endleſs doubt;
To wail ſuch woes as time cannot re-cure,
Where none but Love ſhall ever find me out;
And at my gates Deſpair ſhall linger ſtill,
To let in death, when love and fortune will.

A Gown of gray my body ſhall attire,
My ſtaff of broken hope, whereon I'le ſtay;
Of late repentance, link'd with long deſpair,
The Couch is form'd, whereon my limbs I'le lay:
And at my gates Deſpair ſhall linger ſtill,
To let in death, when love and fortune will.

My food ſhall be of care and ſorrow made,
My drink nought elſe but tears faln from mine eyes;
And for my light in this obſcured ſhade,
The flames may ſerve which from mine heart ariſe:
And at my gates Deſpair ſhall linger ſtill,
To let in death, when love and fortune will.

70. *A Song.*

Woods, Rocks, and Mountains, and you deſart places
Where nought but bitter cold and hunger dwells,
Hear a poor Maids laſt Will, kill'd with diſgraces.
Slide ſoftly, whilſt I ſing, you ſilver Fountains,
And let your hollow Waters, like ſad Bells,
Ring to my woes, whilſt miſerable I,
Curſing my fortune, drop a tear, and dye.

71. *A Song.*

Sweet golden ſlumbers kiſs your tender eyes,
Sweet ſmiles awake you, when you mean to riſe;
Sad care is heavy, therefore ſleep a while,
So ſhall ſweet ſleep thy ſad fac'd care beguile.
Stay gentle *Morpheus* while ſhe ſleeps her fill,
And bleſs her with ſome ſweet illuſion ſtill:

Sleep gentle creature, sleep, and cease to cry,
While I sit hear and sing the lullaby.

72. *A Song.*

1.

LEt her give her Hand, her Glove,
Let her sigh, and swear she dyes;
He that thinks he hath her love,
I shall never think him wise:
Then be the old Love ne're so true,
She is ever for the new.

2.

One nail drives another forth,
Land must lose when Sea doth win;
Next that comes, though least of worth,
Drives him forth that first was in.

3.

Store of Dishes makes a feast,
Shift of Cloaths is sweet and clean;
Change of Pasture fats the Beast,
Think you then she will be lean?
Then be the old Love ne're so true,
She is ever for the new.

73. *A Song.*

OH let me groan one word into thine ear,
And with that groan break all my vital strings;
Thou that would'st never, now vouchsafe to hear,
How *Leda's* Bird on sweet *Meander* sings:
So dying Tapers have their fiery flashes,
And deadliest Embers have some burning ashes
Those were the locks that once maintain'd my strength
Those were the words that all my parts did cherish,
And what unkindness wilt thou gain at length,
If by the same I miserably perish?
That frown, I say, did in a minute starve,
That, which a smile did many years preserve.

74.

74. *A Song.*

HEnce all you vain delights,
As ſhort as are the nights,
Wherein you ſpend your folly;
There's nought in this life ſweet,
If men were wiſe to ſee't,
But only melancholly.
Come folded armes and fixed eys,
A ſight that piercing mortifies;
A look that's faſtned to the ground;
A tongue chain'd up without a ſound.

75. *A Song.*

GO ſpend thy time ſome other way,
Unthrifty boy, leave courting play,
For be a woman what ſhe can,
She's at the beſt not worth a man.
Quench thy flames and let them dye:
Reaſon bids thee, and not I;
She's a woman, go no higher,
It is enough to cool thy fire.
Women are but for the ſight,
Glow-worm like they'r beſt in night.
But if you needs muſt loving be,
Let it be no more a She:
Love thy Self, and love thy Friend;
Love thy Sack, and there's an End.

76. *A Song.*

THou ſends to me a heart was ſound,
I took it to be thine;
But when I ſaw it had a wound,
I knew the heart was mine.

2.

A bounty of ſtrong conceit,
To ſend mine own to me,
And ſend it in a worſe eſtate,
Than when it came to thee.

3.
The heart I ſent thee had no ſtain,
It was intire and ſound,
But thou haſt ſent it back again,
Sick of a deadly wound.

4.
O heavens! how wouldſt thou uſe a heart,
That ſhould rebellious be,
Since thou haſt ſlain mine with a dart,
That ſo much honoured thee.

77. *A Song.*

YOu that think Love can convey,
no other way,
But through the eyes into the heart,
his faral dart;
Cloſe up thoſe Caſements, and but hear
this Syren ſing,
and on the wing
Of her ſweet voice it ſhall appear,
That love can enter at the ear.
Then unveil your eys, behold
the curious mould.
Where that voice dwells, and as we know
when the Cocks crow,
And Sol is mounted on his way,
we freely may
gaze on the day:
So may you, when the muſick's done
Awake, and ſee the riſing Sun.

78. *A Song.*

MAdam be cover'd, why ſtand you bare,
It ſits not with your female ſex,
We know you carry worthy ware,
Which found may be without Index.
Theſe bare ſigns do but bid us look
For unknown ſtuff in your two leav'd book.

Spartan

Spartana Ladies ſome there be,
Which to their ſuitors naked ſtood,
And you your bare breaſts let us ſee,
Which tells your hidden parts are good.
Thus wanton *Venus* drew on *Mars*,
A bare breaſt ſhews an open ——

They hang forth ſigns at common Inns,
That ſtrangers may know where they lodge,
And you ſhew forth your naked twins,
And uſe them as a Brothel badge;
Theſe wanton ſigns direct mens *gratis*,
The high-way to your *nunquam ſatis*.

Diana being naked ſeen,
Did hornifie *Acteons* creſt,
And the fair ſtripp'd Hebrew Queen,
Her Husbands fore-hed finely dreſt;
Shut up then Madam, fly mens ſcorns,
For open breaſts breed ſecret horns.

The *Perſian* Matrons when their men
Before the *Medes* did flye and fall,
For to encourage them again,
Shew'd them their bellies bare and all.
You with your fair breaſts would (be-like)
Move even a heartleſs man to ſtrike.

Our Grandam *Eve* before the Fall,
Went naked and ſham'd not a whit,
You not to one, but unto all,
Shew both your hills, and naked pit:
Very well read in Rhetoricks ſchool,
You ſhew us but a part for th' whole.

The Mask you wear upon your face,
Upon your breaſts would better ſhew,
By nature that's a naked place,
Then Madam uſe your Mask below,

Lest that some gazing fellow venter,
And so descend to loves low center.

79. *A Song.*

HE that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eys doth seek
Fewel to maintain his fires;
As old time makes theirs decay,
So his flames must waste away.

2.

Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal thoughts combined
Kindle never dying fires.
Where they are not I despise,
Loves cheeks, or his lips, or eys.

3.

Cælia now no tear can win
My resolv'd heart to return,
I have search'd thy soul within,
And find nought but pride and scorn;
I have learn'd thine art, and now
I can disdain as much as thou.

80. *A Song.*

COme sorrow, come, bring all thy cryes,
All thy laments, and all thy weeping eyes.
Burn out the living monuments of wo,
Sad sullen griefs now rise and over-flow;
Virtue is dead, oh cruell fate,
All youth is fled, all our laments too late.
Our noble youth to thy ne're dying name;
Oh happy soul to thy ne're dying fame;
To thy long peace on earth, this sacred knell;
Our last love rings; Farewell, farewel, farewel.

81. *An Ode*

BEauty clear and fair;
Where the air,

Rather

Rather like a perfume dwells,
Where the Violet, and the Roſe,
In blew veins their bluſh diſcloſe,
And come to honour nothing elſe.

2.

Where to live near,
And planted there,
Is to live, and ſtill live now,
Where to gain a favour is
More than life, perpetual bliſs;
Make me live by ſerving you.

3.

Dear, again back recall
To this light,
A Stranger to himſelf, and all.
Both the wonder, and the ſtory
Shall be yours, and all the glory;
I am your ſervant, and your thrall.

82. *A Song.*

FAir Maid, you did but caſt your eye e're while,
your ripening eyes,
Upon a Bank of Camomile,
And ſtreight a bluſhing birth
Of Strawberries
Began to ſmile,
And all to gild the earth,
Would you have every harveſt here
Still laſt, then do no more
But kiſs your Sycamore,
That Myrtle, or that Bay;
And Berries will appear,
Not only ripe for this whole day,
But dangling all the year.

83. *A Song.*

I Can love both fair and brown, (betrayeth,
They whom abundance melts, and her whom want

Her who loves lovelineſs, and her whoſe ſports and playes,
Her whom the Country formed, and her whom the Town,
Her who believes, and her who cries,
Her who ſtill weeps with ſpungy eyes,
And her who is dry cork, and never cries.
I can love her, and her, and you, and you;
I can love any, ſo ſhe be not true.
Will no other vice content you?
Will it not ſerve your turn
To do as did your Mother?
Or have you all old vices worn,
And now would find out other?
Or doth the ſhame that men are true, torment you?

2.

Oh we are not, be not you ſo,
Tell me, and do you twenty know?
Rob me, but bind me not, and let me go?
Muſt I come to travel through you,
Grow your ſubject, becauſe you are true?

Venus heard me ſing this ſong,
And by Loves ſweeteſt name ſhe ſwore,
She heard not this till now, it ſhould be ſo no more.
She went, enquired, and return'd ere long,
And ſayes, alaſs, ſome two or three
Poor Heretick, and love there be,
Who think't eſtabliſh dangers conſtancy.
But I have told them, ſince you will be true,
You ſhall be true to them who're falſe to you.

84. *A Song.*

GOod morrow to the day ſo fair,
Good morroow, Sir, to you;
Good morrow to mine own torn hair,
All dabled in the dew.

2. Good

2.

Good morrow to this Cowſlip too,
Good morrow to each Maid,
That will with flowers this Tomb beſtrew,
Wherein my Love was laid.

3.

Ah woe is me, woe, woe is me,
Alack, and welladay;
For pity, Sir, find out that he,
That bore my Love away.

4.

I'le ſeek him in your Cities brave,
I'le ſeek him in your eyes;
Nay now I think you have made his grave
I'th bed of Strawberries.

5.

I'le ſeek him there, I hope ere this,
The cold, cold earth doth ſhake him;
But I will go, or ſend a kiſs,
By you, Sir, to awake him.

6.

Pray hurt him not, though he be dead,
He knows well who doth love him;
And who with green turfs rears his head,
And who doth rudely move him.

7.

He's ſoft and tender, pray take heed,
With bands of Baſſam bind him,
And brings him back, but 't is decreed,
That you ſhall never find him.

85. *A Song.*

SEeſt thou thoſe Jewels which ſhe wears
In that rich Caſkanet;
And thoſe on her diſhevel'd hair,
Fair Pearl in order ſet.
Believe young men all thoſe are tears,
From ſundry Wooers ſent.

In Bubbles Hyacinth and Rew,
Emblems of discontent,
Which when not warmed by her love,
By bold neglect each one,
Congeal'd to pearl and stone,
Which now the spoils of love upon her
She wears as Ensigns of her honour:
Wherefore young man beware, and thus surmise,
She that will wear thy tears, will wear thy eys.

86. *A Song.*

OH what a show
From the top to the toe,
How rich, how dear,
Those garments appear,
How't does a man good,
And stirs the life blood,
To touch and to take
How the sences awake,
How the whistling silk
Our fancy doth milk
How every thing shows,
And how the waste grows
From little to less,
Oh I could guess,
But 'tis a saucy sin,
Give me the lusty, lusty life within.

87. *A Song.*

PReserve thy sight, unthrifty girl,
To purify thy air
Thy tears to thread instead of pearl,
On bracelets of thy hair.

2.

The Trumpet makes the Eccho hoarse,
And wakes the talking Drum,
The express of grief gains no remorse,
When sorrow should be dumb.

3.

For I must go where silken peace
Hath lost her drowsie head,
And for the sport of Kings increase
The number of the dead.

4.

But first I'le chide thy cruel theft,
Can I in War delight,
That being of my heart bereft',
Have no heart left to fight?

88. *A Sonnet.*

IT is not feature, nor a face,
That doth my free election grace;
Nor are my passions only led
By a well temper'd white and red;
Could I enamour'd be of those,
The Lilly, and the blushing Rose,
United in one stock, might be
As dear unto my thoughts as she.
But I search further, and do find
Far richer treasure in her mind;
Where something is so lasting fair,
That Age, nor Art can it impair.
Had'st thou a Prospective so clear,
That thou could'st view my object there,
Thou'ldst wonder, and confess that I
Had cause to love her, and learn thence,
To love by judgement, not by sense.

89. *A Song.*

SO doth the early Lark salute the day,
So the young Birds do skip and play,
When the Suns chearful beams arise;
Such is the precious lustre of thine eyes.
For without that light,
With me 'tis endless night.

By them I live, I ſpring and grow, and have
By their Eccliſe a mournful grave.
When our hard Parents interpoſe,
A world of earthly thoughts, which doth procure
Great pain, till it renews again:
But we will borrow from Loves fire,
To kindle and inflame deſire;
That though our joyes meet nor, we may
By that warmth think there's another day.
Then meeting 'twill appear,
A thouſand times more clear.

90. *A Song.*

AWay, away delights,
Away your follies all!
Dwell here no more,
You that are wanton, proud, and fear no fall;
Your ſins deplore.
You that are high,
Sit and deſie fair fame,
Hark that muſt follow,
Oh a dying name:
Hark what muſt follow,
Oh an endleſs ſhame,
A lovely face, and not a virtuous mind;
Fair hope flies from, and leaves deſpair behind.

91. *A Song.*

COme hither you that love,
And hear me ſing,
Of joyes ſtill growing,
Green, freſh, and luſty, as the pride of ſpring;
And ever blowing.
Come hither you that bluſh,
And dare not know what is deſire.
And old men worſe than you,
That cannot blow one ſpark of fire.

And

And with the power of thy inchanting ſong,
Boyes ſhall be able men, and old men young.

92. *A Song.*

WHen doth love ſet forth deſire?
In prime of youth men ſay,
And when again will it retire,
When beauty falls away.
Then you in youth that think on this,
Taſte what the ſweetneſs of love is.
The night comes not as Lovers calls,
Being come ſtayes their leaſure;
Hours that are ſweet, are ſwift withall,
And attend not on our pleaſure.
Then you in youth think on this,
Taſte what the ſweet of beauty is.

93. *A Song.*

SAd ſorrow! put thy Cypris Garland on,
And in a habit that may make joy weep,
Preſent thy ſelf, that when thy part is done,
There's not an eye thou mayeſt not force to ſleep;
And that his ſong, if any yet dare ſing,
May be the fall, may be the fall, of ſome unhappy King.

94. *A Song of Sleep.*

FAir eys let fall, let fall your tender covers,
Caſe up thoſe ſparks ye gemm of Lovers,
In calmneſs reſt;
Thy pillow ſhall be *Venus* breaſt,
Lullaby, Lullaby.

95. *A Song.*

CLear the eyes of the Watch,
Lazy ſleep we diſpach
From hence as far as *Dedford*;
For your flock-bed, and your feather,
We expoſe to the weather,
And hang all the ſheets in the bed-cord.

Chorus.

Chorus.

Then sleep, sleep, and enjoy your beds;
our quiet drowsie heads;
May the Furies of the Night,
Scarlet Fleas, you affright,
And pinch you black and yellow;
But the plump browny Lowse,
Scorns the shelter of the house,
Oh he is a Souldiers Fellow.

Their Goblings, and their Gig,
We regard not a fig,
Our fancies they cannot vary;
We ne're pity Girls that do
Find no treasure in their shoo,
But are nipt by the tyranous Fairy.
Chorus. Then sleep, *&c.*

List! the noise of the Chairs,
Wakes the Wench to her Prayers,
Queen *Mab* comes worse than a Witch in;
Back and side she intails
With the print of her Nails,
She'l teach to snort in the Kitchin.
Chorus. Then sleep, *&c.*

Some the Night-Mare hath prest,
With that weight on their breast,
The returns of their breath cannot pass;
But with us that take is addle,
We can take off her Saddle,
And turn out the Night-Mare to grass.
Chorus. Then sleep, *&c.*

Now no more will we hark
To the charms of the Lark,
Nor the tunes of the early Thrush; All

All the Woods shall retire,
And submit to quire
Of the Birds of the holy bush,
Chorus. Then sleep; &c.

While the Country Lasse
With her Dary doth pass,
Our joyes no tongue can utter;
For we Centries stand,
And exact by command,
The Excise of her Lips and Butter.
Chorus. Then sleep; sleep, and enjoy your beds,
You quiet drowsie heads;
May the Furies of the night,
Scarlet Fleas, you affright,
And pinch you black and yellow;
But the plump browny Louse,
Scorns the shelter of the house,
Oh he is the Souldiers fellow.

96. A Song.

PRepare thy hollow womb, O Earth,
To take unto thy dead arm, and embrace
A rear-dew'd herse, in death now do him grace.
O never was deriv'd from humane birth
A King so lov'd, so honour'd, so renown'd,
Peace to thy soul, life to thy name,
Death to our joyes; O thy dear name!
Stop tears, drop heart, never was wound
So deep, so deadly to a Land;
O cruel stroke, O fatal hand!

97. A Song.

URns and Odours bring away,
Vapours sighs darken the day;
Our griefs more heavy lock,
Then dying youth too soon took

Our

Our doleful chears,
Be ſacred Vials fill'd with tears;
Our clamours through the wild air flying,
All ſad and ſolemn ſhews of dying,
What ever's ſerious to mirths foes,
Attend upon our funeral woes.

98. *A Song.*

ADverſe fortunes ever flie thee,
No diſaſtrous fate come nigh thee:
O worthy of worthieſt name, adorned in this manner,
Lead bravely thy forces on, under Wars martial banner.
Love and Fortune may they ſtill,
Be guided by thy noble will.
Arts and forces Victory attend thee nigh,
Whilſt Fame ſings loud thy powers,
Triumphant fall on thee bleſt ſhowers;
Arms and honours enrich thy ſtory,
To thy fames eternal glory.

99. *A Song.*

FLow ſtreams of briny ſalt from thy ſad eys,
To celebrate his mournful Obſequies;
My love is dead, he's dead, I muſt remain,
To draw my poor life in continual pain,
Till I have paid to his clear memory,
A Sea of love; O then moſt willingly,
Drown'd in my tears, as he in waves, I'll dye.

100. *A Song.*

LOoſe no time nor youth, but be
As kind to them as they to thee;
The fair Lillies that do grow
In thy cheeks, and purely ſhow,
The Cherry and the Roſe that blow:
If too long they hang, they'll waſte,
Winter comes which all will blaſt.
Thou art ripe, full ripe for men,
In all thy ſweets be gathered then.

101. *Song.*

AWay delight! go seek some other dwelling,
For I will bid farewel;
False hope! thy tongue is ever telling
Lye after lye;
For ever let me rest now from thy smarts,
Alass, for pity,
Stay, and fire some other hearts,
That have been hard to thee,
Mine was not so, nor shall not be,
Never again deluding love shall know me;
For I will dye,
And all those griefs that over-grow me,
Shall be as I,
For ever will I rest, whilst poor Maids cry,
Alass for pity, stay, and let us dye,
That men may
but mock our clay.

102. *A Song in praise of Ale.*

WHen that the chill Charocco blows,
And Winter tells a heavy tale;
When Pies, and Daws, and Rooks, and Crows,
Do sit and curse in frost and snows,
Then give me Ale.
Ale in a *Saxon* Kumkin then,
Such as will make grim *Alkin* prate;
Bids Valour burgeon in tall men,
Quicken the Poets Wit and Pen,
Despises fate,
Ale the absent Battel fights,
And scorns the March of *Swedish* Drum,
Disputes with Princes, Laws, and Rights,
What's done and past, tell mortal Wights,
And what's to come.

Ale

Ale, that the Plow-mans heart up keeps,
And equalls it to Tyrants Thrones;
That wipes the eye that fain would weep,
And lulls in sweet and dainty sleep
The o're wearied bones.

Grand-Child of *Ceres*, Barleyes Daughter,
Wines emulous Neighbour, if but stale;
Ennobling all the Nymphs of the water,
And filling each mans mouth with laughter.
Oh give me Ale.

103. *A Song.*

A Liberal heart makes our Fidlers ring,
And a free heart commands us to sing;
The Steward is our tune and string,
Heigh ho, now play any thing,
Of *Dick* and *Tom*; he that vexeth at our mirth,
A Small Beer Star reigned at his birth.

Such a Steward ever live;
To be merry, and to give,
To be Lord of every one, to be honour'd without lowring,
That keeps the good March Beer from sowring;
He that vexeth at our mirth,
A Small Beer Star reigned at his birth.

Let us sing time away;
Some drink, some laugh, whilst we do play;
The Steward gives us Wine and pay;
Heigh ho holyday,
The Steward is our tune and string,
Strike up Boyes, play any thing,
Of *Gill*, or of *Jone* ——
He that vexeth at our mirth,
A Small Beer Star reigned at his birth.

104. *A Song.*

FRom the Temple to the board,
From the board unto the bed
We conduct your Maiden head;
Wishing *Hymen* to afford
All the pleasures that he can,
'Twixt a Woman and a Man,
So merrily, merrily we pass along,
With our joyful, with our joyful bridal song.

105. *A Song.*

Cupid is *Venus* only joy,
But he is a wanton Boy,
He shoots at Ladies naked breasts;
He is the cause of most mens crests,
I mean upon the fore-head,
Invisible, but horrid;
'Twas he first thought upon the way,
To keep a Ladies lips in play.

106. *A Song.*

COme my honey, my douse, my del, my dear,
We have neither House nor Land, yet never want good chear.
We take no care for Lands or Rents,
We lye, we swear,
We sport in Tents,
We rouse betimes, and quickly steal our Dinners;
We're ne're taken
Without Hens and Bacon,
And that's good meat for sinners.
At Wakes, and at Fairs we cozen
Poor Country Folks by the dozen;
Some one disburses,
Whilst the other they pick their purses;
When thus out of use,
We cover our cloaths,

Our

Our boots, and our gingling rowels.
With shirts or with smocks, with sheets or with towels
We dance and we frisk,
And merrily whisk
Our Morrice unto the Taber;
The fools that would see
My Marrian and me,
We tickle their sobs for our labour;
Then live with us, with us, all you that love your eases,
He that's a Gipsie,
May be drunk or tipsie,
At any hour he pleases;
We laugh, we quaff, we ruffle.
Then live with us, &c.

WE all see how faith and fame,
Are followed by desire and shame;
How that women wanton are,
Their follies foul, their fancies fair;
Oh a handsom maid did moan,
Alas, for her maiden-head was gone;
For loss of which she did ask men (maiden-head,
Till that she were sped, who 'twas that had found her
I'th City Sir, we saw besides the Market place,
A maid that cry'd, a handsom maid, gon it was,
Tell me, O tell me, where have you been,
And what have you seen?
Did you hear what was her moan,
Oh her maiden-head was gone.
Maids that do lose that jewel amongst men
They know not how to find it, find it they know not
(when

Fancies

Fancies, Devices, and flouriſhing Expreſſions on Love Tokens, &c.

Upon a Scarf preſented.

TAke this Scarf, bind *Cupid* hand and foot,
So love muſt ask before he ſhoot.

Upon a pair of Sciſſers preſented.

Theſe Sciſſers do your huſwifery betray,
You love to work, though you were born to play.

Upon a Looking-glaſs preſented.

Blind Fortune doth not ſee how fair you be,
But gives a glaſs, that you you ſelf might ſee.

Upon a Fan preſented.

You love to ſee, and yet to be unſeen;
Take this Fan to be your beauties skreen.

On a plain Gold Ring preſented.

Fortune doth lend you, hap it well or ill,
This plain gold Ring to wed you to your will.

Upon a pair of Bracelets preſented.

Lady, yours hads fall'n into a ſnare,
For *Cupids* manacles theſe Bracelets are.

Upon a Scarf preſented.

O Faireſt, wear this Scarf which I do ſend,
It will your beauty from the wind defend;
For whatſoever breaths, this air will be
Deſirous for to kiſs thy lips like me.

On a Looking-laſs preſented.

In this ſame looking-glaſs my watry eye I ſee,
But I do wiſh that thou would'ſt ſhew
Her chearful countenance to me.

But why do I accuse thee here?
'Tis not thy fault, for thou art clear.

On a ring requested.

Let them whose hearts distrusts a Mistriss faith,
Bribe it with gifts; mine no suspition hath:
It were a sin of a deep stain for me
To think you false, as, so my self to be:
If to reward for that you have expresst,
You may expect a present, 'tis confest;
'Twere justice from another, but I am
So poor, I have not left my self a name
In substance, not made thine by style before.
He that bestows himself, can give no more.
If thou wilt have a Fayring from me then,
Give me thy self, I'll give my self agen.

A Country Clowns Present.

I send thee here Ribbond a whole yard,
I had sent thee Garters, but the world's so hard;
If Ribbond will not please thee, then let she
Hang in her old Garters, shall have no new for me.

On a Knife.

May this same Knife,
Else end my life.

On his Picture cut in Silver presented.

Pray take me kindly Mistress, kiss me too;
The substance will do more for you.

On a twist of her Hair.

When this about thine arm doth rest,
Remember him that loves thee best.

On a pair of Gloves presented.

Fairest to thee I send these Gloves,
If you love me, leave out the G,
And make it a pair of Loves.

Another.

These Gloves I send for thy delight,
For to set off thy purer white.

On a silver Bodkin presented.

My Dearest, sweet like this is Love,
It must be thrust in, and then it must move.

Written on a Gentlewomans Viol, in the time of her absence.

Mournful tunes to her complain,
And now she is gone, sigh her disdain;
When that she gives thee next a touch,
Beg I may play on her as much.

On a Ropes-end, presented in mirth to his Mistress.

Lest our loves should part or sever,
Here's a Rope to tye us together.

Her Answer.

The Rope is old, the Jest is new:
I take the Rope a Rope take you.

On his sending a Handkercheif.

Here back to thee I do re-send thy Clout,
Take away C. and then I send thee Lout.

On a pair of Gloves sent his Mistress.

With these love-bands,
I bind thy hands.

The Lover perswades his Mistress to pin on her Mask, and presents her with these Verses.

Thy Mask put on, thy beauty's lighter;
This darkness makes those flames shine brighter:
The Sun gilds Clouds; but from thine eyes,
A day through night more clear doth rise.

On a Knife given to his Valentine.

Fair Valentine, since once your welcome hand,
With your warm touch, did my new life command;
Vouchsafe the same hand still, to shew thereby,
That fortune did your will no injury.
What though a Knife I give? your beauties charm,
Will keep the edge from doing any harm;

Wool

Wool dulls the sharpest blade, and will not such
A weak edge turn, meeting a softer touch?

On the Letters of a Wife.

The *W.* is double wealth,
The *I.* an everlasting joy,
The *F.* a friend unto thy health;
The *E.* doth end even all annoy.

The Reply.

The *W.* is double woe,
The *I.* nought else but jealousie,
The *F.* a fleering flattering foe,
The *E.* an earthly enemy.

On his Mistresses Watch.

Go and count her better hours;
That more happy are than ours,
The day that gives her any bliss
Mak't as long again as 'tis;
The hour she smiles in, let it be
By thine are increas'd to three;
But if she frown on thee or me,
Know night is made by her, not thee;
Be swift in such an hour, and soon
Make it Night, though 't be but Noon.
Obey her time, who is the free
Fair Sun, that governs thee and me.

On an empty Purse.

Heaven's a place, some say, where Angels dwell,
My Purse wants Angels, therefore call it Hell.

A Parson to his Mistress.

My Person is divine, my Parsonage large and fair;
Come joyn thy love with mine, we'l make a loving pair.

Her Answer.

Your Person is divine, your Parsonage during life;
But if you chance to dye, then whe's the Parsons Wife?

To

To his Mistress, tying a Ribbond about his wrist.

THis silken wreath that circles in mine arm,
It is but an Emblem of the mystick charm;
Wherewith the magick of your beauty binds
My captive soul, this round about it winds,
My flesh alone; that hath impal'd my mind,
That to your beauty only is confin'd;
Time may wear out these soft weak bands, but those
Strong charms of love fate shall never unloose.
This holy relique may preserve my wrist,
But my whole frame doth by that knot exist:
To that my prayers and sacrifice; to this,
I only pay a superficial kiss:
This but the Idol, that's the Deity;
Religion there is due, here Ceremony:
That I receive in faith, but this in trust;
Here I may render duty, there I must:
This moves like air, that like the center stands;
That knot your vertues tied, this but your hands;
That nature framed, but this made by Art;
This makes my arm your prisoner, that my heart.

Upon Nothing left for a New-years-gift.

These costly Calends put me to my shift,
What I should send thee for a New-years gift;
Nor *India*, nor *Ophir*, yield me Gemm or Gold;
I want those knacks that in the Burse are sold.
Chains, Bracelets, Ear-rings, *Ariadnes* Lawn,
The curious work by Holy Sisters drawn,
Are far above my reach to compass; so
All that I have is Nothing to bestow.
Accept I pray, the gift beseems you well,
For you do Nothing want that I can tell,
Scorn not the Present, look on't, and you'll find
'Tis of great worth, Nothing content the mind;
Nothing is happy; Nothing is truly good;
For Nothing we pick quarrels, and draw blood:

And though for nothing Lawyers ſpeak not now,
Yet about nothing they make much ado,
So rare is nothing that now adays 'tis made
Reward unto deſert, ſervice is paid
Richly with nothing: therefore do not grieve
To wear this rare new nothing on your ſleeve.

Poſies for Rings, and other pleaſant things.

RIngs and true friends — Are without ends.
The Ring is grac'd, — That ſo is plac'd.
The love that is chaſte, — Doth never waſte.
It was not ſent, — In complement.
Think on me, — Thoughts are free.
Let us ſhare, — In joy and care.
In thy breaſt, — My heart doth reſt.
Good Wives and Health, — Are mans beſt wealth.
Love is here, — In the true ſphere.
This wreath of Gold, — Two hearts doth hold.
No force can move, — A fixed love.
Deſpiſe not me, — I joy in thee.
Reading this, — Wiſh me a kiſs.
I vow to kiſs, — Her that reads this.
Abſence ne'r parts, — Two loving hearts.
This and the giver, — Are thine for ever.
Abſence will prove, — The trueſt love.
Ah, be not coy, — My deareſt joy.
The love I owe, — I muſt ſhow.
Of all the reſt, — I love thee beſt.
Rather never, — Then once and not for ever.
No Turtle Dove, — Shall ſhew more love.
As I affect thee, — So reſpect me.
Well directed, — If accepted.

The love I owe,
This I give you,
O that I might,
If you to harbour me deny,
I perish in the waves and dye.
When this you see,
Think well of me.
Virtue and Love,
Are from above,
Like to a Circle round,
No end in Love is found,
More near to me,
Than life can be.
This, and I,
Until I dye.
Had I not spoke,
My heart had broke.
Your consent,
Is my content.
'Tis Love alone,
Makes two but one.
You and I,
Will Lovers dye.
Though friends cross love,
We'll meet above.
Sweetest, thou art,
My dearest heart.
I languishing dye,
If you deny.
Faithful love,
Can ne're remove.
Desire, like fire,
Doth still aspire.
All born to live,
And live to love.
We lingred long,
Yet lik'd at last.
I seek to be,
Not thine, but thee.
In thee each part,
Doth catch a heart.
I love none.
But you alone.
Loves knot once tyed,
Who can divide?
In bodies two,
In heart but you.
My heart, ah me,
Is fled to thee.
As I to thee,
So wish to me.
When *Cupid* fails,
The eye prevails.
True love appears,
In midst of Tears.
Be thou mine,
As I am thine.
I'le rather dye,
Than my promise deny.
My Love for this,
Deserves a kiss.
Till death doth call,
My heart, and all.
My fancy is,
Endless as this.
My joy will dye,
If you deny.

Some comfort give,
Hit or miſs,
What I call mine,
My faith once paſt,
My conſtant love,
Loves delight,
Thy true affection,
So decreed,
Each day I dye,
We muſt be one,
No change whatſoever,
Till death us part,
Be firm to me,
God above,
My heart liveth,
Nothing for thee,
I joyn in one,
My love by this,
More I cannot,
Heart and hand,
Though far apart,
The love I owe,
Where this I give,
By this Token,
No recompence,
My hearts love,
Once reſpected,
I wiſh to have,
Your ſight,
In thy breaſt,
Let friend, not foe,
My love to thee,
Your friend am I,
Take this in part,
Beſt election,
I fancy none,

By this I live.
Have at thee *Siſs*.
Shall all be thine.
Shall ever laſt.
Shall ne're remove.
Is to unite,
My perfection.
And ſo agreed.
If you deny.
Or I ſhall be none.
Shall part us ever.
Thou haſt my heart.
As I to thee,
Increaſe our love.
Where it loveth,
Too dear can be.
But enjoy none.
Preſented is.
Leſs I will not.
At your command.
Yet near in heart.
I cannot ſhow.
I wiſh to live.
You are beſpoken.
But a remembrance.
Shall endleſs prove.
Now neglected.
But bluſh to crave.
Is my delight.
My heart doth reſt.
This ſecret know,
Like this ſhall be.
And ſo will dye.
Of my true heart.
Is conſtant affection.
But thee alone.

For a kiſs, Take this.
In every grief, Love yields relief.
Its in thy will, To ſave, or to kill.
Where hearts agree, No ſtrife can be.
As true to thee, As death to me.
I joy to find, A conſtant mind.
Loves knot once tyed, Who can divide?
In conſtancy, I live and dye.
I am yours, Whilſt life endures.
Love never dies, Where virtue cries.
Is all perfection from above? Then ſurely love.

* *

FEar God, and love thou me,
That is all I crave of thee.

Thee did I find, thee did I chooſe;
Thee do I bind, till death doth looſe.

My fancy firſt hath choſen thee,
By faith I will requite thee.

I love thy beauty, thy virtue moſt;
Virtue is found, when beauty's loſt.

As I expect, ſo let me find;
A fairhful heart, a conſtant mind.

Paſt, preſent, and in future time;
I was, I am, and ever ſhall be thine.

Be it my fortune, or my fault,
Love makes me venture this aſſault.

Be not too raſh, deny not flat,
For you deny you know not what.

My eyes did find, my heart made choice,
Of her that makes me now rejoyce.

The ſacred purpoſe and decree,
Is manifeſt in chooſing thee.

God hath ke, t my heart for thee,
Grant that our love may faithful be.

My faith is given, this pledge doth ſhow,
A work from Heaven, perform'd below,

Where Virtue is the cauſe of Love,
Nothing till death can it remove.

God hath thee choſen a Mate for me,
I'le honour him in loving thee,

The eye findeth, the heart chooſeth;
The hand bindeth, and death looſeth.

Wit, Wealth, and Beauty, all do well:
But conſtant Love doth far excell.

Such liking in my choice I find,
That none but death ſhall change my mind.

Innumerable are the Stars I ſee,
But in my heart no Star like thee.

A ſhort Ridling entertainment.

Queſt. MY fleſh, my skin is red,
But white is all my heart;
Where round about the Wall is ſet,
Beaten with every Dart?

Sol. *It is a Cherry, and a Cherry-ſtone.*

Queſt. What is that, is as white as Snow,
And yet as black as any Crow;
And more pliant than a Wand,
Tyed in a ſilken Band;
And every day a Princes Peer,
Looks on it with a mirth that's clear?

Sol. *It is a Book, tyed with a ſilken Lace,*
The Paper is as white as Snow,

Ink

Ink as black as any Crow,
And leaves more pliant than any wand.

Queſt. Learning hath bred me, yet I know no letter
I have lived among books, yet am never the better;
I have eaten up the Muſes, yet know nor a verſe,
What ſtudent is this, I pray you reherſe?

Sol. *A worm bred in a book.*

Queſt. One evening as cold as cold might be,
With froſt, and hail, and pinching wea ther,
Companions about three times three,
Lay cloſe all in a pound together.
Yet one after another they took a heat,
And died that night all in a ſweat?

Sol. *A pound of Candles.*

Qu. It was not, it is not, nor never will be,
Hold up your hand, and you ſhall ſee.

Sol. *It is the little finger that was not, nor is not, nor never will be, ſo great as the other fingers.*

Qu. Sweet Lady, ſuch a boon I crave,
As being got again you have.
Nay if you ſurfeit of my requeſt,
Your gift returns with intereſt;
'Tis not ſo wanton as may ſhow
A *Venus* bluſh, a *Cupids* bow,
Such as your beauty ſympathizes,
When *Cupids* quivered in your eys;
That bliſs which anſwers my deſire,
May parallel *Diana's* fire;
'Tis ſuch as in a moments play,
Is given, and is gone away:
Yet if you grant a bliſs,
Sweet Lady tell what it is?

Sol. *A kiſs.*

Qu. My Coat is green, and I can prate
Of divers things within my grate,
In ſuch a Priſon I am ſet,

That hath more tap-holes than a net?

Sol. *A Parrot in a Cage of wire.*

Queſt. In open field I cannot lie,
Within a box of Ivory,
My Ladies reſt me quietly?

Sol. *A Fan of Feathers in a Ladies Cabinet.*

Queſt. What part of man may that be,
That is an implement of three,
And yet a thing of ſo much ſtead,
No man would without it wed.
And by which thing, or had or loſt,
Each marriage is but made or croſt?

Sol. *The heart of man is a triangular figure, The beginning of love.*

Queſt. Round I am, yet cannot reſt,
When I am mounted at the beſt.

Sol. *A Tennis Ball.*

Queſt. Far in the Weſt I know not where,
Are trees, men ſay, that Oyſters bear:
That Oyſters ſhould be bred ſo high,
Methinks it ſoundeth like a lie.
That Female plants I know 'tis true,
In *London* Streets bear Oyſters new;
And fiſh, and fleſh, and now and then,
They bear I tell you handſom men.

Sol. *Every man and woman is a tree, and by ſuch trees, you know what fruits are born in* London.

Queſt. Tell thy Maſter in my name, when trees are turned, and wells be dry;
And dead for quick, then come will I?

Sol. *'Tis midnight, when a Gentlewoman correcting her meaning, promiſed her lover that ſhe would come.*

A Propoſition or queſtion about a Garland.

Queſt. Betwixt two ſuitors ſate a Lady fair,
Upon her head a Garland ſhe did wear,

And

And th' enamour'd two, the first alone
A Garland wore like her, the other none;
From her own head she took the wreath she wore,
And on him plac'd it, that had none before;
And then these Lovers brows were both about
Beset with Garlands, whilst she sate without;
Beholding then these Rivalls on each side
Of her thus plac'd, and deckt in all their pride;
She from the first mans head the wreath he had
Took off, and therewith her own brows she clad;
And now this Lady, and the second were
In Garlands deckt, and the first man sat bare:
Now which did she love best, of him to whom
She gave, or him she took the Garland from?

Sol. *In my conceit, she him would soonest have*
From whom she took, not him to whom she gave;
For to bestow, divers respects may move;
But to receive, none should perswade but Love,
She grac'd him much, on whom her wreath she plated;
But him whose wreath she wore, she much more grated;
For where she gives, she there a servant makes;
But makes her self a servant where she takes:
Then where she takes she honours most, and where
She doth most honour, she most love doth bear.

Quest. As bitter as gall, as sweet as milk;
As high as a wall, and as soft as silk?

Sol. *A Wallnut upon a Tree.*

Quest. I am called by the name of Man,
Yet am as little as a Mouse;
When Winter comes, I love to be,
With my red Target near the house?

Sol. *A Robin-red-breast.*

Quest. Ten mens length, and ten mens strength,
And ten men cannot rear it?

Sol. *A Cable-Rope.*

Quest. I was not, I am not, nor shall not be;
Yet do I walk, as men may see?

Sol. *It is a Man whose name was* Not. (again,

Qu. In the last minute of mine age, I do wax young
And so have still continued, since the World did first be-
Sol. *It is the Moon.* (gin?

Qu. I do owe most, yet nothing pay;
Evil I am, and the worst I say?
Sol. *Ingratitude.*

Qu. Beyond the Seas there is an Oak,
And in that Oak there is a Nest,
And in that Nest there is an Egge,
And in that Egge there is a Yolk,
Which calls together Christian Folk?
Sol. *It is the Clapper of a Bell within a Steeple: for the Church is taken for the Oak, the Steeple for the Nest, the Bell for the Egge, the Clapper for the Yolk.*

Qu. 10000 Children beautiful of this my body bred,
Both Sons and Daughters finely deckt, alive, and they are dead;
My Sons were put to extream grief, by such as lov'd them well; (tell?
My Daughters dyed of extream age, by whom I cannot
Sol. *The Mother is the Tree, the Sons the Fruit, and the Daughters the Leaves.*

A Mysterious Epitaph.

NOT born, nor dead, not christned, nor begot;
So here she lyes that was, and that was not:
She dyed, was born, begot, bapriz'd, and more;
Was in her life not honest, not a Whore.
Reader, behold a wonder rarely wrought,
Which, whilst thou seem'st to read, thou readest *NOT.*

Qu. There are thick Bushes, little ones,
Whereon grow prickles, and precious stones,
Which fair Maidens often pull,
'Tis hard, 'tis round, 'tis plump, 'tis full,
They put it in, and still they move it,
Which makes it melt, and then they love it.

The

The sweet suck'd, they cease to play,
And cast the empty skin away.

Sol. *A Gooseberry.*

Choise Apothegms and Proverbs collected from divers Authors, upon sundry occasions.

A Fair Wife, and a Frontier Castle, bred quarrels.

2 An old wise mans scabberd, is better than a young buzzards sword.

3 Vertue never grows old.

4 To a fair day open your window.

5 Old wine, and an old friend, are good provisions.

6 Too much familiarity breeds contempt.

7 She spins well that breeds her Children.

8 Marry your Son when you will, your Daughter when you can.

9 Dally not with money, nor women.

10 None is a fool alwaies, every one sometimes.

11 I wept when I was born, and every day shews why.

12 He that playes his money ought not to value it.

13 They that know one another, salute a far off.

14 Think of ease, but work on.

15 A woman and a glass are ever in danger.

16 Truth and oyl are ever above.

17 Honey is sweet, but the Bee stingeth.

18 He hath great need of a fool, that playeth the fool himself.

19 He that stumbles and falls not, mends his pace.

20 Building and marrying of Children, are great wasters.

21 Pro-

21 Play with a fool at home, and he will play with you in the Market.
22 The Eye and the Religion can bear no jesting.
23 An ill wound may be cured, not an ill name.
24 On Painting and Fighting look a loft off.
25 Marry a Widdow before she leaves mourning.
26 Good words quench more, than a Bucket of water.
27 By Suppers more have been killed, than *Galen* ever cured.
28 Many kiss the hand, they wish cut off.
29 He that strikes with his tongue, must ward with his head.
30 Since you know all, and I nothing, tell me what I dreamed last night.
31 If you would know secrets, look them in grief, or pleasure.
32 Fine words dress ill deeds.
33 Praise a Hill, but keep low.
34 If the wise erred not, it would go hard with fools.
35 Water, fire, and souldiers quickly make room.
36 Fair words make me look to my purse.
37 The offender never pardons.
38 He that is angry at a Feast is rude.
39 Before you make a friend, eat a bushel of Salt within him.
40 He that hath horns in his bosom, let him not put them on his head.
41 In life you lov'd me not, in death you bewail me.
42 The hearts letter is read in the eys.
43 He that lives in hope, danceth without musick.
44 Chuse a horse made, and a wife to make.
45 The Court hath no Almanack.
46 The ignorant hath an Eagles wings, and an Owls eys.
47 The Cholerick drink, the melancholick hates, and the flegmatick sleeps, 48 Con-

48 Converſion makes one what he is.
49 Wine is a turn-coat, firſt a friend, and then an enemy.
50 Many things are loſt for want of asking.
51 Love makes one fit for any work.
52 Love makes his Kingdom without a Sword.
53 Love makes all hard hearts gentle.
54 Love makes faith, and faith makes firmneſs.
55 Love and buſineſs, find eloquence.
56 He that loves the tree, loves the branch.
57 Love and a Cough cannot be conceal'd.
58 Love is not found in the Market.
59 Love is the true price of love.
60 A houſe and a woman ſute excellently.
61 Diſcreet women have neither eys nor ears.
62 Things well fitted abide.
63 In chuſing of a Wife, and buying of a Sword, we ought not to truſt another.
64 Fair is not fair, but that which pleaſeth.
65 Who lets his Wife go to every Feaſt, and his horſe drink at every water, ſhall never have good wife, nor a good horſe.
66 The tooth-Ach is more eaſie than love.
67 Willows are weak; yet they bind others.
68 Gaming women, and wine, whilſt they laugh, make men pine.
69 In the husband wiſdom, in the wife gentleneſs.
70 Beauty draws more than Oxen.
71 If the Mother had never been in the Oven, ſhe had never ſought her Daughter there.
72 Three women make a Market.
73 He that marries for wealth, ſells his liberty.
74 A gentle heart is tied with an eaſie thread.
75 Fair language grates not the tongue.
66 Women laugh when they can, and weep when they will.

77 He

77 He that marries late, marries ill.
78 Words are women, deeds are men.
79 Pleasure long expected, is dear enough sold.
80 A woman conceals what she knows not.
81 He that tells his Wife news, is but newly married.
82 All truths are not to be told.
83 A long tongue is a sign of a short hand.
84 What your glass tells you, will not be told by Councel.
85 Mills and wives ever want.
86 He that hath a Fox for his mate, had need have a Net at his girdle.
87 Prettiness dyes first.
88 A poor Beauty finds more Husbands than Lovers.
89 Who hath a Wolf for his mate, needs a Dog for his man.
90 He that is not handsom at twenty, nor strong at thirty, nor rich at forty, nor wise at fifty, will never be handsom, strong, rich, or wise.
91 Hearken to reason, or she will be heard.
92 He that will learn to pray, let him go to Sea.
93 I had rather ride on a Horse that carries me, than an Ass that throws me.
94 While the discreet advise, the fool doth his business.
95 Who doth his own business, foules not his hands.
96 Disgraces are like Cherries, one draweth another.
97 He plays well that wins.
98 The Royal Crown cures not the head-Ach.
99 He that contemplates, hath a day without a night.
100 Nothing dries sooner than tears.

101 Long

101 Long jesting was never good.
102 Sweet discourse makes short dayes and nights.
103 Night is the Mother of Counsel.
104 Soft and fair goes far.
105 A Ship, and a Woman, are ever repairing.
106 The best of the sport, is to do the deed, and say nothing.
107 He thinks not well, that thinks not again.
108 Gifts enter every where without a Wimble.
109 He that is at ease, seeks vanities.
110 The first and the last Frost is the worst.
111 A cool mouth, and warm feet, live long.
112 He that will take the Bird, must not scare it.
113 Ill Ware is never cheap.
114 Were there not Fools, bad Ware would not pass.
115 Who is so deaf as he that will not hear?
116 They that are booted, are not always ready.
117 Send a wise man of an errand, and say nothing to him.
118 In the World, who knows not how to swim, goes to the bottom.
119 Though the Sun shine, leave not thy Cloak at home.
120 Far Shooting never kill'd Bird.
121 He that hath the spice, may season as he lists.
122 Water afar off quencheth not Fire.
123 The Wearer knows where the Shooe wrings.
124 One Flower makes no Garland.
125 A Fool may throw a Stone into a Well, which a hundred wise men cannot draw forth.
126 To the Counsel of Fools a word is best.
127 There are many wayes to Fame.
128 The shortest Answer, is, Doing.
129 A Bird in the hand, is worth two in the bush.

130. Little Dogs ſtarts the Hare, the great ones get her.

131 Wiſdom hath one foot on the Land, and another on the Sea.

132 Wine in bottles, doth not quench the thirſt.

133 An idle head is a box for the wind.

134 If things were to be done twice, all would be wiſe.

135 At Court, every one is for himſelf.

136 'Tis good walking with a Horſe in ones hand.

137 In an hundred Ells of Contention, there is not one inch of Love.

138 You muſt loſe a Fly to catch a Gnat;

139 For a morning rain leave not your journey.

140 The Mill cannot grind with the water that is paſt.

141 The fault of the Horſe is put on the Saddle.

142 Whoſe Houſe is of Glaſs, muſt not throw ſtones at another.

143 Milk ſayes to Wine, welcome friend.

144 The Houſe ſhews the Owner.

145 Quick Believers need broad ſhoulders.

146 He that ſends a Fool, means to follow him.

147 Never had ill Work-men good Tools.

148 When Prayers are done, my Lady is ready.

149 He that ſtudies his content, oftentimes wants it.

150 Health without money, is half a ſickneſs.

151 There is no equity in keeping an unjuſt promiſe.

152 It is better to give one Shilling away, than to lend twenty.

153 Before thou marry, have thy dwelling place.

154 Handſome Women without Portions, find more Sweet-hearts than Husbands.

155. Happy is he that oweth nothing.

Phraſes for the beginning of Letters, for our readier ſpeed in our urgent occaſions.

DEſiring to refreſh the memory of your good will.

I thank you for the courteſie I received at your hands.

I pray you honour me ſo much, as to bear my Neece company.

Let me requeſt this courteſie at your hands.

I muſt intreat you to have me excuſed.

I am wonderfully taken with the reading of your letters.

Sir, I am not ignorant of the affection you bear to me.

There ſhall be nothing wanting in me, who have been alwaies tender of your honour.

Sir, I have well conſidered of your friendſhip, and the worthy affection you bear to me.

Sir, Let me adviſe you not to ſlip any opportunities to make me happy in your commands.

Sir, Excuſe me, if my haſte force me to be familiar with you.

Phraſes for the concluſions of Letters in haſte.

WHerefore let me intreat you to adviſe me, or give me counſel, ſince in all things you may diſpoſe of me.

Wherefore I do again deſire you to repute me for one of your adorers.

I will employ all my power in it,

The beſt intereſt, or uſe, which you ſhall have for the

the money you lent me is: that I will here confeſs and ſubſcribe my ſelf yours, &c.

Sir, So as you will have a little patience, I will do you reaſon, or I will do all that ſhall be fitting, to expreſs my ſelf your ſervant.

When you ſhall have need of my Ware, or of any thing my Shop affords, it is at your command or ſervice, as I am, &c.

In any thing wherein I ſhall have the means to ſerve you, I will do it with a very good will; whilſt I am, &c.

If you have need of me, I pray you ſpare me not, ſince I am alwaies yours.

If you think good, I pray you ſend for it, for it is at your comman, as I am.

Sir, I ſhall acquit my ſelf therein, as I ſhould do in my own buſineſs, that moſt chiefly concerns me, for I am, &c.

You ſhall find me alwaies ready to obey you to my power, F. G.

If you deal well with me now, you will give me occaſion to pleaſure you another time, for I am at your diſpoſure.

If you ſend not the ſum you owe me, you will conſtrain me to take ſome other courſe.

I pray you adviſe him in it, who is yours, L. W.

I will be ready to do it with all my heart.

'Tis the laſt part of that ſervice he ows you, who is your friend.

I will not fail to advertize you.

All that I have is at your command, as I am.

I will take the boldneſs to ſalute you, with my moſt humble recommends.

I ſhall do it with as good a will, as I now recommend me to your good favour, with my prayers to God, to give you even what your heart deſires, and I remain yours.

Deſ-

Desiring God to give you the continuance and increase of all kind of prosperity; with my prayers to God, to give you, with your perfect health, the accomplishment of your wishes, and desires. Yours, *G. L.*

Praying to God for your contentment, even so I take my leave.

And so I rest, or remain ever, Yours, &c.

The Garden-knot of fair and rare Letters of Complements.

An offer of service. 1.

SIR,

THese strokes of my hand, shall serve to intreat you to honour me with yours, and to confirm me to you anew; the purpose I have alwaies had in my soul, which is a perfect will to live faithfully, that I may dye constant, *Yours Sir.*

Another. 2.

SIR, This my duty shall confirm the rest, which I desire to yield you by service, with this request, that you hold me still in your remembrance, as him that shall never affect other merit, than that of obeying you, whereby to be by you esteemed, Sir, the most obedient of all your servants.

Another, upon the sending of a Token. 3.

See, *SIR*,

I Do not forget you, witness this present, and a thousand more evidences, which I shall give you for a security of my continued affection; and in all occasions, you shall find me what I profess, that is, *SIR*, *Yours.*

A Letter of request to entertain a friend. 4.

SIR, If I can tell how to crave of you, much better can I obey you; but for lack of your commands, I make my prayers to you; and especially for this, to honour this friend of mine with your favour; we both shall be obliged and bound to you; he, as an humble suitor; and I, Sir, as, *Your most affectionate servant.*

SIR, Another to the same effect. 5.

MY passionate desire to do you service, emboldens me to take pen in hand, to beseech you to do this friend of mine a favour; the matter is but small, but the acknowledgment shall be great, I shall expect this courtesie from you, as you from me will look for all manner of service, since, in very deed, I am,

Your most humble servant.

SIR, A Letter for answer to requests. 6.

I Honour your requests too much to refuse them, much more your commands, to dislike them; so that by obliging you, I content my self. I have therefore effected your will, which I account mine own, with as much vehemency as shall be requisite for your service; for whilst I am any thing, Sir, I am, *Your servant,*

Another humble expression of ones self to a friend. 7.

SIR, I am so destinate to obey you, that I never had a more passionate desire in my soul for any thing: endeavour then to content me, by making use of my services, for they belong to you; and I bestow them on you, without reserving ought, but the honour of that employment, since that will make me still appear, wheresoever I am, like my self, which is,

Your most humble, &c.

SIR, Another. 8.

YOur requests are effected, and by consequence, my desires are accomplished; the one depending

on

on the other: for the least of those things that may pleasure you, shall be always my contentment. Spare not then to command my utmost endeavours, for they proceed, Sir, from *Your most Humble servitor.*

A Complemental Letter. 9.

SIR,

I Have nourisht in my self a continual care of seeking opportunities to do you service, and take more delight in rendring my self yours, than in the ways of the world: I beseech you therefore to honour me with your commands; I acknowledge my self an enemy to Courtship, but I dare protest this, that though you may have more powerful, you can never have a more considerable servant: for I am, *Yours most affectionately.*

Another. 10.

SIR, It is my publick profession to appear in all places a servant to your merits; your interests have obliged me, to which I shall always remain indebted, making more account of the least of them, than of all the respects I am able to render you, which may witness the passion I have to maintain the quality, Sir, of,

Your very humble servant.

A Letter of silence. 11.

THe only way, Sir, to conserve me in your memory, is to write to me. Silence is a sworn enemy to friendship: if you have heretofore taken an Oath to write no more to me, send me my Letters back again: You may so change your humour when you please, if you desire not to renew Obligations of my service: I honour you so extreamly, that I must of necessity address these lines to you: The protestations I have made to live and dye yours, have raised in me this resolution, not to lose the honour of your remembrance, though you should make little esteem of him, who is,

Your most humble servant.

The

SIR, *The Answer.* 12.

ACcuse me of importunity rather than of neglect; for so you may find me guilty; a trespass, which, out of my respect to you, I shall carry with me to my grave. I know that friendship cannot be conserved without Letters, and that there must be reciprocal and continued assurances; if you will but force your self to believe this, I cannot suffer under the misfortune of neglect; for though interests have for a short space restrained my pen, my hand shall hereafter be for ever on the Paper, to express how much I am, *Your faithful friend & servant.*

A Letter of Gratitude. 13.

SIR,

YOu have ever so persued me with your favours that I am made capable of no other pleasure in the world, but to entertain them; insomuch, that should I offer up my being unto you, 'tis impossible for me, but in part, to dis-ingage my self; so that of necessity I must want both words and services, to express how unfeignedly I honour you, and am,

Yours.

The Answer. 14.

SIR,

THe excess of your nobleness hath bereft me of all Complements; so that I have bought your thanks at too dear a rate, and must be familiar: whereas I received from you a miracle of Courtship, give me leave in plain terms to express, that you will be more weary of acknowledging, than I in executing the office of a friend, being undeservedly,

Yours to command.

Another Answer. 15.

SIR,

IF you esteem me for one of your friends, why do you use me thus, to thrust upon me with such unnecessa-

ry acknowledgment? It is an ill custom you have got: I protest to you Sir, I desire not to know the Language of Complements from you: consider not of me without the superfluity of such Ceremonies; and be but more familiar in the commerce of your letters: and I shall acknowledge it for a full satisfaction and favour, above all merits of mine.

Your friend L. M.

SIR, *A Letter of intreaty.* 16.

I Doubt not of your power, and less of your nobleness, and therefore presume to take the freedom to implore your favour in the prosecution of that business you are already acquainted with: I have so much honour in this misfortune, as to make your goodness known to the world (by my engagements) eternally conserving the memory of all your other favours; which so extreamly obliges me, that though for the present I am one of your most unprofitable servants, I shall not fail hereafter to merit it, or to carry a sorrow with me to the grave.

Yours L. P.

The Answer. 17.

SIR,

IF I have done all you have desired, I should still entreat you to reserve new commands; I take such pleasure in them: so that I blame nothing but the facility of their execution; having more thanks to retribute you for my employment, than you can return me for my service. Whereas you write of the preserving of their memory, I shall desire no greater glory from you, than new proofs of my obedience: so all the satisfaction I expect, is to be made more, if it were possible.

Yours J. R.

A congratulatory Letter for the good fortune of a friend. 18.

SIR,

THe excess of my gladness, like the merits of your affection, is not in any respect vulgar, for all my passions do but wait upon your good fortunes. Pardon therefore the defect of my eloquence, since it is supplied with the joy which reigns in me, which hath made me so sensible of that extraordinary contentment, that in honouring you the world is possessed of; which, long before this, foresaw, that the felicity of this event belonged to your merits: perhaps most of your friends have prevented me in this congratulation: but this zeal and affection, cannot come too late for him, that is more than he is able to express,

Yours.

SIR, *The Answer.* 19.

YOu have so sensibly touched me with your Letter, your joy (as it were to the life) mingling my interest with yours, that should I not render thanks to you, I should dye of a deep impatience; I acknowledge, *I* never meited the effects of such nobleness, as that you should account of me, as an object for your virtuous inclinations: the pleasure *I* entertain to consider your goodness, is more satisfaction to me than my advancement; as *I* prefer before other interests the happiness of your affection, and the new asserance of your friendship: which, that *I* may the more seriously contemplate, *I* shall for ever reserve in my admiration, and remain in the number of your best friends. *Yours,* L. D.

A Letter acknowledging a notable favour. 20.

Worthy Sir,

THe excess of your goodness hath forced me to a silence, that *I* am not able to render you sufficient thanks for so great a favour: You are so extreamly gene-

generous that I cannot be ſenſible enough: all the happineſs that I am furniſhed with, is, that you would be pleaſed to grant my innocent obſervance ſo much liberty, as to importune you at all times to honour me with your commands, for I am

Your humble ſervant.

A Letter to a Lord. 21.

My Lord,

I Boldly confeſs my incapacity to expreſs to your Lordſhip, the reſentment which your obligations cauſe in me; as alſo my diſability, in meeting with occaſions to acquit my ſelf; ſo that I have no other power left me, but an acknowledgement of your generous actions, which can only recompence themſelves in publiſhing your Lordſhips noble mind to the whole world, together with the quality,

My Lord, of your moſt humble, and moſt obedient ſervant

A Letter intreating pardon for a fault. 22.

Sir, It is not that I fear my innocency, but to purchaſe the quiet of my mind, that I preſent theſe lines to you: in the errour I committed, there was more contributed by my nature and the ſuddenneſs of the occaſion, than from any free will of mine: I confeſs my fault, not only in hope of your pardon, but alſo of a better acceptance, ſince the acknowledgement proceeds from

Your truly ſorrowful friend.

A Letter complaining of a falſe report. 23.

Sir, I fear you have forgot that eſteem which I made of your deſerts, and thoſe paſſions which I ever had to do you ſervice, or elſe you could not be ſo forgetful, both of me and your ſelf, as to undertake ſo dangerous an imployment. I adviſe you ſuddenly to reſtrain theſe exorbitances of your tongue, or I ſhall force you to ſuch a long ſilence, that you ſhall never

be heard to ſpeak again. This is a charitable advice if you are ſo careful of your ſelf as to follow it.

Your ſervant G. K.

The Anſwer. 24.

SIR, If, as you write, you had rightly called to your remembrance the nature and quality of a true friend, I could not have met with ſo violent an encounter from you, in a buſineſs of ſuch importance, without better information; which when you take the pains hereafter to be more ſerious in, you will chaſtiſe your ſelf for your raſhneſs, and with an acknowledgement endeavour to renew the intereſts of

Your friend and ſervant.

Another more Complemental Anſwer to the ſame purpoſe. 25.

SIR, I do aſſure you, with your better permiſſion, that your accuſation is moſt falſe; yet ſo highly do I approve of your judgement, that I do begin to queſtion my innocency, till you appear more a friend, to let me peaceably enjoy it.

Your moſt humble ſervant.

To his friend newly married. 26.

SIR, With the ſame joy that I formerly imbraced your friendſhip, I entertained the good news of your happy marriage. Fame hath given an excellent report of the civility and ſweetneſs of this your other half, to whom you now have devided part of the power, that you had acquired over my affections; I rejoice in your happy election, and as your friend muſt ever love you, with the ſame paſſions, and as extreamly as before, profeſs my ſelf *Yours.*

The Anſwer. 27.

I Am confident that our contentments are never to be divided from you. The lines I received from you, were as ſo many characters of your good nature and noble

noble mind; for which I am extreamly obliged to you: but I can assure you also, in the election I have made of a Wife, you have obtained a new servant, since she partakes already in the passions which I have to serve you, being, as my Wife, your friend, Sir, I am

Your most humble servant.

A Letter of protestation of friendship. 28.

Sir, THough I have made a vow to be your most perfect honourer all my life, and not to remit one point of the passion I have to do you service; yet I shall never content my self except some occasion be offered me suddenly whereby I may appear to you to be more than verbal. 'Tis the only good fortune I expect with impatience, being not a little grieved that I cannot express my self, to the extent of my desires.

Your friend and servant.

The Answer. 29.

Sir, THe eternity of your love is best expressed in the frequency of your letters, which are to me above all other pleasures; which though they cannot render you more perfect than you are, yet they seem to be the accomplishment of your vows, as mine do assure you, that whatsoever happens you shall find me to be

Your most humble and obedient servant.

Another. 30.

Sir, THe desire which I have to give you fresh assurances of my service, is such a degree of honour and delight to me, that I cannot but write to you upon every opportunity that presents it self, it being the only consolation that I have in your absence, to put you in mind, that I will be eternally,

Your most humble servant.

The Answer. 31.

SIr, What proofs soever you give me of your friendship, they are not able to deminish the price of mine being in such an heighth of perfection, as not to be named; which truth, if I am so unfortunate as that you should doubt, I will ever maintain, with the honour also that I have acquired, which is, that whatsoever happens, I will never be otherwise than,

Your most humble and obedient servant.

A Letter of excuse. 32.

THough you were deprived of my letters, you were not of my remembrance; but if the want of a good opportunity will excuse me, my good will must satisfie you. And indeed I had no news to send you Sir, save only I am alwaies *Yours.*

To a sick friend. 33.

SIr, Being ascertained of your sickness, I was the more in doubt of my own health, since the least distemper you feel, is to me an extream grief. Now if my prayers can do any thing for your health, and consequently for my comfort, you will be soon well and I content, Sir, who am *Your humble &c.*

A Letter to his Sweet-heart. 34.

YOu bind me, and unbind; pardon me faireſt, if this word offend thee; when you tell me you love me, can I have any greater obligation? the offence is not small that you have not written to me, but that you promised me; for I am indebted to your promise, and not to your love, remember I beseech you, that I am not yours, because I have promised you, but because I am truly yours; and that I desire not letters for the conditions that are between us, but for the sole witness of your good will, not welcoming them as merchandizes, but as being sent me from a wounded heart, Thus I am thine. *Farewell.*

A Letter from a Quondam Miſtreſs. 35.

SIR, Since I am conſtrained by my Fathers commands, I muſt intreat you to end that love, which heretofore I conjur'd you to keep eternal. I am intended for an advancement, yet can I not leave ſenſibly to feel the ſeparation of our loves; yet ſince it is folly to contrary that which muſt fall out otherwiſe, I counſel you to arm your ſelf with ſtrong reſolutions, and not forget all that hath paſt between us, that you have no memory of me, as I, for duties ſake, am conſtrained to forget you.

Being now not my own.

His Anſwer. 36.

GO paper, more happy than him that ſends thee, accompanied with thy blots, inſtead of tears; kiſs her hands, which having kiſt, ſince ſhe hath robbed me of my heart, certifie her, that day and night I turn my ſelf into ſtreams of tears, to waſh away her perjuries, and falſe vows. Tell her, faithful paper, that by unbending the bow, ſhe can never heal the wound which ſhe hath made in her faith, and my love, and that my griefs ſhall witneſs to the world, that as ſhe is moſt fair, ſo ſhe is moſt inconſtant to her Lover, who can find content in nothing, and therefore bids her for ever farewel.

37.

SIR, I received your Letter, and withall peruſed thoſe undeſerved commendations of my perfections, as you call them: to which you annexed the proteſtations of your ſervice; which you muſt give me leave to queſtion: for I ſhall alwaies doubt whether ſo honourable a perſonage as your Lordſhip, can yield ſervice to ſo mean a Lady; or if love had ſuch power, whether you would obey. Now, worthy Sir, upon theſe warrants; and your free offers of ſervice, I bind you by a courteous requeſt, to conclude a ſpeedy peace, that I may without danger of hoſtility repair to *Diana*'s Temple; ſo ſhall I be bound to do you any honourable favour. *Farewel.*

His short Answer. 38.

MY *Dearest*, If the dissembling which you accuse me of, be to cause me to dye of grief, you may easily do it with a frown, and then my death will give you a speedy and deplorable demonstration how truly I have loved you. *Farewel.*

Her Answer. 39.

IF there be any thing in you that pleases me, your death is the least: The acknowledgement of your fault hath satisfied me, and I will have no other revenge of your boldness, than the misery you suffer. Know your self better hereafter.

Farewel, and live, cherish your self, and hope.

A Letter to his Mistress in his absence. 40.

Faire, I left thee with grief, but am returned with pleasure and contentment; deny me not therefore thy presence, but let me see thee, that I may recount my fortunes to thee, who art the fortune of my fortunes. *Farewel.*

A Letter protesting affection. 41.

IF I have not alwayes loved you, let me never be loved of any; if my affections do ever change, let my present misfortunes never change; if you believe not the Oath I have made you, take what proof you will of me, and you shall find that I am more yours, than I can assure you by my true, but most feeble words. *Farewel.*

A Letter in favour of another. 42.

SIR, If you shall be pleased to employ some part of your credit in the behalf of this Gentl. man, without any consideration but my request, I shall account his obligations as mine own, your desert and condition having made you so considerable and necessary, that I could not but presume to importune you in this particular. I shall hereafter present what you are pleased to do for him. *Your servant.*

The

The Answer. 43.

SIR, I only waited for an employment from you, that I might express my joy to serve you, so that I esteem my self happy in this little occasion. Your commands are my honour; think of this business as done.

Your servant.

A Letter complaining of absence. 44.

SIR, The great esteem I have ever had of your friendship, suffers me not to endure your absence any longer. This tyranny of your humour, or inclination, is too severe a punishment for me to groan under: For the eclipses of your better self seem to me to be a retirement to your affection; let me therefore intreat you to return speedily; I conjure you by all those charms of passion, I have ever been at your service, to make a speedy redress to him, who is, *Your most humble servant.*

The Answer. 45.

SIR, I make less account of my absence from the Court, and from my affairs, than from you; your friendship is the only business of my speedy return. I have already chid my self, and now have no more to do, but to precipitate my haste, and in person to make my excuse, with tenders of all manner of service, in the quality of *Your most humble Servitor.*

A Letter clearing ones self of false accusation. 46.

SIR, I hope that all the passions of my service have given you sufficient proofs never to doubt my loyalty, in which my innocency hath ever shined clearer than the best language my pen can express, so hat the malice of that person was but ill contrived, whose knavery I wilf make your sport; and if you please bot to reveal his name, I will engage mine honour to muke him sign me an acquittance with his blood. I expressamy self thus far, that at any rate I may purchase your higher esteem of me, or be for ever forgotten;

Your abused friend.

The Answer. 47.

SIR, I have more discretion, than to be tempted to give credit to a false report, that I knew my self also to be interessed in: And, before I shall declare you guilty, I will consider of that reputation you bear in all places of the world, which will also convince me of your integrity. Your accuser is not worthy of your foot, much less of your sword: satisfie your self, that it is impossible, that I should lose the esteem which I have ever had of your deserts, being Sir,

Your most humble servant.

A Letter to a sick friend. 48.

THis is the protestation of your friend, That your sickness is mine, your indisposition is mine; and if you leave not your bed, I shall suddenly take Physick. There is a distance of miles betwixt us; but you have infected me here. You can have no greater assurance of my friendship, than my life, which is indangered, till I hear of your recovery. *Your languishing friend.*

The Answer. 49.

PRaised be Heaven, I have so much strength, as to hold my Pen to render these thanks to you, and to be still sensible of the goodness of such a friend, I have some hopes of recovery, which, as you express, is the weapon salve of your health. Use me as kindly in the care of your self. *Yours.*

A Complemental Letter. 50.

SIR, I am not guilty of errours to make me blush: A for errours of my birth and condition, to live and dy yours certainly I cannot be accused, or convicted, they carry so much honour with them, to justifie me; or if they do not, think not that I complement, for my pen and heart ever conspire together, else I should never have taken up a resolution to go beyond my grave,

Sir, *your most humble, and most obedient servant*

The

The Answer. 51.

SIR, I am so unfeignedly, and without reservation yours, that when you give me any testimonies of your friendship, I am touched with impatience; much more when you would be your own accuser in what you deserve: But as I could never merit from you, you seem to be most unreasonable in such expressions, which proceed from too much zeal; and you still punish me with the misfortune of my disability, to be so admirable transported in my Letters. I know it is your delight to oblige all the world thus. I beseech you to believe me, that I am honestly envious of your nobleness; and till I have encountred with some means to requite you, I will only represent the disquiet of my mind, and then alwaies seek occasions to testifie to you, how much I am,

Your most humble and obliged servant.

52.

SIR, It would be very hard for me to express how strictly I am yours: For your friendship commands me to serve you, you do so continually oblige me; yet thus far as in expression of my obedience, I dare challenge the world, in which I would meet with the most ambitious to know, if there were any amongst them, that could vaunt with that reason, that they are to the height as I am,

Your most humble, and most obedient servant.

A Letter of most excessive favours. 53.

SIR, You are so noble in all respects, that I am one of your enviers, as well as one of your admirers, and grow somewhat jealous of that generosity you exercise in my behalf, since you will not give me leasure to acknowledge your favours, they come so fast upon me, that in the end I shall be constrained to seem ingrateful, though I both have, and would profess my self to my last minute,

Your most humble servant.

A Letter to a friend upon the death of his Brother. 54.

SIR, I am truly what you have ever believed, and will be everlastingly a partaker of your grief, and am so much your friend, that 'tis impossible I should be so insensible as to remain dumb; or that my passions which serve and honour you, should fall asleep, when yours are in their extremity. I know you have too good an opinion of me, to think I could be so forgetful: yet pardon me, Sir, if in my Letter I flatter you not; for in this point you exempt all reason from you, and your griefs are so unlimited, that they are become your crimes, as you are uncharitable to your self, or would call a Saint from happiness. Sir, though your misfortunes are in their flood, they have not drowned that respectful observance I shall ever bear and coffin up, with the love I have vowed to you. Let me intreat you therefore no longer to inculcate his death in your memory, unless you will deprive your self of my friendship, by your too much immoderate grieving. Pardon me, Sir, if I say, that your passions are mine, that at this time my pen falls out of my hand and my tears blot out what I am writing. Sir, I am your admirer and faithful servant, be pleased to accept this counsel from me, together with an assurance that I will live and dye

Your most passionate servant.

A Letter of presentation of service. 55.

SIR, I have taken hold of this occasion, to express the inclination I have to esteem you more than all the world. Pardon my presumption, since it is accompanied with a resolution everlastingly to be

Your servant.

The Answer. 56.

SIR, I am much obliged to you, for the good will you witness in my behalf; but I have no other liberty left

left me, except to give you thanks, as I do very humbly, assuring you that I will continue your remembrance in an acknowledgement of the quality of

Your most humble servant

A Letter to demand an answer. 57.

SIR, Your silence nourisheth a doubt in me, whether my service be acceptable to you, or not: you may resolve me when you please by some short answer, if you judge me worthy of such a favour.

Your servant.

Another. 58.

SIR, This Letter is so curious to learn news of her former companion, that she would needs be gone in that pursuit, almost against my will. Let me know then, if you please, whether the first were acceptable, or not, to the end, that either I may continue my service, or cease to be further importunate: This is the request of

Your most obedient servant.

The Answer to them both. 59.

SIR, I am obliged to you for two Letters, in which you have given me such absolute proofs of your love: in answer to them briefly, I must acquaint you with thus much, That though you earnestly expected to hear from me, till now I had not the liberty to indite, nor a convenient Messenger to direct my mind to you by: I have no more to write, but that I am extremely sensible of your love, which affords me so much power, as to publish my respects to you, in the stile of

Your most humble servant.

A complaint of her absence. 60.

To his Mistress,

MAdam, since you are born into the world for no other end than to be admired, why do you eclipse your self from him who should admire you, and would love a thousand lives to serve you, and give a testimo-

of your worth, to which long ago I dedicated my self;

Madam, Your most humble and obedient servant.

The Answer. 61.

SIr, You know I am not accustomed to credit the complaints of Lovers; their affections do pass with me me for Fables, and their diseases seem to me very easy of cure. Thus I give you a firmer assurance of my conceptions of love, than you can give me of the constancy of any that you profess you entertain; yet be your affections what they will, I will render my self, as far as a chast liberty permits, *Your humble servant.*

A Letter returning love and fidelity. 62.

MIstress, If you prove constant, I will lose my life sooner than part with those resolutions I have entertained to serve you. This is not a discourse of complement, but the sole of my thoughts, which knows no other object than your deserts, only as they have an absolute power for ever to oblige my life and honour at your disposure; for I will hazard the one and the other, when you please to command them in your service, since it interesseth my happiness to be, eternally

Your most humble and faithful servant.

The Answer. 63.

SIr, You are too eloquent to be amorous, and too passionate to be constant, and I am too unworthy of such protestations of your Martyrdom: Yet your deceit is not so displeasant to me, as that I should cease to be obliged, since you are pleased to reckon me in the number of *Your humble servants.*

A Letter of complaining of neglect. 64.

MAdam, Since I have learned the lesson of love, I have been sufficiently instructed with sufferings. 'Tis true, the slavery wherewith I am tied, forbids me to demand a reason for what you can do, yet I dare allow my self so much liberty, as to tell you that you

you are too rigorous to be ſo beautiful, and that, except you change this ſevere humour, wherew ith you tyranize over me, you will run the hazard to loſe,

Madam, Your moſt humble and faithful ſervant.

To congratulate a friend. 65.

SIr, I much rejoyce at the ſucceſs of your buſineſs, and even ſo, as if it had arrived to me, I could not more celebrate it in my ſoul; ſo much do I tender your content: but this is but a duty to the friendſhip I owe you, and a neceſſity to the zeal I have to your ſervice, to which I ſhall ever be obliged. Sir,

Your moſt humble, &c.

A farewel to a friend going a voyage. 66.

SIr, The Law of neceſſity muſt deprive me a while from the honour of your preſence (but not without grief) for your converſation is ſo pleaſing to me, that I have alwaies preferred it before all manner of delights. Judge therefore, if ſeparated from you, I can live content: But though I ſuffer for the preſent in your abſence, it is my joy that I can never forget you; and whereſoever I remain, it ſhall appear to you that I am, Sir, *Yours,*

A Letter of excuſe. 67.

SIr, If lawful excuſes exempt duty, I am abſolved of the promiſes I have made you, through the importunity of affairs that have befaln me: it grieves me, nevertheleſs, for not keeping my word with you; and that grief, with my good will, may ſatisfie you; I ſhall ſhortly do my ſelf the happineſs to ſee you, and the honour to ſerve you,

Sir, *Since I am yours, &c.*

Of a new married man to his Brother in Law. 68.

SIr, The honour of your alliance is ſo dear to me, that I ſhall never think my ſelf more happy, then when I ſhall know my ſelf capable to deſerve it: this expreſſion

preſſion of my duty will witneſs to you how conſiderrble you are with me, which at once hath given me, with the deſire to obſerve you, the will to ſerve you; I have no other paſſion in my ſoul, nor other ambition in my deſigns; it is all I hope for; it is every thing I look for; yea with ſo much patience, as I have left off my liberty (after ſo ſweet a ſervitude) to live faithful, that I may dye conſtant, Sir, *the moſt humble of your ſervants.*

A Letter by way of proteſtation. 69.

Sir,

THe honour of your friendſhip ſo obligeth me to make ſome worthy aeknowledgement, that I am moſt reſolute to ſerve you; but as full of defect in the performance: I will therefore wait the time and occaſion, wherein, by your command, I may ſignalize my obedience, which ſhall always, and whereſoever I remain, make me appear, Sir, *that I am yours*, &c.

Another, to a friend, obliging him by favours. 70.

Sir,

YOu ſtill delight in obliging ſuch as are moſt beholding unto you: I am witneſs of it, and your courteſie is the tryal, ſo that I am aſhamed to be always engaged, without ſo much as the hope ever to acknowledge the favour rightly. Nevertheleſs, if a fervent paſſion, perfectly zealous for your ſervice, can ſatisfie you for my defect, accept of it I beſeech you, ſince it proceeds, Sir, *from your moſt humble ſervant*, &c

To complain for ſome offence. 71.

SIR, Your words offend much, and your deeds much more; I pity them both, the one makes you ſeem mild, and the other raſh; I think you are not the man to repent it, but he that doth ill, is not abſolved for being ſorry for it; he muſt do penance withall hereafter.

Look

Look to your own affairs, that you may never talk of other mens. I take nothing in jest when one pinches me. If you doubt it, there's his name who will make good his words,

N. B.

A presenting of service. 72.

Mistress,

IT is long since, that too much discretion hath kept me from writing to you; and it may be too much boldness permits it me now, I pray you therefore pardon me, before you judge me guilty, that so I may be rather absolved than accused; for though I had no other purpose than to render you my service, as now I do, with my faith to boot, for assurance of my fidelity; yet am I fearful of too much undertaking, but howsoever chastise me as you please, *Mistress*, here's my name and surname, *Your humble and most affectionate servant.*

Another of Love. 73.

Mistress,

SInce at the sole aspect of your eye, my heart sighs for love, as taken with your wonders; I shall incessantly bless the day of your acquaintance, and consequently of her that is the most perfectly fair on earth; and already resigning my will to yours, I will so passionately cherish my thraldom, that the fear alone of being free will render me miserable. Make good my purpose then sweet *Mistress*;

But always in this quality, of your most affectionate servant.

Another. 74.

Mistress,

WHen to admire you, I stayed mine eyes at your object, my heart insensible taken, bewailed her captivity, so as found my self in love, before

before I had ſo much as the hope to be ſo. And yet I ſhould not complain, but I rather bleſs the day that bereft me of my liberty, by the ſole arms of your merits, without reſerving any freedom to my ſelf, *Miſtreſs*, other than the word to ſpeak me,

Your ſervant.

Another. 75.

Lady, I have ſuch an inclination to your love, that I muſt needs be deſtined for your ſervice. Now if it be a fatal inſtinct in me, that my obeyſance ſhould wait upon the honour of your commands; is it not neceſſary for you, *Miſtreſs*, to believe me to be

Your ſervant.

Another. 76.

Miſtreſs,

IF admiration have only eyes for your beauty, and if *Cupid* hath gain'd his eys again on purpoſe to guard you from danger: can *I* have a heart without loving you, or a ſoul without adoring you? and can *I* be mortal, and not be ſenſible of your charms? Oh no, *Miſtreſs*, *I* have too much honour in being your Captive, and too much glory in being your Slave.

Another. 77.

Miſtreſs, This inſtant Letter will tell you, *I* am your ſervant; if you ask me the cauſe, it is your merit, and the effect ſhall be my obedience; if you deem me as worthy of your commands, as you are of my ſervices, *I* have a Miſtreſs to my wiſh, and by conſequence am

Your ſervitor, &c.

Another. 78.

Miſtreſs, *I* am yours: for having nothing to offer you worthy of your merit, *I* beſtow my ſelf, but it is as your Captive and Slave.

Another.

Another. 79.

SInce your eyes have wounded my heart, the wound is mortal. If I muſt dye, it muſt be for love. Happy death! happy cauſe! I will have no remedy, for my heart is too noble to crave a cure. Confeſs only you have vanquiſhed me, and I ſhall confeſs the defeat, being it proceeds from the moſt perfect creature on earth.

A Letter of a deſpairing Lover. 80.

SOmetimes love, at this time the deſpair of love, hath put the pen into my hand, with a purpoſe, if it return me no redreſs, to change it into a ſword, which promiſes me a full, though a cruel healing. The blank paper which you have ſent me for an anſwer, is a teſtimony of my innocency, ſince it is, as if you had ſaid, you have found nothing to accuſe me of: From whence otherwiſe could your ſilence proceed? If you have any remembrance of my faithful ſervice, for pity, I deſire of you either life or death. This is all that is requeſted at your hands, by your diſpairing Lover.

Her Anſwer. 81.

DRaw from your evil the knowledge of your good: if you had not been beloved you could never have had a ſenſe of any thing: till you are forgiven, you ſhall not know your offence; in the mean ſpace, hope and live.

To a Lady, promiſing revenge on his Enemy. 82.

MAdam, Who doubts of my innocency, ſhall be guilty, and offend againſt truth; clozed eyes ſee not the light, though without a ſhadow it ſhines on them, eſpecially when thoſe eyes are ſhut againſt the brightneſs of my juſtice. Therefore if the blood of mine enemy cannot waſh away my ſtain, I will voluntarily add thereunto mine own; ſince that I have no other way to preſerve my life left me, I am ready to render it.

Farewel.

Her

Her Answer. 83.

SIR, The wounds of the body are not always healed, though they be out of danger; no more they of the mind: but having removed the difficulties by your valour and prudence, you must give time leave to work her ordinary actions; in the mean space, she that loves you, waits an opportunity, till the blemishes of your honour are wash'd off by the expressions of your vertues, that you may appear clear, and as bright as day again in the eyes of her that admires you.

A Lover's offer of his service to his Mistress. 84.

FAir Mistress, had I art to perswade you, as you have power to make me love you, the discovery of my blazing affections would melt you, were you a Mountain of Ice, to pity; but for that love is more vehement in the heart than in the tongue, I appeal to your motions for grace, if you have ever loved; if not, I hope for such justice at *Venus* hands, that though I place not confidence in my own wishes, because they convert to air, presume on my own endeavours, for that I have vowed my life to death to do you service; of which you can have no better assurance, than to employ me; nor I a higher favour, than to be *Yours.*

A Letter of a Lover requesting speedy remedy. 85.

GOod *Madam*, Martyr me not with doubts, since my affections are so violent, and the excellency of your beauty doth so exceed, so that the full power of love hath made me in the state of flaming flax, which is presently to be quenched, or it will suddenly burn: thus longing for your gracious, and sudden answer, I kiss your hand, and am *No more my own.*

A Letter from a languishing Lover. 86.

MOre out of zeal to do you service, than desire I have to live, I hear present you my consumed self

ſelf only kept alive by the light of your fair beauty, that ſitteth crowned in the Palace of my heart, which bleeding at your feet, beggeth the means of my cure; if you vouchſafe it, I live; if not, you muſt ſee my death: and thus doubtful between both, till I kiſs your ſweet Anſwer, I remain unto my laſt gaſp,

Yours.

Her Anſwer. 87.

I Am not cruel, though with difficulty I conſent to love: and for that your paſſions are ſo extreme, I keep your picture in my boſome, but with what thought, I bluſh to write, though pity be my warrant, ſo that I leave the event of our loves to your conſideration: for know, ſweet Sir, that being overcome to ſee your paſſions ſo great, I cannot but commit my love, my honour, my ſelf, and all, to your affection, and wiſe government.

Farewell.

A Letter to his Miſtreſs. 88.

Faireſt,

SInce it is a common thing to love, and a miracle to ſubdue affection, let it not ſeem ſtrange, that I am a ſlave to your beauty; nor wonder, though I ſue for grace, ſince the Lover, like a ſick patient, is inforc'd to ſeek comfort of his Miſtreſs. To prove that I love you, needs no other teſtimony, than the witneſs of your rare perfections, which are of force to create an amorous heat in the moſt ſevereſt *Anchorite*: For the preſent, I blame my wounds with a hope that I ſhall kiſs your gracious hand, and that your Anſwer will return an acceptance of the ſervice of him

Whoſe heart waiteth on your beauty.

A Letter to his Miſtreſs upon ſervice enjoyned. 89.

FAir Nymph, may all contents and pleaſures dwell with you, as all mine depend on you! I perceive

now

now you command me to action: but love, which is ever accompanied with doubts, commands me to tremble: but let Heaven do with me what it pleaseth, I am confident that Earth will not deny me a grave.

A Letter complaining of the cruelty of his Mistress. 90.

Fairest,

IF your eyes were as full of pity, as they are to cause love, the sweetness which they promise at the first, would make me to adore them with as much contentment, as they have produced in me vain hopes; but so far are they from the performances of their deceitful promises, that they will not so much as glance at them; and so wide from healing my hurt, that they will not acknowledge themselves Authors; as if with you they purposed to equal cruelty with beauty; since you have ordained, that the affection that you have caused to be born in me, should cruelly dye in me: being unable to suffer so great an injustice, I am resolved to carry my affections with me into the grave, hoping that the Heavens moved at last, will, through my patient suffering, make me as dear to you, as you are now cruel to me.

Farewel.

A Letter from a despairing Lover. 91.

IF you have regard to the presumption which hath forced me to love, my death, which follows it, shall revenge it for you; but if it be indifferent to you, I assure my self, that this last act of my affection shall gain somewhat more on your soul: which if it fall out so, I shall cherish the resemblance of your beauty more than my birth, since by it I came into the world to be troublesome to you; and by the other, I go out of it, and leave you.

Another. 92.

Mistress, My heart is yours, my obedience belongs to your commands, and my whole will is yours: so

ſo that I have nothing free but my Pen to expreſs how I am

Your Servitor.

Another. 93.

Miſtreſs, From the time that with your beauty I had the knowledge of your merits, I felt ſome ſecret power, which ſweetly enforced my will to honour you, and my heart to aſpire at nought but your love. If ſo be then that my ſervices, whereof Heaven hath reſerved this integrity for your commands, may be never ſo little pleaſing to you; permit, *Miſtris*, that I may honour my ſelf with this title of

Your ſervant.

Another Letter of ſervice. 94.

SIR, I have been honoured with a Letter from you, in which I have ſeen the ſubmiſſion of ſervices that you do me, but undeſervedly: for that I am more beholding to your courteſies, than to any merit of mine. Now to accept of them were unreaſonable, as to refuſe them would be held diſdainful. I do therefore receive the proffer, but leave the effects to your ſelf, that ſo you may not ſerve,

Sir,

Her that favours you.

Another. 95.

SIr, If the ſervices which your honeſty will needs yield me, gather only life from my merit or beauty, they have but their name; for there can be no effect, if there be no cauſe: ſo that I never having any beauty or merit, you are but my ſervant, Sir, in words only; but I am yours in my living actions.

L. M.

Another. 96.

SIr, If my duty have entertained yours, my honeſty hath refuſed your offers, as too worthy of me, and I am unworthy of them; I ſhall nevertheleſs, for mine own ſake, reſerve the honour to my ſelf, to be

Your ſervant.

Another

Another to the same effect. 97.

SIR, I accuse my duty for your satisfaction, for that I have deprived you of my letters, and confess my self guilty, before you accuse me, the rather to merit grace. Deny it me not then, I beseech you, as you regard him that begs it, who is,

The most affectionate of all your servants.

Another to the same effect. 98

ALbeit one self-same cause makes us pardonable, for having been alike silent, yet I do know my duties interest, in having unjustly deprived you (being obliged to you as I am) of the effects of remembrance which grieves my soul, which grief I present to you, but alwaies in my quality, Sir,

Your humble servitor.

A Letter desiring better acquaintance. 99.

SIR, Although my merit be not such as may presume to deserve the honour I have to write to you; yet the desire nevertheless I have to introduce my self into your acquaintance and friendship, hath emboldned me to present these lines to you, and to receive the honours of your commands, and to tender to you the offers of my service.

Yours.

A Letter from one to his Mistris. 100.

IT is impossible to see you without loving you, but much more to love you, without being extream in that affection; so that, if for my defence, it shall please you to consider this truth, when this my paper shall present it self before your eys, I assure my self that the greatness of my hurt shall obtain by pitty as much pardon from you, as the boldness which hath raised me to this worth, may merit just punishment, attending the judgement which I shall give. Suffer me a thousand and a thousand times to kiss your fair hands, and rest,

Yours.

A

A Letter to Cœlia. 101.

Miſtreſs, If perfection be not in the world, but to make you be admired; If love be not love, but to make you be beloved; if ſacrifices are not, but to make you be adored, who can ſee you without admiration? Who can admire you without love? and who can love you without adoration? He muſt be one that hath neither eys, heart nor ſoul; for if my eys admire you, affection will have it ſo; if my heart love you, reaſon commands it; if my ſoul adores you, heaven permits it; ſo that theſe three neceſſities, forming it for you, I preſent it to you, dear Miſtreſs, under the title of yours. *Eugenius.*

SIR, *A Letter.* 102.

IT is needleſs for me to ſay I love you, ſince my actions hither have given you no teſtimony to the contrary; I can write little, but my deeds ſhall ſpeak for me, and tell you, that in effect I will, during life, be

Yours.

A Letter of acknowledgement. 103.

WHat worthy acknowledgement can I give to your noble favours, when there extremity bereaved me of the hope, my duty remains penſive at the exceſs of your courteſies; for being never able to render you other than unworthy effects of your merits, I have indeed but the will, and that is but a ſhadow for the body; yet accept it I beſeech you, whilſt you remember how it proceeds from, *Your moſt humble ſervant.*

Another. 104.

SIR, With what kind of duties ſhall I acknowledge your courteſies, which have ſo obliged me, that to expreſs them right, I muſt be ſilent? to offer you my ſervice, it is already your own. To preſent my ſelf, I am yours long ſince; I then have nothing but deficiencies for your ſatisfaction, though I have a thouſand

ſervice

ſervices at your command, for my being in general, dependeth on that particular of,

Your moſt humble ſervitor.

Anſwer. 105.

SIr, I have nothing, yet I owe much. To preſent you with wiſhes for effects, were but too weak recompences; I will therefore give you mine endeavours for all your courteſies, honouring and ſerving you whilſt I live: All which life of mine is deſtined for no earthly thing, but your commands.

Another. 106.

SIr, Your courteſies have too much obliged me, ever to forget them; I ſhall celebrate them particularly in my ſoul, whereby to be able to acknowledge them, in the leaſt preſenting ſerviceable occaſion; and live alwaies with this will, never to die beholding to you.

Sir, Your moſt humble ſervitor.

Another. 107.

SIr, I can honour your merits by reaſon, and acknowledge by duty your courteſies, which have too much obliged me, than to be ingrateful; though I can never make you worthy ſatisfaction, yet ſhall I have alwaies both the deſire, and hope of it: and in the mean while, a ſtedfaſt will to live and die, *Sir, Yours.*

For telling of News. 108.

SIr, Deſirous of your contentment, as of mine own, I have taken Pen in hand, to tell you whatſoever hath paſt. Now you have ſeen what is new, take the old with it, which is that I am alwaies, Sir, *Your Servitor.*

A Letter of acknowledgement of his being beloved. 109.

SHall I conceal ſuch an exceſſive happineſs, as to be loved by thee, *My Deareſt?* Or ſhall I publiſh it, to make it greater? No, no, my ſilence may honour it, yet my words ſhall make it more glorious, but not more conſtant by doing ſo, for I cannot deprive my mind by forgetfulneſs; yet I will have my lips continually

tinually closed up, against the confession of it, that my memory may be taken up with the thought of it, and my soul wrapped in the sole object of its *Idea*, that so by blessing my birth, for the happiness of yours, that your death may be my Tomb. In the mean space, my whole happiness and glory shall consist in the quality of, *Your most humble Servant.*

A Letter of Absence. 110.

Mistress, Since the day of you departure, which was also reckoned the same of my discontentment, tears and griefs have been inseparable with my life; all kinds of Objects are to me defective, nothing pleases me, but what displeases me. And if your memory did not still accompany me in my actions, I should forget my self, and instead of preserving my life for your service, should destroy it for my own content. If you desire to judge of my grief, judge what you are your self, *Mistress*, who are the fairest in the world, and I the most afflicted of all your Servants.

Another. 111.

Mistress, Since your absence, I endured all that ever can be conceived of rigorous torments: the day shines not on me, but to enlighten my misfortunes; so the Sun laughs at my pain, as I scorn his brightness, in that I acknowledge none worthier than that of your eys, long since my Conquerresses, and still mine Idolls: but what shall I say, I am born to endure, and to love you, *Mistress*, but alwaies in the quality of,

Your most humble Servant.

Letters of Absence. 112.

IF those griefs which are still present, since your absence, did not make me hope for a speedy death, I would bewail the birth of my daies, that do enlighten me without shining: for, deprived of the brightness of your eies, I can acknowledge no other in the

world, as they have vanquiſhed me; and that with ſo many charms, as that they are not content that I adore them, but that they are ſtill burning me. Well, this is ſomewhat too much, but yet too little for your merits. Wherefore I will never be weary of ſuffering, no more than of loving you. Believe this my affliction, that your belief may be my remedy, and my honour, the quality, *Miſtris*,

Of your moſt humble Servitor.

Another. 113.

Miſtris, If the ſorrow which your abſence hath cauſed in my ſoul, could give me as many words to expreſs it, as I have griefs to bewail it, I ſhould think my ſelf ſatisfied. But for too much enduring, I muſt be ſilent in my torment, but never in my expreſſions, how I am one *Of your moſt humble Servants.*

Anſwer. 114.

SIR, What kind of trouble can ſuch an indifferent abſence bring to your content? It can be but an imaginary feeling to you, though it ſeem real, as by your own words may be perceived, which ſpeak you unable, being there's no ſuch thing to expreſs it; and therefore your ſilence will be your greateſt advantage, ſince it layes aſleep your torments, without ſaying any thing to them; but not the title which your fair carriage gives you, of being my *Servitor*. As to me, it doth likewiſe the endeavour, Sir, of deſerving the ſtile and quality of

Your Servant.

115.

SIR, I can give but a feigned remedy to an imaginary torment, like yours: for my abſence is of too different a nature to cauſe your grief or trouble. And I beſeech you, diſpence with me for believing it, ſince alſo mine own knowledge forbids it, as reaſon doth otherwiſe, to ſay I am, *Sir*,

Your ſervant.

Upon

upon a point of rigour. 116.

IF love and cruelty be two contrary things, your love must needs be fained, since your rigour is real. Cease then to make me suffer, and I shall believe you love me; for my pain, and your cruelty, are too opposite to persit together.

Adieu to the fairest, though cruelest of all thy Sex.

Another. 117.

SIr, You complain of my absence, and I of yours. You would enjoy my presence, but my discretion forbids it you, and me the happiness to see you; but my want of power oppoſeth: so that grievances should be less, in that they are equally shared; but not the quality which I take, Sir,

Of your servant.

Another. 118.

TO see you without admiration; is past my power; to admire and love you, is a necessity. You have so much merit, that none can hardly desire, much less hope for the honour of your good favours. Judge then, who can but worthily serve you? Sure he is yet unborn, nay, in earnest, I'le pawn my life on't; yet with your leave, *Mistress,*

For I am yours.

To his Lady. 119.

TO despise such as honour you, to disdain such as love you, to make no account of such as faithfully serve you; are these the actions of a fair soul like yours? Or are they but words, that honour me with a hope of some effects of your good remembrance! Oh, it is a little too rigorous! Confess it, that you may repent, and give him content, who cannot be absent from you, *Mistress,*

As your most humble Servitor

To a Kinswoman. 120.

MIstress, Albeit your actions in appearance have witnessed, that I was no otherwise in your esteem, than of an indifferent quality, yet my desires being still secretly zealous for your service, in the

natural instinct, aspiring at nothing but your good, have disarmed my purpose, bent to your disgrace; so to restore me to my self, and make me the same, I profess my self to you, which is,

Mistress, your most affectionate servant and kinsman
Who the inconstancy of a Servant. 121.

SIR, Our Sex is not always accused of inconstancy, and yet I now take that aspersion from you; you, I say, whose oaths gave such faithful testimonies of affection, that I durst not doubt of it, for fear of offending my self. And yet, hath the wind carried away your words, but not your love, for you never had any. So that now, when I blame my self for having believed you, I praise my self withal for imitating you, but always with the sorrow of not being your example; for it was fit I should precede you, as your *Mistress.*

Sir, *though at the present your servant.*

A Letter. 122.

MIstress, It is to be feared, that you have no love, since you have eys to see my unworthiness. Love is blind, you should be so too, in regard of my merits. Let it suffice you, that I love you, and that I adore you, even as the most fairest, and most perfect creature on earth. *A Letter from a despairing Lover.* 123.

THere is no creature, *Madam*, so bereaved of reason, or deprived of sence; which being oppressed with direful calamities, feeleth not by meer instinct of nature, a present medicine for his malady; man only exeepted; who, by reason of his want, may justly accuse the Powers of injustice. The Unicorn being sick, recovers his health by swallowing the buds of a Date-tree, the Deer being strucken, feeds on the herb *Dictamnum*, and recovers: but man hath no secret salve so excellent, nor plaister so perfect, by whose secret vertues he may appease his passions. This *Madam*, I now know by proof, and therefore speak by experience; for your di-

vine

vine beauty, and the perfection of your mind, have kindled such a flame in my heart, that by no means I can quench, but it will turn my body into dry earth, and cinders, unless by the drops of your pitty, it be speedily extinguished. Therefore, fair one, now at last be merciful, and let not my service and loyal love be recompensed with such disloyal refusals. Strive not for my life, since you have my liberty: seek not my death, since you are the Saint to which I offer up my Devotions. *Madam*, let the sweet balm of your benevolence salve the sore, which so painfully afflicteth my careful conscience; and with the dew of your grace redeem him from misery, whose life or death standeth in your answer; which I hope will be such, as belongeth to the desert of my love, and the graces of your beautiful mind.

Farewel.

Her Answer. 124.

IT is impossible, Sir, to strain moist liquor out of the dry flint, to procure a heat in that which is key cold, or to force the sturdy stream to run against their common course. Know, Sir, you are the man I loath, and cannot like. Make therefore a vertue of your necessity, and asswage the flame, your self, which I know not who else, will quench, by an importunate persisting in your purpose, where no hope is; lest you prove your self rather a desperate Sot, than a discreet Souldier. Take my Nay therefore for an answer: if I would, I cannot; and if I could, I would not. So farewel.

No way yours.

To one who is not really what she seems. 125.

ADmire not, though I rail against thy follies, since thy mercilesse mind hath abused me, by thy ingratitude, and thy imperfections have delineated these impressions of my pen. For thy beauty, if I admired it once, it was not when I knew thy ill conditions, like bad commodities, were to be put off with it:

but now making use of reason, I question whether at that time I had sense. Perswade thy self therefore, if I were to dye presently, and thou wert part of that I should leave the world, I would bequeath thee, with thy good face, and bad conditions, for a Legacie to my most inveterate enemy. And for my own part, whilst I do survive, and thy remaining upon this earth yet afflicts me; be confident, thou painted Sepulcher, I will Epitomize all thy vices, that the world, by reading thy voloume, may shun thee, as the only Obstacle to felicitie, and learn the wages of vertue, by those things that are thy contraries. For the present, admire not, though this paper be stained with the blemishes of thy ill name, since Nature her self was deceived, which bestowed her features so rashly and inconsiderately on thee. Certainly, thou wert ordained to rectifie my mind, that by thee I may learn to know, that a good face is not alwaies exempted from a hoarse voice. I protest to thee, I would not buy the distempers of thy soul at so high a rate, as to enjoy thy beauty: much rather will I endeavour to express my gratitude to Heaven, in that I fail not to practise this resolution,

Never to enjoy thee.

Her Answer, 126.

WOnder not, Sir, though you see an Answer to your frantick Letter. Do you think, by bawling like a Begger, to become a King? No, Sir, as I know your knavery, so I pass not for it, neither can your brags go for payment. I marvel not, though your dogged Letters savour of *Diogines*'s doctrine. You cinical dunce, what felicitie can you have in biting of those, whom otherwise thou canst not be revenged of? Indeed, gentle *Balaam*'s Asse if I had been so light to have loved you, for feeding my fancie on thy ill-favoured face, I might justly have reap'd such profit, since I then have fill'd my eyes so full with the figure of a fool. Hereafter keep your

your Letters Patents in your beggars box. Adieu Sir Dunce, the more you mislike me, the more I love my self, while I account it the greatest felicity of *S. M.*

To be rid of such a fool.

A Letter from a distressed lover. 127.

MAdam, As my cares proceed from your cruelty, so let the effects of your courtesie procure my bliss; since the perfections of your beauty have made me miserable, let me beg of you to send the messenger of present consolation, to him that pineth away, and is yours only and ever. *Still in hope.*

A Letter from a Lover, professing constancy. 128.

THey who have the honour to see you, run a dangerous fortune; if they love you, they are sawcy; if they love not, they are without judgement. Now, fair creature, I have chosen that which is most after my humour, and from which it is impossible for me to withdraw my self. Think it not hard, cruel *Diana*, that having seen you, I love you. If this boldness deserve punishment, you caused it, and it is no more in my choice; for I must, while I live, be your servant, or not be alive. *Farewell.*

A Letter from an unconstant Lover. 129.

I Write not now to tell you that I love, for you have believ'd that but too well; but to assure you, I shall love you no more. Perhaps you may be amazed at this alteration, for you have alwaies loved me above my desires. But that which draws me from you, is, I must confess, your misfortue, that will no longer continue to you the pleasure of our loves; or rather my good fortune, which will have me no longer stay at so poor a thing. And to the end you may live to complain of me, I bid you for ever *Farewell.*

Her Answer. 130.

SIR, It was your arrogancy perswaded you I lov'd you, wherein you are most infinitely mistaken: I swear

refuse refuse

to thee, by all the merits which thou thinkeſt thou haſt, but are not in thee, there was never any ſuch matter as love. As for the Letter you ſent me, I cannot be unthankful for the pleaſure you have done me in it, ſince it hath taught me to reject hereafter the importunities of ſuch Coxcombs as your ſelf. In the mean time, to be content as I am, in being free of ſuch a burthen: believe me, Sir, it is no ſmall happineſs.

Farewell.

A Letter to an inconſtant Miſtreſs. 131.

IT is not to complain of you, Miſtreſs, that I take up my Pen, but only to deplore my misfortunes, which makes me ſo contemned of you: ſince at other times you were not wont to uſe me in this ſort. I am the ſame man that have ſerved you in all reſpective ſubmiſſion, and you are the ſame that at firſt were mine, ſince you received me for yours. I am become no leſs, nor you greater: if it be ſo, why do you not judge me worthy of the ſame entertainment? I have called my ſoul to an account for her actions; ſince it pleaſeth you, I will diſplay them all before your eies; for my part, I cannot accuſe any one of them: if you ſhall judge otherwiſe when you have heard them, it ſhall be no ſmall conſolation to the poor condemned, to know at leaſt the cauſe of his puniſhment. *Adieu, cruel one.*

A Letter. 132.

IF Love taught me as well to ſpeak my torment, as to ſuſtain it, pitty would make you ſenſible of my plaint, but dumb in their too much ſufferance. I have but my conſtancy for remedy, that is all my hope, your ſweetneſs for my deſire, and your command for mine honour, *Miſtreſs*, for my quality is, *Your humble Servitor.*

Another. 133.

SInce your merits cauſe my torments, I will never complain; the more rigorous you ſhall be, the more con-

constantly I will oppose all my respects to your neglects, my honours to your disdain, and my fire to your ice. If I breath, it shall be love; if I sigh, it shall be in passion for your service: in a word, if it be, I will be,

Mistress, Your Servitor

A Letter. 134.

TO have no soul, but to adore you; to have no heart, but to love you; and but one only life, for your service; have you not cause to complain? You, whose beauty hath so many charms, and merits so many habits, that one would detest this name of liberty, to dye your slave. Should one talk of miracles, you are the example; in discourse of rarities, you are above comparisons; so that Heaven and Nature are in dispute for whom you were made. Now to say, I am *Your Servitor*, that is a quality too high; to say, I am *Your Slave*, that's yet too lofty. Behold my firname, now give me what name you please.

A Letter. 135.

IF for deserving death, one were to lose his life, I should have been gone long since; for too much love makes me hate my self; but me think, I should still live, and lengthen my days, and that, being wretched, I ought to live the longer; I fly that which flies me, the grave; so as I have neither comfort of my life, no hope of my death. And thus I am, *Mistress*, always,

Your Servitor.

Another. 136.

TO love, and not to be loved, is to live without hope; and by consequent, to dye. Have you resolved my death, by disdaining my services, thus to forget their requital? It is too much rigour for your beauty, and you will confess it one day, but too little for your repentance; for *I* shall no longer by consequence subsist, as I am for the present, *Mistress*,

The most humble of all your servants.

A Letter. 137.

Miſtreſs, Thus to forbid me to love you, and to will me not to honour you, what would you have me to do, *My Deareſt*? I muſt change my heart, if I would change mine affections; and Nature muſt give me other inclinations, to deprive me of my reſpects, and of my obedience. Forbid me to live rather, and I will dye, but it ſhall be for love, and ſo at the end of my daies, I ſhall do you ſervice, leaving this truth for a remembrence to after times.

A Letter from a Gentleman to his Miſtreſs. 138.

IT is you (*fair creature*) that have gained this advantage upon me, that I forget my ſelf to remember you perpetually. Do not think, that unleſs I ſee you ſhortly, I can longer ſurvive, whereby I might continue the affections of my ſervices to you. So that two things will infallibly bring me to my grave, your abſence, and my grief, for not acquitting my ſelf towards you as I deſire. Chuſe now (*fair ſoul*) whether you had rather have me dead for your content, or to ſee me daily offer you up the fruits of my ſervices, upon the Altar of your merits, in the quality of,

Your moſt loyal, and moſt affectionate Serviter.

A Letter of difference betwixt a Gentleman, and his Miſtreſs. 139.

I Thought it was an inviolable vow that was betwixt us, when we ſwore ſo ſolemnly; but I perceive already, the change hath better pleaſed you, than the continuances of my ſervices. I know not whom I ſhall accuſe, you, or my ſelf; for poſſibly, the long time I have been without ſeeing you, is the cauſe of it; or elſe you have been drawn to it by your own natural inclination. Make me what anſwer you pleaſe, no earthly thing ſhall hinder me from loving you; for I had rather chuſe a thouſand deaths, than to be inconſtant in my love: and will flie, with the hazard of my life, the reproach

proach of disloyaltie, whether you will or no.

Your Servitor inviolably.

A Letter of a Gentleman after a visit. 140.

Mistress, The honour I received, in the late visit I made to my dear Couzen, at your house, hath so oblig'd me to both of you, that I thought I should commit a hainous fault, if by some honest endeavour I should not witness a feeling of it. If ever I have the happiness to see you at my home, which is all yours, I shall endeavour to make you as welcom as I can. I conjure you to come to see my Sister, as you have promised her, otherwise farewell all friendship: yet not so, nevertheless, but that in the mean space I desire to continue, *Mistress,* *Your Cozen and best friend.*

A Letter of a fond Maid, that disdained the service and love of a gallant Gentleman, who was counselled to disdain her also. 141.

FOrsake the Maid that forsakes you, and no more remember her forgetfulness. She hath changed, that she may not change her natures inconstancy; her small acquaintance should make you know her fault. Your good judgement may shew you how little she hath. You cannot but get by the loss of her; if you lose a Sweet-heart, you gain a liberty. You should keep some love for your self, and not cast it all away from you. If you love something, do not hate your self for all that: if fortune give you any thing, she will be well-rewarded; but if she should take a heart from you, think it was not yours; that wheresoever you go, you may remain content, and love not what is contrary to you, unless you would contradict him that loves you dearly,

Even to the Grave.

A Letter of love between two Lovers. 142.

YOu have made me feel, fair *Calestena,* the ardent sparkles of your friendship, the memory whereof I shall still honour, and esteem my self a great deal the

more

more fortunate, if my happineſs may prove more extream, and I conſume in its flame, my ſoul ſhall then live with a thouſand delights, and my heart reſume new life in its aſhes, and that I may be thus condemned of this wiſhed puniſhment: nor let your fair mind conceive any doubt of my loves eternity, ſince conſtancy ſhall be ever its faithful companion, and the fire which kindleth it, ſhall never be quenched though it were combated by the moſt Icie proceedings of fears you might have of your enviers. What if it were ſo? yet ſhould they melt as ſoon as they do but contemplate the Sun-beams of my diſcretion. You may as well aſſure your ſelf of theſe effects of my words, as I do of the conſummation of my hopes, which have no other ſcope, than to ſerve your merits, and to ſet up to your uſe,

Your faithful Floridon, *&c.*

A Letter in anſwer.

YOur deſires are my Laws (dear *Floridon*) and your loyalrie cannot finiſh but with mine: they ſhall both alike ſhine bright over our lives, and nouriſh themſelves with our flames; wherein I ſhall think my ſelf very happy to live with you. That ſilence which knit up my tongue at your fair diſcourſes, proceeded only out of fear; you might know ſo much by my exteriour ſigns, which ſufficiently ſhewed you how ſorelie it grieved me for your ſweet ſelf: for I would not have you to eſteem me to be fearful of the fierie ſparks of the envious, ſince nothing can withſtand that faithful love which hence-forward is contracted by,

Your dear Caliſta, *&c.*

Another. 144.

IF my ſtedfaſt love were not anſwered by yours, (dear *Caliſta*) I ſhould have reaſon to complain of you, and my complaints would be ſuch as never to admit of interruption; but ſo as for ever to open the gates to my ſorrow: For, when I read your Letter, which

which is an article of my faith, and that you ſuffer a thouſand tortures for my love; I doubt not, but envy hath been buzzing ſomething in my Parents ears, of our affections, and that felicity her ſelf, as jealous of our contents, might put ſuch a poor trick upon us. But you have ſo fair a ſoul, and ſo generous, that you will conſtantly repulſe all thoſe aſſets, to honour ſtill with your love,

Your faithful Floridon.

A Letter in anſwer. 145.

PLeaſures are of ſhort continuance, and their fair dates are too ſoon eclipſed; we cannot promiſe our ſelves, long enjoyment of them, ſince they are in the hand of the great *Jehovah*. It is conſtancy that gives us happineſs after all our adverſities. You were the ſubject of my beſt ſorrows, dear *Floridon*; but now your preſence ſerves me for Sun beams. Though indeed ſome doubts of future obſtacles, do even bury me in an obſcure night of anguiſh. And were it not that joy follows ſorrow, I had ere this skipp'd over the ſtep of this life of mine, to be freed of my pain. But time will one day give us the happineſs to make each other amends, by receiving uſury for our patience. Be comforted then in your ſelf, and conſider well with your ſerious diſcretion, though I am thus now overwhelmed with my fears, yet we are almoſt at the ſpire of our felicities, which we ſhall attain at, I hope, ſhortly; or it ſhall be no fault of hers, who is,

Your faithful Caliſta, *as much as you deſire with honour.*

A Letter in demand of his Miſtreſſes Picture. 146.

MAdam, That beautiful ſubſtance, whoſe features and graces you animate with ſo much ſweetneſs, appears in my ſight ſo admirable in the original, that, it would be my greateſt happineſs, but to obtain the ſhaddow: it will (if you pleaſe to honour me in this my requeſt) be a noble means of my teſtifying the reſentment in quality,

Of your, A

A Letter of Sir J. S. *to* T. C. *diſſwading him from marrying of a Widdow.* 247.

SIR, At this time, when the hot Planets fire the blood, and when the Lunaticks of *Bedlam*, themſelves are truſted abroad, that now you ſhould run mad, it is not ſo much a ſubj & of your friends pitty, as their wonder. True love is a natural diſtemper, a kind of a ſmall pox, every one hath had it, or is to expect it; and the ſooner the better. Thus far you are excuſed; but having been well cured of a Feaver, to court a relapſe, to make love the ſecond time in the ſame place, is (not to flatter you) neither better nor worſe, than to fall into a quag-mire by chance, and to ride into it afterward of purpoſe. It is not love, Sir, that doth the miſchief, but conſtancy of love; for love is of the nature of a Burning-glaſs, which held ſtill to one place, fires; changing often, doth nothing; a kind of a glowing coal, which being ſhifted from hand to hand, a man may eaſily endure, but then to marry, *Sir*, you had better live honeſt. Love, you know is blind; what will he not do, when he hath fetters, and knows then what marriage is? 'tis a curing of love the deareſt way, awaking of a loſing gamſter, out of a winning dream; after a long expectation of a ſtrange Banquet, a preſentation of a homely meal. Alas, Sir, love-ſeeds, when they run into matrimony, are good for nothing; like ſome fruit-trees, love muſt be tranſ-planted, if you would have it active, and bring forth any thing. You have now perchance vowed all that can be vowed, to ſome one face, and think that you have not left any thing unſaid to it. Do but make love to another, and if you are not ſuddenly furniſh'd with new language, & freſh oaths, I'le conclude, *Cupid* hath uſed thee worſe than ever he did any of his train. After all this, to marry a widdow, is a kind of a chewed meat. What a fantaſtical ſtomack haſt thou, that canſt not taſte a diſh until

until another man hath cut? Who will wash after another, when he may have fresh water for calling for? If you must needs marry, as who can tell to what height you have sinned, marry a Maid; for if you are constrained to live in a Prison, it is better to lie in a private Chamber, than in the Hole. *Yours.*

Short and easy Directions for inditing Letters.

What a Letter is.

IT is a kind of a conference, or communication of one that is absent, with another, as if he were present.

Why Letters were indited.

To inform friends in the time of their absence, of those occasions that chiefly concern them.

Several kinds of Letters, with their use and Applications.

There are three things to be practised by those that indite Letters, and each of them in its right order.

1. *Invention.*
2. *Disposition.*
3. *Elocution.*

First, he must invent his matter, which is, as it were, the material of a building.

Secondly, he must dispose his matter into a true order, frame, and method; to consider what will be best pleasing in the beginning of his Epistle, what in the middle, and what in the end. And this is, as it were, the framing of a building.

Thirdly, he must labour to deliver his mind in fit significant words, and in a pure and good phrase. And this is, as it were, the polishing, and the beautifying of a building.

And these three, viz. *Invention*, *Disposition*, and *Elocution*, may be exceedingly furthered by three other notable helps,

viz

viz. *Art*, *Imitation*, *Exercise*.

Art directeth by example.

Imitation by precept.

Exercise by continual use and practise.

As an Artist, First giveth to his Schollar the Rules of his Art.

Secondly, causeth him to look upon him writing. &,

Thirdly, to make tryal by himself.

By which three enjoyned, he may with great ease attain to the perfection of this Art.

Letters demonstrative, are to declare, manifest, and lay open, the particulars of a business.

Letters consiliatory of counsel, are branched into those of perswasion, or of disswasion: these ought to be deliberative and judicial, as they consist, and sometimes refer to the commendation, or dispraise of the person, or of his actions, or to things in agitation.

Letters petitory, or petionary of requests, should be of things possible, convenient, or necessary; they should be ever set off with modest desires, and free from the oppression of a friends good nature, not too much intrenching upon his generous disposition.

Letters that are moral and civil, should be grave and sententious.

Letters that are amorous and loving, should be full of passion, honestly expressed, full of sweet invitations, pleasant and beautiful descriptions, penn'd with fear when despair prevails; set off with confidence, when the love-sick Inditer is encouraged.

Occonomical Letters of household affairs, are to be plain, and fraught with business, concise; and so writ, as not to detract from the respect of him that employs, according to his preeminence, or the others more servile relations.

Letters gratulatory, or of thanks for benefits received, should carry with them a fervency of expressions, and of acknowledgement.

Letters

Letters Accusatory, are, when we touch the persons or actions of others; they are to be indited with smooth pens, the grounds of jealousie examined, lest they appear too censorious, ever concluding with a dislike, and unwillingness of him that writes them, and a profession of ingenious love to him he writes to.

Letters Excusatory, of clearing or pleading for our selves or others, should be submissive, with reference to better judgements, yet not without extenuations; but such as modesty may gain upon the perusers candour and affection.

Letters Nuncupatory of News, should be impartial, but alwaies (except upon certain knowledge) set off with a kind of diffidence, [*So it is given out, or reported*] lest the Inditer betraies his credit, and seems to him he writes to, to be a falsifyer of truth, the venial sins of the times, as some of our Intelligencers constant practises would make us believe.

How a Letter should be writ.

It ought to have reference to the place, to the time, and to the person, or his affairs; and so take beginning from the rise of such things as we are to write of.

How a Letter should be adorned.

It is to be beautified with flowers of expressions, flourished with similitudes and grave sentences, enriched and made firm with fervent vows and tenders of service. In a word, it should be most complementally fluent, in the neatness and fitness of the Epithites, Comparisons, and Circumstances.

How the forms of Salutations ought to be ordered.

They are to be such as are most Court-like, and in fashion with the Nation, time, person, and circumstances, as any of them in the method or phrase, may admit of variation.

General

General directions, for the Styles and Superſcriptions of Letters.

Excogitate and conſider the perſon's relation, and qualifications, how he is honoured in the Commonwealth, and ſo accordingly make uſe of ſeaſonable and fit applications, deviſing of ſuch titles, words, and expreſſions, as are anſwerably requiſite in reſpect of his preheminence of place, or ſupremacy of authority, either in Civil or Eccleſiaſtical matters. More particular directions, for Superſcriptions and Subſcriptions, follow in their order.

* * * \

Stiles used to the Nobility in our Superscriptions, are divers, but the most general are these.

If to a Nobleman eminent in place.

To the right Honourable.

Or otherwise.

To the Honourable.

To persons of more inferiour degrees.

To the right Worshipful.

Otherwise.

To the Worshipful.

Superscriptions, with Subscriptions adjoyned to them, as they are most properly applyed.

TO the most Sacred, most Gracious, most High, most Mighty, most Puissant, and Victorious Monarch, His Majesty of Great *Britain*, &c.

Your Majesties most faithful and obedient Subject.

To the most Illustrious Prince.

To the most Renowned Duke.

To the right Honourable Earl.

To the right Worshipful Knight.

To the Worshipful Esquire.

To the most just and upright Judge.

To the most circumspect and prudent States-man.

To the most grave, most sincere, most religious, and most learned Clergy-man.

To Professor of Sciences (if Rhetoricians.)

To the most eloquent, most learned.

To the most approved Physician.

To the Logicians, the term of most subtil or cunning.

To Poets, the stile of the sacred Adorers of the Muses.

To Lawyers, the superscriptions of skilful, wise, singular, and learned.

To

To the right Honourable.
Your Honours most humbly devoted.
To his honourable Lord.
Your Honours in all duty and service.
To the Honourable, and his highly respected Lady.
Your Honours to command: Or,
Your Honours devoted.
To the Worthy and Noble. *Ever yours to serve you.*
To the right Honourable, and his highly esteemed Patron. *Your Honours observant.*
To those of Consanguinity, thus.
To his most loving, well-beloved, right good Father.
Your obedient Son.
To his most dear, most loving Mother.
Your dutiful Son.
To his beloved, and most affectionate Sister.
Your loving Brother.
To his dearly beloved Wife.
Your most loving husband.
To his loving Uncle. *Your observant kinsman.*
To the honourable Colonel.
Yours sworn to worthiness.
To the only life of his desires.
Your afflicted friend.
To the fulness of his contentment.
Your living and dying friend.
To the only hope of his fortunes.
The honourer of your matchless affections.
To the noble and truly vertuous Gentlewoman.
Yours in death it self.
To his best choice. *Yours in the midst of fear.*
To his vertuous and dearly beloved.
Yours ever resolved.
To the Mistress of his thoughts. *Yours dying in constancy.*
To his beloved friends. *Yours assured.*
To the lovingest of all my friends. *Yours inseparably.*

To

To his highly esteemed friend.
Yours as I have professed.
To his tried and trusty friend. *Not living without you.*
To his honourable friend. *Yours in true friendship.*
To her newly displeased friend.
Yours, if you wrong her not.
To her best resolved friend. *Yours whersoever.*
To his well advised friend. *Yours, and Vertue's.*
To his loving, and long expected friend.
Yours with good wishes.
To his respected friend. *Yours well assured.*
To his approved friend. *Yours in true liberty.*
To her most disquieted friend.
Yours in honourable love.
To his loving Neece. *Your affectionate kinsman.*
To his dearest brother. *Yours in all occasions.*
To his well experienced, & most esteemed noble friend
Yours, as you can desire.
To his well disposed friend. *Yours to trust only.*
To her dearest husband. *Your ever loving wife.*
To his much disordered friend.
Yours in reformation.
To his unkind friend. *Yours, if you will have it so.*
To his ill advised Son. *Your displeased Father.*
To his miserable rich friend.
Yours, if you can be your own.
To the worthy Lady. *Yours, as a lover of honour.*
To her unkind husband. *Your true wife till death.*
To his perjur'd and lascivious wife.
Your husband, if you do not avoid him.
To her jealous husband. *Yours in her very thoughts.*
To his suddenly displeased friend.
Yours, when you conceive aright of me.
To his well esteemed friend.
Yours, whilst mine own.
To her unkind friend. *Yours, and yet displeased.*

To

To his honourable and good friend.
Yours, if you think me worthy.
To his well esteemed friend,
Yours, most dutiful, if you will except of humiliation.
To his true helping friend. *Yours recovered.*
To his worthy friend, Adventurer in the Straits.
Yours undivided, though far off.
To his noble and constant friend.
Yours, though amongst Infidells.
To his respected, and worthy friend.
Yours, as you have made me.
To his careful friend. *Yours, mindful of you.*
To the worthy Doctor. *Your sick Patient*
To his honourable, valiant, hardy, merciful, worthy Captain. *Yours, though we never meet again.*
To his approved friend.
Yours in all places, and at all times.
To his special friend. *My own, if in your memory.*
To the most perfect woman.
Yours in the midst of temptation.
To his honourable enemy. *Yours, ready for all danger.*
To his well-deserving friend. *Yours unfeignedly.*
To his over-suspitious friend. *Yours to trust only.*
To his willful, and seduced friend.
Your poor abused friend.

For the Readers greater pleasure and variety, these Subscriptions are here only placed by themselves.

YOur careful Father. Your dutiful Son.
Your loving Master. Your obedient Servant.
usque ad aras. Affectionately devoted to your service.
The unfortunate. As you shall determine of me.
Your well-wishing friend. Thy discontented friend.
In all humble duty. Thy most constant friend.
Ever thine. Your Worships poor Tenant to command.
In all obedience. Yours, not safe till I enjoy you.
Faithfully

Faithfully yours.
Thy true friend.
Never leſs his own.
Thy ſometimes friend.
Your honours moſt obliged.
Yours, as far as modeſty will ſuffer me.
Yours, if you pleaſe to accept of me.
Yours, prepared to ſuffer.
Your beſt counſellour.
Your injured Miſtris.
Your affectionate poor friend.
Your entire vaſſail.
Remaining your friend.
Yours, as a lover of vertue.
Yours well affected.
Your worſhips to be commanded.
Animæ dividium tuæ.
Yours in unutterable affection.
No longer your friend.
Yours, ſo I may be my own.
Your ſorrowful friend.
Your forſaken friend.
Your vowed Servant.
Your enemy till death.
Yours moſt paſſionately, loyally, and perpetually devoted.
Yours, wholly and only, if you will.
Yours, as you ſhall deſerve by your ſervice.
Your friend, whether you will or no.
Yours in all good ſort to be entertained.
Deſirous of your former imagination.
Yours, more ſorry for your ill condition, than for the wrong you have done me.
Your moſt humble and paſſionate Servant.
Yours, in the infringible bonds of affection.
The Servant of your worthy vertues.

Yours in boundleſs affection.
Your Servant in all humility.
Your loving Land-lord.
Yours irremovably.
Yours as I find cauſe.
Your true lover.
Thine to the end.
Yours more than my own.
Remaining your friend.
Yours in reſpective duty.
Once thy friend.
Your plain and true friend.
Yours in reſpective duty
Yours fearfully loving.
Your friend to his ability.
Your loyal wife.
Your impriſoned friend.
Thine or not my ſelf.
Your diſtreſſed Debtor.
One alwaies yours.
Yours what you will.
Yours ever to his power.
Thine own from all the world.
Your faithful and ready friend.

Yours

Your moſt reſpectfully engaged.
Your ever friend and ſervant.
Your Lordſhips unfeigned, honoured, and loyal ſervant.
Your friend *dum Aura æthera veſcor.*

A Character of Complements.

COmplements are a ſhort collation of Sweet-meats, to banquet and pleaſe the daintieſt taſte; they are the Quinteſſence of wit, the Refiners of Speech, and fit the mind better than the Apparel doth the body: for the Cloaths may be too ſtraight, or point device; but Complements are the minds free exerciſe. They have ſome droſs in them, as well as ſilver: They are a kind of Bell-mettle, they have in them both the precifian and the Paraſite: the moral of which is, That Wit and Women are frail things, guilded hipocrites, ſpecious outſides; to which, Complements, like feathers to ſmall Birds, make a proportion, though the body it ſelf be but little. They are multiplying-glaſſes, and flattering Mirrors, that conceive age and wrinkles. *Jeſts* finely dreſt up for a Preſent. A complementive ſubmiſſion, is the Flatterer's and Polititians key, to open the moſt ſecret Cabinets of Princes breaſts with. For there is a Congee of the loweſt humility, that reaches to the higheſt flight of Ambition. Thus Complements may bring the Court with them; the Court behaviour: that behaviour will make an iſſue in love: that love will conquer Maiden-heads. The preface to a Complement, is the motion of that body; the grace of it, the diſpoſing of the countenance, the zeal, or oath of it, the hand upon the Book of the Breaſt. Complements are the language of Gallants, (the melting

ings of their language) musical raviſhings of their perſwaſive tongues, the odours of their perfumed breaths; loving ſighes, and the luſineſs of their after noons. To conclude, their power is ſuch, that they gain admittance into a Ladies private retiring-room; or elſe by their force break open their locks and doors at midnight, to give acceſs to the Miſtreſſes of their hearts.

The Poſtſcript.

WOrthy Reader, I hope it wil fare with thee now, as with a gueſt, whoſe eye being firſt allured with a magnificent banquet; his appetite is the better pleaſed, when he hath reliſhed ſome of theſe dainties: So having but at the firſt delighted the eye of the fancy with the Architecture of the frontiſpiece of this Book; and ſince with a more diſcreet peruſal you have now taken a view of every room, I know thou canſt not but be wonderfully pleaſed with the whole building and fabrick of this Academy: Love and eloquence lead thee with pleaſure into it; may thy content and favourable cenſure let thee forth again.

Thine, Philomuſus.

A Table for the underſtanding of the hard Engliſh words contained in this Book.

A

Acute witty
Amiable lovely
Apt fit
Auſtere ſharp
Aſpire to look high
Abſtemious temperate
Ample ſie to enlarge
Advertiſe to adviſe
Augment to encreaſe
Aſpect to look upon
Abſurd fooliſh
Applaud to like
Altitude high pi

Acknowledgment confession
Attractive drawing to
Aspiration breathing
Abhor to hate
Audacious bold
Alacrity cheerfulness
Apparent open
Abjure to forswear
Active nimble
Anguish grief
Appertinent belonging to
Auspicious betokening success
Abruptly unorderly
Ambiguity doubtfulness
Arrogant proud
Accommodate to make fit
Aggravate to make more grievous
Adverse contrary
Apprehension understanding
Affable courteous
Artificially workmanlike
Affectation curiosity
Academy University
Amity friendship
Abbreviate to shorten
Ardent hot
Adorn to beautifie
Antipathy contrariety
Adore to worship
Affectionate loving
Accurate curious
Act to do or perform
Accident chance
Assent to agree to
Accomplish to finish
Amaze to strike with wonder
Admire to wonder at
Absolutely fully
Adventure to hazard

B

Beneficial profitable
Bliss happiness
Bashful blushing
Brevity shortness
Benevolence good will
Bruit report
Barbarian a rude person
Beatitude blessedness
Besiege to set upon or court

C

Complexion constitution of body
Convince to confute
Credulity rashness of belief
Celestial heavenly
Civility honest behaviour
Comprehend to contain
Circumspect heedy
Celebrate to keep solemnly
Compassion pity
Consequent following by order
Correspondent answerable
Contrite sorrowful
Capacity largeness of place
Circumstance quality of time and place
Condescend to agree to
Cogitation thought
Catastrophe the end
Credible to be believed
Contribution bestowing
Confirm to establish
Casualty chance
Compose to join
Clemency gentleness
Convenient fit
Consecrate to make holy
Center the point of a Circle
Competent convenient
Circumvent to deceive
Compendious short
Certifie to give to understand
Confer to talk together
Corrivals partners in affection

Con-

Contract to covenant
Circumscribe to compass about
Commencement the beginning
Contemptible to be dispised
Commemoration remembering
Circumlocution many words
Converse to be familiar
Continent chaste
Charms spels or witchcraft
Conduct guiding, governing
Curiosity neatnes

D

Direct to rule or guide
Distracted mad
Divert turn from another
Divulge to publish
Delineate to draw a proposition
Desist leave off
Dissimilitude unlikenes
Disperse to scatter abroad
Deity Godhead
Disloyal untrusty
Distinguish to put a difference
Decipher to describe or lay open
Distant place between
Dispose to appoint
Deformed ill shapen
Disturb to disquiet
Dialect a manner of speech
Define to shew what a thing is
Dissolve to unloose
Dissuade to perswade to the contrary
Discuss to search narrowly
Digress to leave a matter
Decent comely
Disanul to make void
Dilate to enlarge
Destitute forsaken
Deame to wander
Destined appointed
Disputable questionable
Determine to conclude
Dedicate to give for ever
Dismis to send away
Difficult hard
Defraud to deceive
Desertion leaving
Display to spread abroad
Dexterity aptnes
Dejected cast down
Demeanour behaviour
Diffuse to pour out
Disability unableness
Deprive to take away
Disjunction dividing
Deride to mock
Dismal unlucky
Diffident doubtful
Delude to deceive
Dissent to disagree
Depend hang upon
Deliberate to take counsel
Dehort to perswade to the contrary
Degenerate to fall off from goodnes
Defects weakness of capacity
Dissipate scatter abroad

E

Expression laying open of any thing
Expert skilful
Extract to draw out
Exact perfect
Etronious full of errors
Effect a thing done
Emblem a shadow of a thing

Evident plain
Expect to watt or look for
Exempt free
Extinguish to put out
Efficacy force
Enflame to set on fire
Expedient fit
Expire to die
Extenuate to lessen
Essence the being of a thing
Eccho to sound
Experiment tryal
Extend to spread forth
Elaborate curious
Exhibite to bestow
Expostulate to chide
Evasion an escape
Eclipse darkness of the sun
Extempore without study
Exanimate to trouble the mind
Education bringing up
Epithite a title given to any thing
Expence cost
Exasperate to anger
Evitable to be shunned
Excessive too much
Effeminate too womanish
Exorable to be intreated
Elegancy fineness of speech
Expedition speed
Exigent necessity
Election choice
Explicite unfolded
Elocution good expression
Exile banished
Explicate to declare
Estimate to prise or rate
Enjoy keep or possess
Engaged indebted
Event end, success
Extraordinary more then common

F

Frivolous trifling
Fortunate happy
Faction a tale
Fatal mortal
Fortitude valour
Fervent hot
Fulgent glittering
Figurative shadowed
Faculty power and ability
Finite having an end
Fruition enjoying
Fabulous feigned
Fraudulent deceitful
Fragrant smelling sweet
Fallacy deceit
Fidelity trustiness
Fantasie imagination
Felicity happiness
Feature shape
Foundation ground work
Falsifie to break ones word

G

Gratifie to pleasure
Genuine natural
Gratulate to be glad
Generosity nobility
Glorifie to give honor

H

Habitude disposition
Heroicall beseeming a noble man.
Harmony agreement
Hereditary by succession
Habit apparel

I

Improper unfit
Incident happning
Introduction entrance
Issue event
Immature unripe
Improvident careful
Ireful angry
Judicious understanding
Indulgence sufferance

Im-

Imprudent ignorant
Illustrate to make plain
Inamoured in love
Immutable unchangeable
Ineffable unspeakable
Include shut in
Ignoble of base birth
Interpret to expound
Insolent proud
Incur to run into
Invective speaking against
Indignation anger
Immaculate unspotted
Incommodious hurtful
Instinct an inward motion
Intricate doubtful
Improbable no to be prov
Interrupt to let
Induce to move to
Impediment hindrance
Incommunicable not to be imparted.
Intolerable insufferable
Intercept to prevent
Impenetrable not to be pierced
Insist to stay upon
Indecent not comely
Interdict to forbid
Imperious desiring rule
Infalible not deceivable
Institute to appoint
Intimate to signifie
Intermission breaking off
Implore desire with tears
Impertinent not pertaining
Implacable not to be pleased
Insult to triumph
Incompatiable insufferable
Instable inconstant
Individual not to be parted
Inspire to breath into
Inculpable without fault
Incomprehensible not to be conceived
Insensible not to be perceived
Incredulous hardly to be believed
Inseparable not to be divided
Intentive earnestly bent
Integrity purenes
Insensible without feeling
Indisposition backwardnes

L (gnes

Linguist skilful in tongs
Leaky gentlenes
Labyrinth full of windings
Loyal obedient, trusty
Languishing pining
Literature learning
Laudable worthy of praise
Lascivious wanton
Lustre brightnes

M

Mollifie to make soft
Maxime a principle
Mutable changeable
Manifest open
Metamorphosis changing of shape
Magnificent sumptuous
Mitigate asswage
Mental belonging to the mind
Malecontent discontent
Malue ripe
Mirrot glad
Metaphor similitude
Muses goddesses of learning
Menace to threaten
Morality civil behaviour
Multiplicity variety
Magicians sorcerers, witches
Melancholy grief, sadnes
Merits desert

N

Nuptual belonging to marriage;
Notion inward

Nuncupatory Declaring
Native where one is born

O

Oppoſite contrary
Odious hateful
Original firſt beginning
Obſcure dark
Object a thing ſet againſt
Oratory eloquent ſpeech
Obſequious ſerviceable
Officious dutiful
Obdurate hardned
Omit to let paſs
Opprobrious reproachful
Obliged bound to
Occurrences occaſions
Ominous ſignifies good or ill luck
Operation effect
Obſervant dutiful
Odoriferous ſmelling ſweetly
Ornament adorning
Ordained appointed

P

Prodigious favourable
Ponderous weighty
Period end of a ſentence
Prolix tedious
Perſiſt to continue
Parragon pattern or example
Proſtrate to fall on the ground
Perplexity trouble
Placable eaſie to pleaſe
Progreſs going forward
Poſition a queſtion
Paradox a ſtrange ſpeech
Project a plot
Prefixed ſet before
Patronize to defend
Promiſcuous confuſed
Perfidious trayterous
Poliſh to make fair
Prohibit to forbid
Pretermit to paſs over
Permanent continuing
Precipitate to caſt down
Proſecute follow after
Prejudice hinder
Permiſſion ſufferance
Procraſtinate to delay
Perſpicuous clear
Preſcription limitation
Participate to partake
Perſonate to counterfeit a perſon
Probable proved true
Perpetuity continuance
Phantaſie imagination
Peculiar proper
Pathetical full of paſſions
Perfections gifts of nature
Perfumes ſweet ſmels
Paſſionate truly loving
Perpetual everlaſting

R

Rigorous cruel
Repulſe to drive back
Ruſtical unmannerly
Reject to caſt away
Reduce to bring back
Reſolve to determine in the mind
Reſemblance likeneſs
Ratifie confirm
Reſign to give to another
Repent to call back again
Repute to eſteem
Reſplendent ſhining bright
Ridiculous to be laught at
Reſerve to keep
Real ſubſtantial
Reiterate to repeat again

Re-

Respite to refer
Remit to forgive
Refractory obstinate
Reassume to take again
Remunerate reward
Reliques the remainder
Reference pointing at
Regal Princely
Retribution a reward
Refulgent shining
Reflection casting back
Reputation credit, good name
Reflect to look cast an eye
Remain continue constant
Reproveable to be blamed
Rarities things hard to be found

S

SUpream highest
Splendent glistering
Succeed to follow
Structure building
Serenity calmness
Sympathie fellow-feeling
Supposition thinking
Solicite to move
Succinct short
Suspence a doubt
Sable black or mournful
Submiss lowly
Superiority above another
Select chosen out
Subsequent following
Spacious large
Sustain to suffer
Seduce to deceive
Sublimity height
Survive to outlive
Soveraign highest authority
Scruple a doubt
Superfluous needless
Symmetry due proportion of parts
Sensual brutish
Stupifie to astonish
Simplicity plainness
Subsist to abide
Society fellowship
Servile slavish
Suspicious doubtful
Sutable agreeable

T

TResses locks of hair
Transcendent climbing over.
Timorous fearful
Triumphant rejoycing in victory
Tedious troublesome
Transform to change
Terrene earthly
Tranquility quietness
Tollerable may be suffered
Tragical sorrowful
Temporise to serve the times
Transparent may be seen
Tenent opinion

V

UNiversal general
Unanimity of one mind
Vital lively
Variable changeable
Value esteem
Vulgar common
Undervalue discommend
Vigorous strong and lusty

W

WReath Garland or Crown

A short Table of delightful Fictions of the Heathen-Poets, with other useful Collections out of ancient and modern Histories.

OF GODS.

Apollo the god of *Learning*, and of the Muses, *Dissolving.*

Æolus, the blustring god of winds, *various.*

Bacchus, the god of wine, and good fellows. *To bowl.*

Cupid, the god of Love, the son of *Venus*, whom the Poets describe blinde, with a bow in his hand, and two arrows of different effects; the one tipt with gold, to cause *Love*; the other with lead, to force Disdain.

Demogorgon, and *Tellus*, gods of the earth.

Faunes, gods of the Woods and Forrests.

Glaucus, a fisher-man turned into a sea-god.

Harpocrates, the god of silence.

Hercules, for his twelve labours adored as a god. *Brightnesse of the Air.*

Janus an Italian King, for his extraordinary knowledg of times and seasons, was pictured with two faces and deified.

Hymen, the god of marriage, *from a membrane.*

Jupiter, the planet, whom the Poets feigned to be the god of heaven, *A helping Father.*

Mars, the god of war, *from men.*

Momus, the critical god.

Morpheus, the sleepy god, *from counterfeiting the visages and gestures of men.*

Mercury, the god of Eloquence, a messenger to the gods, *the care of merchandize.*

Neptune, the sea-god, *from covering.*

Nereus

Nereus, a god of the sea, called *Grandævus*, from swimming.

Pan, the god of shepherds, and carer for their flocks.

Penates, the household gods.

Sapho, one that taught birds to cry: *the great god Sapho*; for which he was deified.

Priapus, the god of gardens, *Lascivious*

Saturn, and *Pluto* gods of hell. *Tilling riches.*

Serapis, the Egyptian god, worshipped in the form of an Ox.

Sylvanus, the god of the Woods

Vertumnus, the spring, deified.

Vulcan, the lame black-smith, husband to *Venus*; the god of fire.

The Goddesses.

Aegeria, the goddess from whom *Numa Pompilius* is reported to have received his laws

Astera and *Themis*, the goddesses of Justice, *Amongst the gods lawful.*

Bellona, the goddess of War

Cybele, called *Rhea*, *Berecinthia*, the mother of the gods.

Diana, the goddess of chastity, *Iupiters daughter.*

Egeriath, the pregnant goddess of the womb, *from bearing.*

Flora and *Chloris* goddesses of flowers.

Feronia, the goddess of the Woods.

Phebe and *Iuventa*, the goddesses of youth.

Iuno the goddess of riches, *Iupiters* jealous wife, *from helping.*

Laverna, the goddess of thiefs, *from making clean.*

Lucina, the goddess of birth.

Mnemosyne, the mother of the goddesses, called the Muses: *Memory.*

Murcia, the goddess of idleness: *sluggishness.*

Minerva, or *Pallas*, the goddess of the Arts and war. *Threatning.*

Nemesis, the goddess of revenge. *Distribute.*
Parca, the goddess of the destinies. *Sparing.*
Pomona, the goddess of fruit. *Apples.*
Proserpina and *Ops*, the goddess of hell; sometimes the unconstant Moon is called *Proserpina.*
Pyth, the goddess of eloquence.
Venus, the delightful goddess of love and beauty.
Voluptia, the goddess of riots or pleasures.
Vesta, the goddess of charity; *the earth*: *from cloathing.*

The graces.

Aglia, *Thalia*, *Euphrosyne*, the daughters of *Jupiter* and *Venus*: they were painted holding hands in a ring, to signifie the truth of friendship and pleasantness of conversation, *Cheerfulness*, *flourishing*, *joy.*

The Furie.

Lecto, *Megæra*, *Tisyphone*, three snaky-tressed sisters that punished offenders. 1 *Not idle.* 2 *Envy.* 3 *Revenge of murther.*

The Destinies, three sisters.

Clotho puts the Wool on the distaff; *Lachesis* draws the thred; *Atropos* cuts it off. 1 *To spin.* 2 *To alot.* 3 *Inexorable*; *not turned.*

The *Judges of Hell.*

Æacus, *Minos*, *Rhadamanthus.* To beat.

The Hesperides.

Egle Arethusa, *Hesperethusa*, the three sisters, who had an Orchard of golden apples, kept by a Dragon, which *Hercules* slew, and took away the apples. 1 *Splendor*, 2 *Vertue.*

The nine Muses.

Clio, *Melpomene*, *Thalia*, *Euterpe*, *Terpsicore*, *Erato*, *Calliope*, *Urinia*, *Polymnia.* 1 Glory. 2 Singing. 3 Flourishing. 4 Delighting 5 Delighting in dancing. 6 Loving. 7 A good voice. 8 Beauty. 9 Present of praise.

Nymph

Nymphs of the Woods.

DRyades and *Hamdriades.* From Oaks.

The Nymphs of the Meadows.

LImoniades. Meadows.

Nymphs of the Sea.

NEris the goddess of the Sea, with her Nymphs. *Cimothea, Amothea, Dixamine, Crisis, Cymodece, Zontho,* with many others. *Neris* from swimming.

The seven Stars.

AMbrosia, *Eudor, Pasitho,* Coronis, *Pleauris, Pytho,* and *Tithis.*

Nigades, fairies of the water: *from flowing.*

Nappea, fairies of the wood: *from the Groves.*

Of Beasts.

THe *Beaver* highly esteemed for his skin.

Bucephalus, Alexanders great horse. *An Ox-head.*

Bores of Panonia, the cruellest of all others.

Chamæleon, a small beast, lives by the air: it is so transparent, that it changeth it self into any colour it sets on. *A little Lyon.*

The *Crocodile,* by the River *Nilus* in Egypt, a beast of 30 foot in length: a woman for her faigned tears is compared to this beast. *Afraid of saffron.*

Ermin, a small beast, whose rich fur is worn of Princes.

Hiena, a beast that hath the voice of a man, which in the night cals, and if he comes to her, kills him: *from gaping.*

Libard, a spotted beast, the male of Panther.

Lynx, a spotted beast like a Wolfe, of so perfect a sight, it is said to look thorow a wall

Panther, a cruel beast, of a sweet smell, and of a fair spotted skin, with which she allureth other beasts to her; but lest her head should affright, she hideth it, that she may the more easily prey upon them. *Of all beasts most fair.*

Pegasus,

Pegasus, the horse of the Muses. *From a fountain.*

Rinoceros, a beast as big as an Elephant. *the horne in his nose.*

Salamander, a short venemous beast, which lives in the fire, and at length, through its extream cold, puts it out.

The *Tygar*, a swift beast: those of Hyrcania are the most cruel.

Of Birds.

Halcyon, by some called Kings-fisher; a bird that builds her nest in the Sea, when it is a sign of fair weather. *Hatching her eggs in the Sea.*

Griffin, a four-footed cruell bird.

Harpies, monstrous devouring birds; *Virgil* sings of four of them; *Aello*, *Ocypete*, *Celene*, *Thiella*. Stealing.

Ibis a strong bird that devoureth Serpents.

Ostrich, a huge bird that swalloweth and digesteth Iron. her feathers are our best plumbs.

Pelican, a melancholy bird, that wanting food, feeds her young with her own blood.

Phœnix, a rare bird of *Arabia*, which buildeth her nest in a Cinamon-tree, with the the twigs of Frankencense, and other Spices: She lives six hundred years: with the labouring of her wings in the sun, she setteth her nest on fire, and there consumeth in it: out of whose ashes there grows a worm, and out of that worm another Phœnix.

Philomela, the ravished ravishing Nightingal, that sings her sad story so prettily. *Lover of melody.*

Stork, a famous bird for mutuall love to its parents: this bird builds in Countries where there are no Kings.

Turtle Dove, a bird famous for constancy: if the male or female dye, the other ever liveth single.

Of Fishes.

Antharis, an admirable chast fish.

Cephalus, a fearful fish, which by hiding of his head

head thinks he is safe. *From a head*

Dolphin, the swiftest of fishes, and loving'st to man

Polype, a fish that hath many feet, often changing The inconstant are resembled to this fish.

Remora, a small fish, that stayes the ship. *From staying*

Sargus, an adulterous fish, that ingenders with the Goat.

Scolopendra, a fish which taken with the hook, vomits out his bowels, looseneth the hook, and then swallow eth them again.

Sturgeon, a fish whose scales are turned backwards: it swims against the stream.

Torpedo a Crampfish, that benummeth the hands of them that touch it.

Of stones

A *Damant*, vulgarly called the Diamond, the hardest and most precious of all stones; which is softned by Goats blood, being warmed, and steeped in it.

Bezar stone of great esteem in physick. *Not yielding*

Chrysolite a stone that shineth brightest in the morning *Shining like Gold.*

Jasper, a transparent stone of divers colours: it shews fairest in silver.

The *Load-stone* is coloured like unto rusty iron: it hath a secret virtue, not only to draw iron to it self, but also to make Iron, on which it is rubbed, to draw Iron too: it looseth this virtue, if the Diamond be joyned with it, or rubbed with Garlick.

Obelisk, its a great stone, large beneath, and rising still higher, smaller & smaller to the top, *Pyramidis* like.

Saphire, a stone, of clear skie colour, by nature cold.

Topaz, a precious stone, which put into boyling water it presently cooleth.

Of Trees

THe Coral tree groweth in the bottom of the sea; there are two sorts, red & white, the red is the best,

either

either of them taken into the air, instantly grow hard.

Ebony, a black tree that bears neither Leaves nor Fruit.

Mandrake, a tree that beareth apples: the bark of it is cold in the fourth degree.

Myrtle, a tree of *Venus*. 'Tis low, and groweth in hot Countries.

The *Pine tree*: of these Ships are made; for that this tree is not subject to worms, or rottenness, but is green all the year; the shadow of it suffers no plant to grow near it.

Sycamore, a shady tree that bears fruit four times a year. *From fruit like a fig, and leaves like a Mulbery.*

Of Rivers and Wells.

Acheron, one of the rivers of Hell, *from flowing with troublesome waters.*

Alpheus, the River where *Hercules* cleansed *Augeus* his stable.

Athamus, a River in Thessaly, whose water sets wood on fire.

Cocytus, a River in Hell. *Mourning.*

Helicon and *Aganippe*, Wells consecrated to the Muses. *Made by a horse.*

Cylla and *Carybdes*, two dangerous Sea-gulphs in respect of contrary winds.

Styx, a River of Hell. *To make sad.*

Tyber, a famous River of *Rome.*

Avernus, a Lake dedicated to *Pluto*, the supposed entrance into Hell, *killing Birds*

Phlegeton, a River of Hell. *Burning.*

Danubius, a famous River of *Europe*: it rises out of the hill *Arnobe* in Germany. It receives 60 Rivers in it.

Ætna, a hill in Italy whence riseth horrible smoaks and great flames of fire, and sometimes burning stones in great numbers are cast out of it.

A the high mountains that divide Italy and France.

Of

Of Serpents.

Amphisbena, a two-headed Serpent.

Asp, a venemous Serpent, whose bite is deadly? famous for *Cleopatra* the Egyptian Queen's death, who applied two of them to her breast to dye more insensible.

Basilisk or *Cockatrice*, the King of Serpents! it breaketh stones, and blasteth all plants with its breathing? and frighteth away all other serpents with its hissing: if it be touched with a long pole, or spies one afar off, it kil s! they breed in the hot sands of Asia. the onely ruine of this serpent is the Weasel.

Hydra, the monstrous serpent of the lake of Lerna? that having one head chopt of by *Hercules*, immediatly two grew again. *From the water.*

Scorpion, a most venemous serpent, that eats her own (young

Viper, a Serpent that ingenders by putting his head into the females mouth, which she bites off? her young eat their passages thorow her. *From bringing forth with the death of the* Female.

Of Mermaids.

THe most famous were *Parthenope*, *Lygia*, & *Leusta*: they are so called, because their upper parts are like Maids, their lower like fishes. With their sweet singing, they allure Marriners till they fall asleep, and then they kill them.

Of Monsters.

CErberus the Dog of Hell, that had three heads. A *devourer of flesh.*

Chimera: which with the Monster *Solimus*, was slain by *Bellerophon.* A Goat,

Gorgon, a fearful Monster with one eye.

Medusa, a monster whose golden hairs *Minerva* turned into Adders, and caused those that beheld her to be turned into stones.

Minotaure, half a man and half a bull. This monster was slain by *Theseus.*

Centaurs, Monsters supposed to be half men, half horses.

Argus

Argus. the keeper of *Io*, that had an hundred eyes: he was slain by *Mercury*.

Satyrs, monsters that had the bodies of men, but all hairy: their legs and feet were like Goats, they inhabited in woods: The poets describe them to be lustful and savage. *Libidinous*.

Sphinx, a monster that slew all that could not dissolve her riddle; the meaning whereof being unfolded by *Oedipus*, she threw her self from a high Rock, and brake her neck.

Men famous or infamous.

CYclopes, the sons of *Vulcan*, that was faigned to make weapons for *Jupiter*? *From having but one eye in the middle of their forehead.*

Achilles, a most valiant Captain amongst the Greeks that slew *Hector* and *Troilus*, but was himself at last slain in the Temple, where he intended to marry *Polyxena*, by her brother *Paris*, who shot him in the heel, where he was only vulnerable. *From easing of grief.*

Æneas, the son of *Anchises* and *Venus*, a most famous Trojan, *Praise. Curtius*, who for his Countries good cast himself into a gaping cave of the earth.

Cyrus, a Prince of so excellent a memory, that he could call all his Souldiers particularly by their names.

Hector, one of the nine worthies, that so long preserved Troy, was slain by *Achilles*. *from preserving the city*

Mutius Scævola, that saved his life by the patient toleration of the burning of his hand.

Perseus, that delivered *Andromeda*, from the Seamonster, and after married her.

Cæsar, the Roman Emperor that vanquisht *Pompey*, whose Motto was, *Veni, vidi, vici*. He was slain in the Senate house by *Brutus* and *Cassius*.

Scipio, that brave commander, who subdued *Hanvibal*, with many other Kingdomes.

Pompey, that chose rather to dye, then to crave of *Lucullus*.

Zorzello,

Zorzello, saying that the gods had made him to give, not to crave.

Themistocles and *Aristides*, that were both angry with themselves, that into years no man ever envi'd them.

Théseus, that Worthy, which slew the *Minotaure*.

Scylla, that famous Captain, that was past intreaty for trifles, but easie in weighty matters.

Hepheſtion, a Captain that *Alexander* dearly loved.

Fabius and *Marcellus*; the one was held to be the sword, the other the buckler of *Rome*.

Paris, that stole *Helena*. A Carpet-Captain.

Sopyrus, that by cutting and mangling himself, saved Babylon from the sury of the King *Darius*.

Augustus, a wise & merciful Roman Emperor. Happy

Titus, the Roman Emperor, who having over-slipt one day in not gratifying some one or other, would bewail himself, saying he had lost that day

Tiberius, the Roman Emperor: that wore a Laurel to protect him from thunder and Lightning.

Vespasian, the mild and temperate Roman Emperor A miracle of curtesie.

Octavian, a Roman Emperor, who when he was angry would read over the *Greek* Alphabet before he would put any thing in execution.

Xerxes, a puissant prince, that lost the greatest Army by a handful of men, that ever was raised.

Atlas, King of Mauritania, who for is skil in Astrologie, was feigned to hold up heaven.

Gyges, that had a ring to go invisible with.

Jason, who in his youth bore away the golden Fleece

Philip, king of Macedon, that had a skul ever on his Table, and a boy every morning put him in mind that he was but a man.

Priamus, King of *Troy*, that lost both his Kingdome and life. *Sardanapalis*, a light prince, that habited himself in a womans apparel, and carded and spun among st them. *A buffon*

Zoroas-

Zoroastes, the Bactrian, a famous Magician, the first Inventer of that Art.

Ajax, the famous Grecian Captain, that slew himself because *Vlysses* got *Achilles* armour from him.

Busiris, a cruel tyrant, that sacrificed strangers to *Jupiter*.

Dionysius, a tyrant that was called the Monster of nature

Lycaon, whom *Jupiter* for his cruelty to strangers turned into a Woolf.

Nero, a cruel tyrant that thought none chaste: he ript up his mother to see where he lay, and spurned his own wife *Poppea*, big with child, into another world.

Phaleris, a bloody tyrant that caused a bull to be made to torment men in.

Holycratis, that for grief that he was never unfortunate, hanged himself. *Very strong.*

Thersites, a most deformed person of Cinical and most dogged conditions.

Nestor, that lived 300 years; a most wise man.

Amphion, one that by his natural eloquence caused rude people to lead a civil life.

Roscius, the Orator, famous for his gesture.

Tully, the Orator, famous for his eloquence.

Demosthenes, an incomparable Greek Orator. *The strength of the people.*

Sinon, a perfidious fellow that betrayed Troy.

Gnatho, a notorious flatterer.

Sophocles, a learned Athenian Tragical Poet.

Ixion, whom the poets faign continually to run a wheel in hell.

Sysiphus, the Emblem of vain labour, whom the poets feign continually to roll a stone to the top of a hill, which being almost up doth tumble down again.

Tantalus, an Emblem of a worldly misery, feigned to thirst in hell yet stands up to the chin in a river; and to die for hunger, yet hath apples bobbing at his mouth.

Architas

Architas, who through his great skill, made an iron Dove to flie in the air.

Flamo, who first invented the Sea-mans Dial.

Endymion, that found out the courle of the Moon, and therefore is feigned to be the man in the Moon.

Oedipus, that dissolved the riddle of *Sphinx*. *Swelling feet.*

Staphilus, who first mingled wine with water.

Titus, the first Inventer of Rhetorick.

Vlysses, the first Inventer of shooting at birds: a famous eloquent Grecian.

Milo, famous for his gluttony, that bred a Calf up to a Bull, and then eat it himself.

Orpheus, the excellent Harper, that with his Musick drew after him wild beasts, woods, and mountains; and which is more, by it thought to have got his wife home

Apelles, that famous Painter, who left the picture of *Venus* unperfect, which none durst undertake to finish after his death.

Xeuxis, that so cunningly painted a boy carrying grapes, that birds came and pickt at them as if they had been very grapes; which *Xeuxis* beholding, in anger said, if he had made the boy so lively as the grapes, the birds durst not have come so near them.

Anaxagoras, the Philos. that was never seen to laugh

Copernicus, a Philosopher that affirmeth that the Earth turns round, and the Heavens stand still.

Crates, the Philosopher, that to better his study threw his wealth into the sea.

Democritus, the laughing Anthenian Philosopher, that gave away his wealth.

Damon and *Pythias*, two Philosophers that offered to suffer death one for another.

Diogenes, the Cinical severe Philosopher.

Gymnosophists, Philosophers that lived naked and solitary in the Indian woods.

Heraclitus

Heraclitus, the philosopher, that never had tutor: he alwayes wept.

Minippus, the philosopher, that having lost his goods, hanged himself.

Pythagoras, the philosopher that held transmigration.

Plato and *Seneca*, the two divine philosophers; the last took his name from chusing his own death.

Socrates, the most wise philosopher, that had the scold *Xantippe* to his wife.

Stoicks, a sect of philosophers, that held that wise men were free from all passions. *From the Gallery, where they used to dispute.*

Paracelsus, a Chymical physitian that did admireable but violent cures.

Galen and Hippocrates, two famous physitians.

Homer the chief of *Greek* poets, that was blind.

Astrophanes, the Greek poet, whose heart, when he was ript up, was found to be hairy,

Lucan, a *Spaniard*, a most famous poet.

Juvenal, a *Satyrical* poet: *Pindarus*, a Lyrical poet

Tyresias, the poet, who by killing two snakes, knew both sexes.

Zoilus, the father of an envious poets he railed against *Homer*.

Cacus, a famous thief, slain by Hercules.

Prometheus, who for stealing fire from heaven, to put life into man, was tyed by *Jupiter* to *Caucasus*, where the poets feign a Vulture gnaws his heart continually. *reseen.*

Icarus, for whom his father *Dedalus* made waxen wings to flie with, was drowned in a part of the Sea neer Greet, so called by his name.

Phaeton, the son of *Apollo*, whom he permitted to ride in his charriot: he set the world on fire *from light.*

Antemon, the absolute coward, that would never go out of doors without a brasen Target before him.

Cataline

Cataline, the famous Roman conspirator.

Caron, the ferry-man of Hell.

Bellerephon, that brought letters to cut his own throat.

Areſtarchus, one that wrote 200. Books.

Oreſtes, that for ſlaying of his mother, was haunted with the Furies to death.

Ovid, *Virgil*, *Horace*, three moſt excellent Roman poets.

Marcus Craſſus, a private Roman, that died worth eight hundred two and fifty thouſand pounds.

Cato Vticenſis, who becauſe he would not ſee the calamity the Commonwealth was like to fall into, ſlew himſelf.

Philoxenus, a paraſite, that wiſhed his neck were as long as a Cranes, that he might feel the more pleaſure in ſweet meats and drinks.

Ioſeph Scaliger, skilled in thirty languages.

Lynceus that could ſee ſhips 130. miles off, and number them.

Acteon the Hunter, that for ſeeing *Diana* bathing her ſelf, was turned into a Hart, and torn to pieces by his own dogs.

Varlerius, that loved his Maſter ſo well, that he ſuffered himſelf to be ſlain in his bed for him.

Antipodes, a people that live under us, whoſe feet are againſt ours. *Cannibals*, thoſe that eat mans fleſh.

Cimmerians, a people which for half a yeer together ſee not the ſun.

Lacedemonians, a people that firſt found out the uſe of ſword, ſpear and helmet.

Scytheans, people that firſt invented bows and arrows.

Thracians, that firſt found out the pleaſures of hawking and hunting.

Myrmidons, a moſt warlike induſtrious nation, that accompanied *Achilles* in the Trojan wars.

Pygmies, a little Indian people of a cubit in length, that war with the cranes.

Adoni,

Adonis, the darling of *Venus*, slain by a Bore, turned into a flower. *Atis*, a sweet boy, beloved of *Cybele*

Ganymede, a Trojan boy whom *Jupiter* loved and carried into heaven with him, & made him his cup bearer.

Narcissus, a fair boy, who being in love with himself was turned into a flower.

Spurina, a boy that every one for his beauty made love to; which was so troublesome and distastful to him, that he poisoned himself.

Maids and Women, famous or infamous.

Echo a Virgin rejected of her love, she pined into a voice, which she reverberates upon every hollow.

Hero the fair, that drowned her self for *Leander*, who endured the same fate in attempting to swim to her.

Sappho that drowned her self for love of a fair boy.

Scylla, that stole her fathers purple hair from him out of the love she bore to *Minos*, who by that means overcame him; but he loathing her treachery, forsook her? which caused her to drown her self.

Thisbe that slew her self for the love she bore to *Pyramus*: both she and her sweet-heart were turned into a Mulbery tree.

Atalanta, the swift chaste maiden Huntress, that *Hippomanes* so neatly won in his arms embraces, by the slight of the three golden Apples.

Cleopatra, the famous Egyptian Queen, that put Asps to her breast that she might die for her *Anthony*.

Cassandra, the daughter of *Priamus* King of Troy, to whom *Apollo* upon the premise of her maiden-head, gave the gift of prophecie; but she not keeping her word, he added to it this property, That she should never be believed though she predicted truth.

Iphis, a fair Virgin, who by the prayers of her mother, was transformed into a man.

Salmacis, a Nymph that loved *Hermaphroditus* so dearly, that upon request to the Gods, she grew into one body with him.

Nesty-

Nesclymene, that for lying with her own father was turned into an Owl: *from night.*

Philomela ravished by *Tereus*, turned into a Nightingale

Andromeda the wife of *Perseus*, whom *Minerva* turned into a Bear.

Weeping *Niobe*, who for preferring her self before *Latona*, had fourteen of her beautiful children slain, and afterwards her self turned into a stone.

Lucretia, a chaste Roman dame that slew her self because proud *Tarquin* ravished her.

Penelope, the chaste wife of *Vlysses*, that had so many Woers in his absence.

Helena, that was ravished at nine years of age by *Theseus*; yet afterwards cornuted *Menelaus*, and run away with *Paris*; for whose rape the Trojans sustained a war of ten years.

Messalina, the insatiable wife of *Claudius* the Emp.

Leda, with whom *Jupiter* accompanied in the form of a Swan; she laid him two eggs, the one called *Castor*, the other *Pollux*; two brothers, afterwards turned into Stars.

Rodophis, a noted Thracian Whore.

Omphale, the Lydian Queen, whom *Hercules* served at the distaff to obtain her love.

Tuccia, a vestal Virgin, who being accused of fornication, cleared her self by carrying water in a sieve.

Medæa, a Sorceress, by whose means *Jason* got the golden Fleece. *Lamiæ*, Witches so called.

Thymele, a woman that first taught to dance.

Xantippe, the scolding wife of *Socrates* the most wise philosopher. *Cornelia* a chaste noble Roman Lady.

Amazones, war-like women in Scythia, that in their infancy cut off one of their brests, that it might not hinder them in martial exploits: *Penthisilea* was the Queen.

Virago,

Virago, a ſtout woman of moſt manly courage.

Semiramis, the wife of King *Ninus*, who after his death her ſon being young, took upon her the Government, and performed many admirable things above her ſex; but at laſt falling into all manner of beaſtly and ſenſual luſt, ſhe endeavoured to lye with her ſon, for which unnatural attempt he ſlew her.

Eurydice the wife of *Orpheus*, who running from the raviſher *Areſteus*, was ſtung in the heel by a ſerpent, of which ſhe dyed.

Alceſte that dyed to ſave her husbands life.

Pandara, to whom *Pallas* for her chaſtity gave the gift of propheſie. *Æmilia*, who out of the love ſhe bore to her Husband, fancied his paramour.

Artemeſia, famous for the royal ſepulchre ſhe built for her Husband.

Evadne a vertuous woman, that at the ſolemnization of her Husbands Funeral, out of the love ſhe bore to him, burnt her ſelf to mingle her aſhes with his.

Valeria, a chaſt Matron, who being asked why ſhe married not another Husband, anſwered, her firſt was ſtill alive with her.

Pompæa Paulina, the wife of *Seneca*, who when ſhe heard of the Tyrant *Nero*'s ſentence of death on her Husband, deſperately opened her own veins, determining not to ſurvive him whom ſhe loved ſo dearly.

Paula Romana after her husbands death, was ſo far from being perſwaded to a ſecond, that ſhe was never known from that time to eat and drink in company of any man.

Antonia, a beautiful woman, who to avoid the temptation of ſuitors after the death of her husband, married her ſelf to the ſtrictneſs of one chamber, to which her younger ſiſter being a vowed Virgin, had confined her ſelf; thus in the one, the heat of her youth was extinct, and in the other the ſolitude of her widowhood was waſted.

Finis.